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OUI
APRIL 1979
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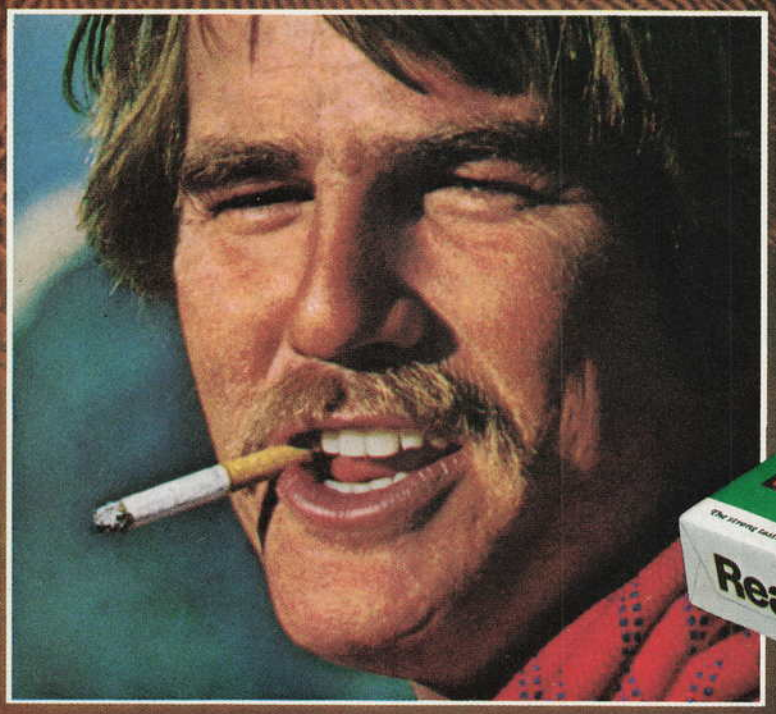

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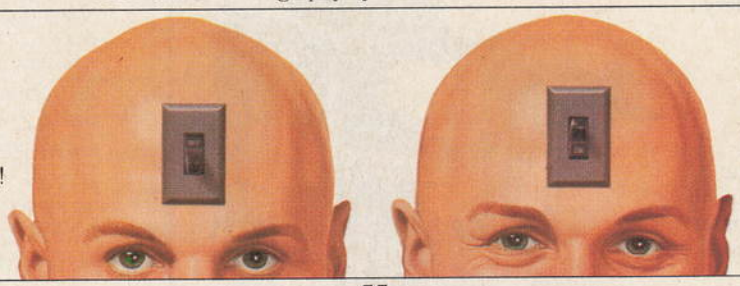

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COVER: The springtime sprite on this month's cover is 20-year-old Nelia Cozza. Our busy Los Angeles lady is a full-time student; part-time secretary and first-time model who likes music, meditation and plenty of love. "I work hard at having fun," says Nelia, "and being bad in a good way."

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When it comes to turntable speed accuracy, we agree with our competitors. You can't beat quartz-locked direct drive. But when it comes to total turntable performance, many professionals agree. You can't beat Technics.

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Many hi-fi buffs think quartz is the last word in turntables. Technics knows it's just the beginning.

MARTIN MULLED

The Mull interview (*A Conversation with Martin Mull*, December) had me on the floor, especially when interviewer Stewart Weiner left the mike open as Mull's publicist joined them for lunch. Funny stuff—and an interesting solution to the unwanted-chaperone problem that interviewers run into from time to time.

JOHN BRADY
Editor, *Writer's Digest*
Cincinnati, Ohio

Regarding Martin Mull's statement that "writing about art is like dancing about architecture," I'd like to point out that in 1977 a UCLA student was awarded a master-of-arts degree for her modern-dance essay about the school's Royce Hall. Royce Hall is an architectural anomaly in pseudo-Victorian, World War Two style, which lends credence to the idea that truth is stranger than fiction *and* Martin Mull.

TAMARA HARRISON
West Hollywood, California

TONI TURNED LOOSE

Having never missed an issue of OUI, I have seen many attractive and sexy women featured in your pictorials. But after seeing the fantastic photos of *Toni* in the December issue, I had to write and tell you that I think she is, without a doubt, the sexiest and most beautiful woman you've ever featured. The accompanying text was a nice change of pace as well. I would certainly like to see more of Toni Turner in future issues.

JOHN SCHROEDER
Beloit, Wisconsin

The one lady who took my breath away out of all the superior women ever featured in OUI was the incredible Toni Turner. What a lovely creature! She has the most appealing body I have ever seen. If you ever have a Centerfold-of-the-Decade award, Toni should win hands down!

ED TANNAHILL
Lewiston, Idaho

You have truly inspired this lovelorn soul to love again! Toni Turner was by far the most enticing centerfold model I have ever seen in your magazine. Photographer Grant Edwards definitely did Toni justice. She is a goddess of beauty and grace. Ah, bliss! Let's see more of this siren.

ROD STODDARD
Chattaroy, Washington

I want to congratulate Grant Edwards on his photography of Toni. I lived in Washington State for five years and never saw or heard of a woman like Toni. Although I'm now stuck in Des Moines, I sure would like to go back to Washington to find that lady.

K. W. G.
Des Moines, Iowa

To find Toni, just drive through Washington and keep looking up until you see a pair of great-looking gams. See, Toni's now a telephone lineperson in Spokane. But to show her appreciation, she jumped off her poles for one last parting shot.

One of the most exciting things about a tall girl is her long legs. And Toni's were just splendid.

JULIO MUNOZ
North Miami, Florida

Outstanding! That's all I can say about the splendid feature on Toni Turner. It's so different from all the other centerfolds you've done. Simply beautiful. She's the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen. Beauty plus brains . . . and she's so *tall*! Toni meets my every standard. In fact, she and her pussy (I mean, kitty) can come and live with me anytime.

DENIS HANSEN
Seattle, Washington

Toni is breathtaking. She truly must have been a beautiful baby!

RICK MIKELSEN
Tacoma, Washington

Your December centerfold, Ms. Toni Turner, was nothing less than gorgeous. I've never seen a woman so lovely, so elegant and full of class. I can't look at her enough!

LARRY ROSS
Los Angeles, California

OPENERS BORES AND INCITES

Sizzling zegashock! That piece on Boring Lib ("Dare to Be Dull," *Openers*, December) indeed had me "on the edge of my chair"! The insight of that character, Rancid Vomit, is exhilarating in this frustrating time of bitter sarcasm and wretched irony. He's at it with his head on straight.

Why, as soon as I read the piece, I phoned all my friends and we had a big meeting, passing your magazine from hand to hand. None of us even got to the chicks—we were so godawful *shook* by whozit's Boring Lib. Surely, his is a name that won't go down in history. He won't even go down in tearooms, I'll bet. Wowie zowie, we all shouted, this guy has a better idea!

I haven't read such a succinct, captivating piece of "journalism" since the day before yesterday—no, wait, was it last . . . *Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.*

LUKE MCGUFF
Chicago, Illinois

OUI, you wouldn't believe the reaction we've received to "Happy Ending" (*Openers*, December). The first response was from the ABC network; they wanted to know how they could reach "Irving

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED NELSON

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Krutzenheim" in Newark, New Jersey. Unfortunately, I had to explain that Irving was a fictitious character.

Then ABC-Detroit called and set up an interview with Irving K. for a morning show in that town. (We did it, believe it or not!) *NBC Weekend News* called, wanting to know how to reach Irving, and was surprised to find that he was the product of my imagination.

As for the piece on Taiwanese breast reading ("Pointers from the East," *Openers*, December), only one person (apparently a scientist) took us seriously and actually wanted research to back it up.

It's been fun.

ROBERT SPELMAN
The Instigator/Author
Washington, D.C.

PLATINUM PAIR

I have read OUI since its beginning, and my only complaint has been your failure to let some of your models appear in more than one issue. I've always felt when you've hit on something good, why not flaunt it?

Therefore, I was more than delighted to see the reappearances of Nina Carter and Jilly Johnson in your *Blonde on Blonde* pictorial (December).

HAROLD LANDAU
New York, New York

I must say that the spread *Blonde on Blonde* is the best I've ever seen in your magazine. Those two ladies together make an unbeatable combination. Having both those women at one's beck and call would be suicide—but what a way to go!

By the way, have any of their records been released in North America?

L. TERRY
Surrey, British Columbia

Unfortunately, the girls' talents are appreciated more in Europe and Japan than here at home. Hopefully, that's a short-lived situation. After all, it's more pleasant to gaze at the legs of Nina and Jilly than the anklets of "Laverne & Shirley."

ARMPIT SEX

So what else is new? One of your editors has come across an intriguing picture of a model's underarm, which you display in your December issue ("If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries, OUI'll Take the Pits," *Openers*).

It takes me back to my school days, some 45 years ago, when we used to collect cigarette cards. One of the companies issued a set of colored sketches of the day's famous film stars, including one of Lillian Harvey. It was quickly discovered that if you drew a small circle around her underarm, you were rewarded with a very explicit look at a shaven genital area.

Needless to say, this set was in great demand. But quite often Lillian was excluded; so that particular card was often very expensive. At times, one even had to indulge in more illicit means to get this very popular card. Thought you might be interested.

DR. F.V. EDWARDS
Dawson Creek, British Columbia

FOOTBALL *FAUX PAS*

I always thought football players had to be a bit insane to get off on having their bones crunched game after game. But I figured, hell, if the money's good, go for it. However, after reading *Pro Football: The Thrill Is Gone* in your December issue, I've reverted to my original opinion—football players *are* crazy.

JOHN KOWALSKI
Cleveland, Ohio

Obscene, horrid, repellent, driving, urgent, candid, searing. A fascinating, compelling article of our times . . .

FRED DRYER
Los Angeles Rams
Long Beach, California

LIP SERVICE

I don't subscribe to OUI on a regular basis, but I do buy it at the newsstand whenever a particular cover catches my eye. Your December cover photo of Lenka Novak was dynamite, so I bought the issue. But you know what? Lenka was just a nice start to a really entertaining book.

HAROLD ADAMS
Kansas City, Missouri

Recently I went to a local liquor store to purchase your December issue. I looked through all the magazines on the stand, but there was not a single OUI on display. Perhaps it was sold out, I thought. So I asked the store manager if he had any more. He did. The manager reached under the counter and pulled out a copy. The cover shot of Lenka was just gorgeous, so I asked him why they were hiding it. He replied that the cover was too explicit to be placed on public display. That floored me. In comparison with all the silly covers they thrust under your nose, OUI's was the most beautiful and artistic. But I guess some people can't see the forest for the trees.

E. ELLIOT
Los Angeles, California

I consider Lenka Novak to be a wonderful Christmas present to your readers. Her perfect body was set off nicely by your art design. I do wish, however, that I could see a full-face shot of her. She's got a mouth that haunts me, even in my dreams.

ROBERT WILLIAMS
Downey, California

Lenka replies: "Men are always commenting on my mouth. They seem to think having full lips makes you better in bed. Frankly, I'd rather do without them. It's quite annoying when every man in a restaurant stops and stares whenever I start munching on a carrot."

PENAL PENETRATION

The piece on the jailhouse lawyer, Jerry Rosenberg (*No Fool for a Client*, December), was great.

Let's have more real stories by writers who know what they're talking about, and fewer fantasies by middle-aged hopefuls.

CELIA HILLIARD
Chicago, Illinois

The article about Jerry Rosenberg was terrific! Not only is the story of Jerry the Jew fascinating reading; it's also a very provocative insight into our criminal-justice system and the nature of incarceration. I was also impressed by the writing skill of Jim Perryman. He is obviously an exception to the dehumanizing effects of prison.

JERRY ZUCKER
ABC-TV
New York, New York

I enjoyed *No Fool for a Client* and sincerely hope it will help open the eyes of the public to the inhuman treatment of America's prisoners.

Justice should be dealt out in a completely impartial and consistent manner. Under the present system there is little justice and large-scale disrespect for the law, solely because Federal courts have developed a policy of giving maximum sentences to the poor, while patting the rich on the back for their crimes. Take some of our country's district courts, for example. I personally know of cases where citizens with low incomes are given five,

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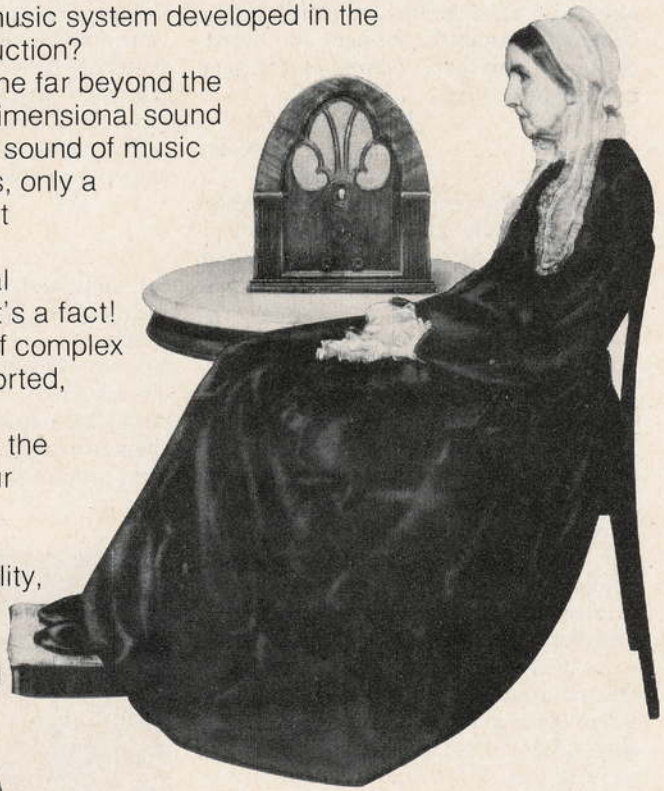

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ten and even twenty years for buying a stolen automobile, while a group of well-to-do citizens were given six months for stealing six million dollars. Where is justice?

The one ray of light in this dishonest system is the presence of jailhouse attorneys such as Jerry the Jew who, despite beatings, constant harassment and threats of doing "hard time" without parole, keep fighting for justice.

BILLY KIDWELL
Memphis, Tennessee

I found your article on Jerry Rosenberg to be extremely well written, as well as direct and to the point regarding a man who I believe is a menace, not only to himself, but to all society.

Like the author, James Perryman, I also knew Jerome Rosenberg. I felt that Rosenberg was bombastic, very insensitive to the needs of others, a vocally oriented, articulate *fraud.* Mr. Rosenberg does indeed know the law very well, perhaps as well as any criminal lawyer available, but he is also not above inventing legal decisions if they can advance his cause. I, too, was a "jailhouse lawyer" of some repute during my ten years of incarceration and, as a member of that small group, had dealings with Rosenberg's fraudulent "citations." One of these, a brilliantly proposed dissertation concerning the illegality of confessions obtained prearrest, turned out to be as worthless as the scrap of paper it was written on.

I do not believe that Jerome Rosenberg should be incarcerated for even another day. Rosenberg was involved in a robbery that resulted in the deaths of two police officers—that is a legal fact. But he did not kill anyone; so to further punish him for the act of another person is cruel and inhumane beyond belief. That I have no respect for Mr. Rosenberg on a personal level plays no part in the fact that he is being wrongly punished for the acts of another. He has served far too much time behind bars for his portion of the crime (i.e., the robbery that he did commit), and a system that allows the Brookes, Nixons, Fords and Rockefellers to go unpunished for actual crimes they committed is a system that must be changed.

Mr. Perryman has written a clean, concise article about Jerome Rosenberg and the fight he has waged to regain his freedom. Mr. Perryman brings out a very good point in his article by mentioning that Rosenberg has won decisions concerning the tremendous illegalities surrounding his arrest, but has lost in higher courts because "the case is too old." This quote shows that Rosenberg is the victim of an insensitive judicial system that ignores the moral issue involved.

Rosenberg himself does not deserve such intelligent writing, except that he is being punished too long for a crime he did not commit. I *would* like to see further articles by Perryman on subjects truly deserving of his talents.

MAX RABINOWITZ
Flushing, New York

COMPLETELY CAPTIVATED

Congratulations on Mario Casilli's excellent photo essay of *Ann* in your December issue. As a photographer, I found that particular series very striking and in fine taste. She's a beautiful lady and obviously a great model, as Casilli portrayed. In fact, she's become my favorite.

BRIAN J. DOWDALL
Cocoa Beach, Florida

I thought I was having a memorable vacation on this breathtaking island of Captiva until I saw the pictorial of Ann. Now my leisurely week takes on a new dimension. A woman as blessed and endowed by nature's good gifts as this enchanted island—what more could I ask for? I am completely Captiva-ted!

LEONARD G.
Captiva Island, Florida

What a coincidence. Ann recently took a trip to Captiva to cool out from her hectic modeling schedule. In fact, her postcard to our offices said, "Having a wonderful time. But it's so hot down here—and I'm not sure if it's the men or the weather. There's this guy named Leonard . . ."

Mario Casilli's artistic photography of Ann, combined with her sensual style, made her a stunning, classy sensation. Ann's tigress expression, dynamite ass and perfect legs made her a knockout.

CHARLES T. MCCONNELL
Greenwood, Indiana

UNITY IN TRINITY

Your December article, *Threesomes,* brought to mind my first experience with a *ménage à trois.* I am a 27-year-old bisexual male who usually prefers women to men. I have been having threesomes with the same couple for six weeks now, and it's been marvelous.

It all began one evening after consuming considerable quantities of food and stimulants. The couple and I had traded sexual innuendos for a while, when suddenly they announced they were going to screw. Well, I began to excuse myself, but they said, "It's OK. You can watch." I was pretty high, and I wondered how I was going to gracefully handle whatever happened. They stripped and began a nice, slow fuck. Seated in a nearby chair, I tried to relax, and when some of my initial nervousness dissipated, I felt assertive enough to start stroking myself. Just when I was starting to feel the warmth of preorgasm, they discovered what I was doing and started to laugh. Then they invited me to join them.

I won't go into details, but let me say that the resulting combination was wonderful. My conclusion since then is that two men/one woman is the only way to go. Any young, healthy female can outfuck two average males, and the girl just loves the attention.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Mountain Home, Idaho

There was one point made in Clifford Irving's article on threesomes that was right on. He says: "If you're a huffer and puffer, a yeller, a biter, a groaner or a grunter, you must make damn sure that for every huff, puff, yell, bite, groan or grunt you spend in Polly's direction, you dispense the equivalent to . . . Jean." So true. There's nothing worse than a jealous lady to ruin the whole scene. A threesome (one man/two women) just isn't as simple as you may like to think. It's hard enough to satisfy one woman; but to satisfy two, you'd better make sure you've taken your vitamins. Believe me, I know.

JOHN GLASS
Indianapolis, Indiana

ON A DOWNHILL SLIDE

I was truly disappointed by Peter Miller's article, *Going Down on the Slopes,* in your December issue.

Miller's descriptions of sexual activity on the slopes and around the villages were based mostly on a few men's accomplishments. His own advice—which amounted to: stay at the most expensive; buy the most expensive; take lots of money—said more than enough about poor Pete's inability to come on to women properly and to perform when expected.

How could OUI even suggest Miller is a where-it's-at sex expert? *I* suggest he stick to his skis, since he's obviously on a downhill slide, anyway. The way to a girl's heart is not "through your wallet." Miller would *save* a lot of money by investing in a Masters & Johnson sex guide.

Beautiful women are not out to make

money on the slopes. They're simply looking for the best men to complement a vacation at the ski resorts.

JOHN WAGNER
Florence, Arizona

Your December issue was extremely interesting, particularly the article about getting laid at ski resorts. I'm not a skier, but now I'm thinking about taking up the sport. Peter Miller paints an exciting picture of the types of snow bunnies that can be found around the country. Forget the beaches; I'm heading for the slopes!

JAMES BARRON
Fort Worth, Texas

EWE-TOPIA

I wasn't at all surprised that Lissa Megan Morrow's *My Life as a Rams Cheerleader* (December) was amusing, informative and uniformly well written. Lissa is as adept at turning a phrase as she is at turning a head, and she's been supplying our publication with the same type of quality journalism for the better part of three years now.

I'm glad that her cheerleading career took a Ewe-turn and that she's back behind the typewriter again. She may have failed to make the grade with the Rams, but she gets straight A's with me.

DAVID SCOTT
Editor, *College and Pro Football Newsweekly*
Great Neck, New York

FRESH BREAD

I just finished reading Chris Barnett's *Money* column ("Tips on Buying Life Insurance," December), and would like to applaud the talents of one frank and off-the-cuff writer. His past articles, being just as straightforward and informative as this one, show consistency in style, and that's what we all strive for.

TOM SMITH
Lansing, Michigan

SUFFERING SUFFRAGETTES

December OUI ("Grand Openers," *Mail*) has a letter from a chap who thinks that the first time the saying "Up with petticoats, down with pants" was used was in a Rusty Warren album in 1970.

Hate to disappoint the guy. Back about 60 years ago, we had great fun with a supposed women's suffrage speech allegedly made by a real suffragette. It ended with that saying.

There were other titillating statements in that speech, such as, "A woman's place is on top, man's is below."

HERMAN HERST JR.
Boca Raton, Florida

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
8560 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069

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Free publications from the Internal Revenue Service on just about every tax subject. Send for them by mail using the order form in your tax package.

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VRROOOM TO SPARE.

If there's one thing we've learned in building high-performance streetbikes, it's never to forget where they do their high performing.

Because on the street, how well a motorcycle performs is often a function of much more than a quick quarter mile.

It translates into such matters as sailing into a stiff headwind. And packing enough mid-range wallop to pass a diesel double-tanker on the downside of a mountain.

With this in mind, we designed the new XS Eleven and XS750 to go beyond sheer speed.

True, the output of their respective engines is awesome. The Eleven's 1101cc, DOHC, four-cylinder with TCI and vacuum advance is a technological marvel. And the 750's potent triple is more than a match for any four-cylinder 750 anywhere.

Yet even with all that power, they're still the leanest, lithest designs in their classes. And their remarkably light, narrow frames make these already agile handlers even more so.

YAMAHA, UNCHAINED.

On top of all that, when our engineers conceived the Eleven and 750, they incorporated a unique advance in chain technology.

They threw them away.

And in their place, affixed Yamaha's sophisticated, superbly efficient shaft drive.

Quiet, clean, and virtually maintenance-free, this fully-enclosed drive train hitches up with constant-mesh, five-speed transmissions to provide an incredibly smooth, steady power transfer. Mile after mile.

After mile.

VRROOOM WITH A VIEW.

The Eleven and 750 are not only fine streetbikes. For touring, they're proof positive that getting there can be a lot more than half the fun.

They both deliver enough ready power to transport you, a cohort and a full load of gear over any route you care to travel.

Forks and shocks are completely adjustable. The big, two-tiered seats are generously padded. And our smooth, silent shaft drive is particularly suited for the long haul.

Other roadworthy features: Cast alloy wheels. Self-cancelling turn signals. Full instrumentation. Quartz-halogen headlights.

PACKAGE TOUR.

If we've managed to sell you on touring on an Eleven or 750, here's another idea:

The Yamaha Touring Package, consisting of a sleek, color-coordinated, genuine Yamaha fairing. A thickly padded, deeply-contoured two-passenger seat. Rugged, extra-wide saddlebags. And a chrome luggage carrier with padded backrest.

Take a good, hard look at the new XS Eleven and XS750.

They're two streetbikes that really are designed for the street. Any street.

From on-ramp to fast lane.
From Oregon to Maine.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978

Golden Lights

Golden Lights
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent®
Golden Lights
8 Mg. Tar. 0.7 Mg. Nicotine
Golden Lights Menthol
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent®
Golden Lights
Menthol
8 Mg. Tar. 0.7 Mg. Nicotine

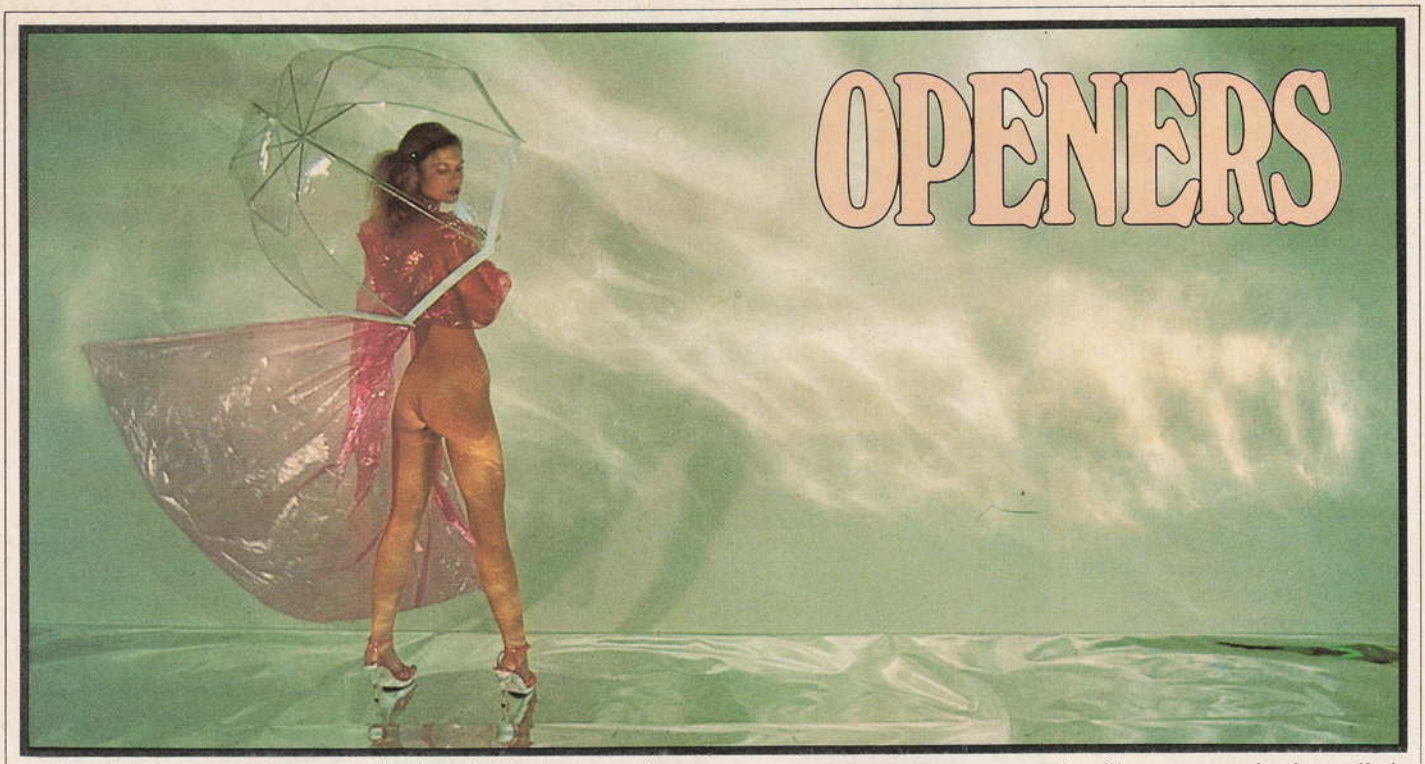
Only 8 mg. tar.

Taste so good you won't believe they're lower in tar than all these brands:

20 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	13 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	17 MG. TAR 1.0 MG. NIC.	12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	17 MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	16 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	16 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.

Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg.'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978. **Golden Lights: Kings Regular and Menthol**—8 mg.'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

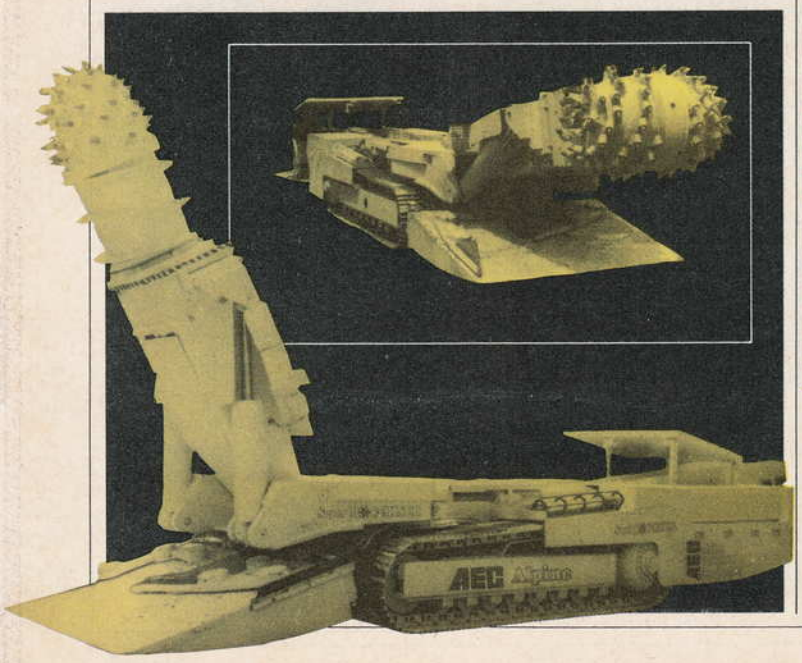


OPENERS

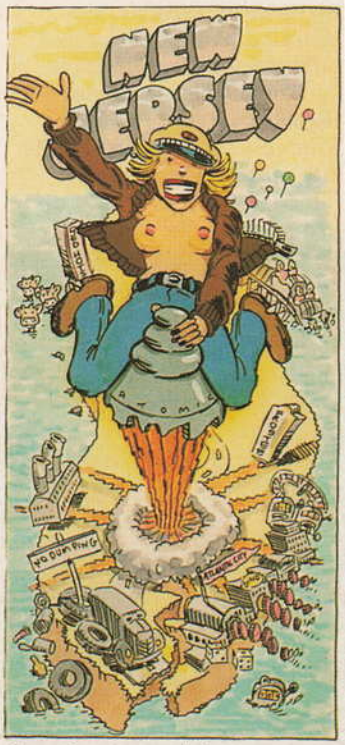
HEAVY EQUIPMENT OF THE MONTH

This item comes to us from a female reader who "likes to keep up with the latest in sexy gadgets." According to the accompanying spec sheet, this machine is the "Super Roc-Miner, the first American-built, boom-type tunneler (roadheader) with interchangeable ripper and milling-type cutter heads. Uses include high-production tunnel driving, excavation of slopes, drifts and entries." Furthermore, AEC, Inc., which developed this rig over a four-year period, claims it is "twice as productive as comparably priced machines, and it is the most powerful low-profile tunneler ever built." (Those construction boys were never known for modesty when talking about the size or durability of their equipment.)

"I would suggest," writes our female correspondent, "that toy manufacturers seriously consider putting a realistic (soft, pliable plastic) reproduction of this device on the market. I know many young mothers, like myself, would rush out to buy it."



UNFOUNDED, VICIOUS, BOLD-FACED LIES ABOUT



New Jersey—straight man to the nation, butt of many jokes and inspiration to legions of comedians. Cancer Alley. The Mosquito State. Friends on the outside tell natives to get shots and a visa before heading across state lines.

Now an organization called Friends of New Jersey has published a pamphlet entitled "Unfounded, Vicious, Bold-Faced Lies about New Jersey." Below are a few excerpts.

New Jersey Is Just Like New York, Only Grayer: Only the air is grayer; the rest is brown, especially the swamps. Every fall, thousands flock to the northern part of the state to watch something green turn to orange and red—the Raritan River.

Every Native New Jerseyite Knows Someone Who Knows Bruce Springsteen: It used to be that people from New Jersey always knew someone who knew an influential person, like the governor. He could get you something important, like a pardon. But knowing someone who went to high school in Freehold won't even get you decent seats at a Springsteen concert.

The Women Are Fond of Sex, Even the Straight Kind: This is the alleged reason why there are more people who have moved to New Jersey than there are natives of the place. The native males move away as soon as they can.

Richard Nixon Went to High School There: Another perpetual gossip line; only the names of the famous change. Others rumored

to have attended a New Jersey high school are John Denver, Howard Hughes and Charles Manson.

But even if any of these celebrities did go to high school in New Jersey, none of *them* can get good seats at a Springsteen concert, either.

The New York Giants Play Football There: This hits the New Jersey native right in the funny bone. Because this NFL club plays its games across the river from New York at the Meadowlands sports complex near Hoboken, natives want the club name changed to the New Jersey Giants. The league has balked since the terms *New Jersey* and *Giants* don't exactly go arm in arm.

Actually, the Giants *don't* play football in New Jersey. They play an ancient version of the game, known as touch rugby.

Paul McCartney Is Buried There: Paul is still legally dead in New Jersey, North Dakota and Arkansas. People from the other two states make an annual pilgrimage to the Garden State to search for his grave.

McCartney supposedly was knifed in a scuffle while trying to scalp tickets to lousy seats he had for a Bruce Springsteen concert.

The story goes that Jim Morrison, who is not really dead, had plastic surgery done in order to resemble McCartney, and took his place after faking death in Paris.

The People Are Almost All Republican: Not Republican, just conservative. People are misled by the many blue laws and scores of "dry" towns across the state. Actually, the blue law requiring that the entire state be closed on Sunday was recently repealed.

The core of conservatism is in Camden, across the river from Philadelphia. It's a refuge for those Philadelphians who think their mayor, Frank Rizzo, is too liberal.

Evel Knievel Went to College There: Any notorious celebrity who didn't go to high school in New Jersey is accused of going to college there. The list includes convicted felons, mass murderers and nude-beauty-contest winners. In fact, New Jersey boasts fine institutions of higher education. Ivy League Princeton is attended by major Eastern intellectuals. (That's a nice way of saying queer rich boys.) There are also a lot of engineers there; they're just like the major Eastern intellectuals, only asexual.

Everything West of the Ramapo Fault Is Going to Fall into the Pacific Ocean: Many smug outsiders call New Jersey the California of the East, because it has a lot of smog, strange women and an occasional earthquake. However, both the women and the earthquakes range around a mere 3.0 on the Richter scale and pose no threat to the residents upstate.

The area is so safe, the state even allowed a nuclear reactor to be built near the fault. There's less than a 7 percent chance of a catastrophe occurring before A.D. 2000.

Unfounded, vicious, bold-faced lies. Yes, friends, Americans are pushing residents of this good-natured state too far. Do not be surprised if someday the state of Rhode Island disappears, to be found six weeks later at the bottom of a swamp near the Jersey Turnpike, wearing a pair of cement overshoes. —PETER BUTCH

Visit Beautiful

VIRGIN ISLES

Reach out and grab the good life. Visit the breathless, uncharted territory of the Virgin Isles. Frolic on her soft, gentle slopes. Smother yourself in the pleasures to be found at the newly erected Areola Hotel. Find out how much joy you can squeeze out of your stay on this untethered paradise. Discover how it has a freedom and bounce all its own, and why so many visitors drop to their knees and kiss the ground before they leave. Don't let this one slip through your fingers. The Virgin Isles. Reach out and grab the good life.

A Development of the First Time Realty Company, Inc., Virgin Isles, Florida

10-4, GOOD BODY

This North Texas seat cover goes by the handle of Bareback Bonnie. "I like to hunt cottonpickers in my pickup," she writes, "and I have a lot of fun petting bears. But sometimes nobody reads me and I'm stuck with nothin' but metal to put to my pedal." My, my, Bonnie. What some girls won't do in a clutch.

Robbie Chirwa is the "Waterskiing Waiter of Lake Malawi." Robbie works at the Club Makokola, delighting patrons of the African lakeside resort with his aquatic tricks and speedy service. He does, however, occasionally spill a few drops—and he has a hell of a time making the right change.

© 1978 TDK Electronics Corp.

Don't lose your highs on the highway.

If music is an important part of your life, you probably spend a good deal of time listening—in your car, as well as at home. Unfortunately your car was designed for transportation, not music. Because of its peculiar shape and size, its soundproofing material, the constant noise level of traffic, wind and motor, and the practicality of speaker placement, the high frequency sounds of music you hear at home are absorbed or obliterated. Without those highs, your music sounds dull and lifeless.

The TDK AD cassette overcomes the problems created by this unfriendly acoustic environment. AD has a hotter high end than any pure ferric oxide tape. And AD is a normal bias cassette—you can use it in any car stereo.

If you listen to rock, AD will restore the edge and presence that makes that music exciting. If you listen to classical music, AD will reinforce the critical overtones that make an oboe sound like an oboe and not like a clarinet.

AD has a super precision mechanism (backed by a full lifetime warranty*) that eliminates cassette jams during traffic jams. And its hot high end lets your music come alive at 55.

TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530

TDK®

We make you feel at home on the road.

*In the unlikely event that a TDK audio cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to TDK or to your local dealer for a free replacement.

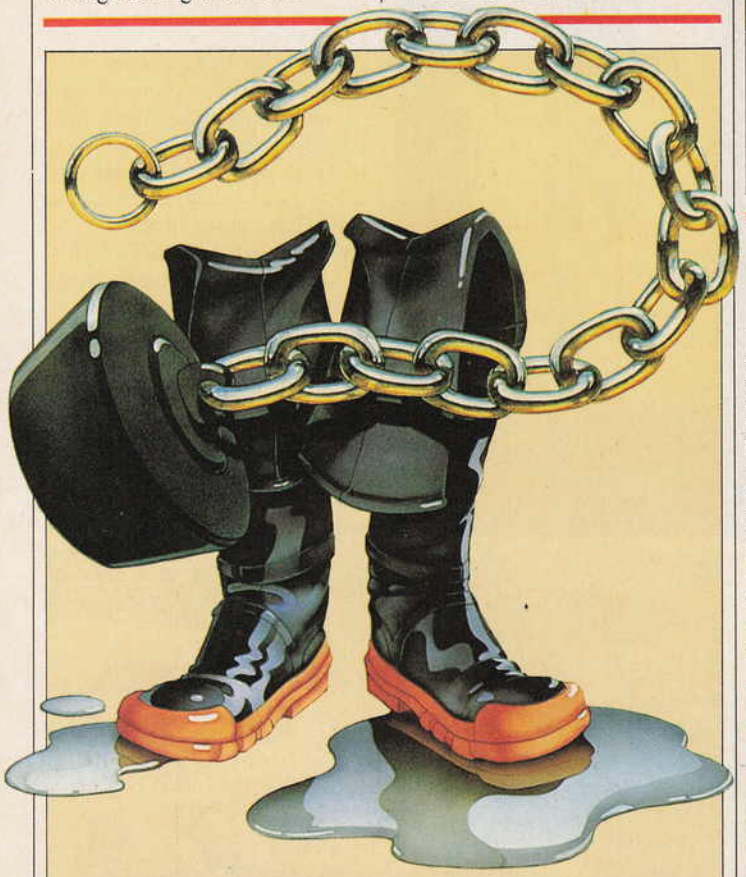
Getting A Leg Up On Fashion

Now that seamed stockings are becoming popular again, the problem of keeping the seams straight is perplexing a new generation of nylon-sheathed maidens. Using an ordinary eyebrow pencil, photographer David McEnery has finally discovered the ultimate solution. We're glad David knows where to draw the line.

NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN A BREAK IN CAROLINA

Hundreds of state employees in Raleigh, North Carolina, had a giggle one morning when a couple was observed in *flagrante delicto* on the roof of the state administration building. The two were seen humping under the governor's helipad from the top floors of a neighboring state office building. "I just kept wondering what would have happened if the governor had landed while they were there," said one onlooker. (The two in question were rumored to be political appointees of Governor James B. Hunt, Jr.) The affair, which took place shortly after 10 A.M., was a quickie, lasting only about five minutes. "It was about break time," said one secretary who was also a spectator, "if you know what I mean."

—KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS

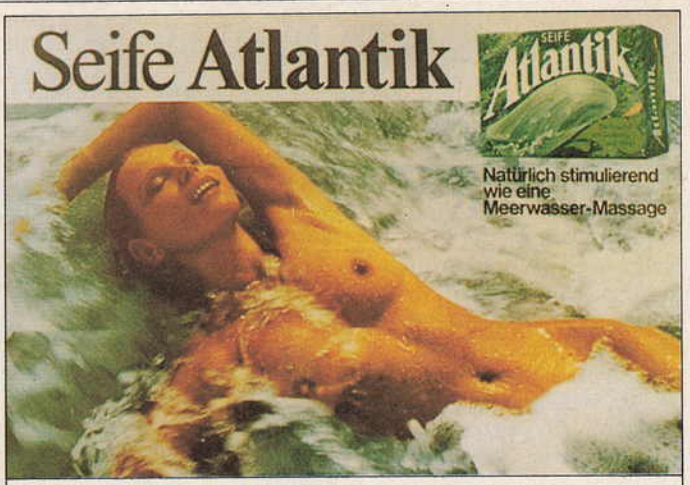


A WHOLE DAY'S WORK DOWN THE DRAIN

From our "If You Don't Know What It's Attached to, Don't Yank on It" department comes an item about a worker in Nottinghamshire, England, who literally pulled the plug on an entire community. A member of a maintenance team that was dredging the Chesterfield canal discovered a heavy metal chain lying on the murky bottom of the waterway. As the intrepid dredger hauled his catch aboard ship, he and his mates were suddenly overcome by an unmistakable "sinking" feeling. The chain, it seems, was attached to a plug at the bottom of the canal. Before long, the entire one-and-a-half-mile waterway drained out into the nearby Idle River. Pleasure craft were left stranded on the canal bottom, and the maintenance team was left holding the plug—trying like hell to *hide* it.

The British Waterways board, not wishing to be made sticks-in-the-mud by the affair, claims that all records pertaining to the canal had been destroyed during World War Two, so nobody knew anything about the plug.

—SCOTT WEEDEN



American TV has jiggles, but we can't match the saucy Europeans when it comes to truth in advertising. This billboard, found in Mannheim, West Germany, is selling "Soap Atlantic: Natural, stimulating, ocean-water massage for one." We trust the citizens of Mannheim can still keep their eyes on the road.

800,000 STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY

According to official city figures, Amsterdam has: 70,783 girls between the ages of 20 and 29; 281 clairvoyants; 800,000 residents; 799,999 obstinate residents; 112 nationalities; 110,643 pseudo-intellectuals; 1 fakir; 1 mummy; 1262 cafes; 27 saunas; 485 pop groups; 1658 pinball machines; 550,000 bikes; 721 pigeons on Dam Square; and 13.2 million pounds of dog shit per year.

Now, we're not sure if these statistics were made up or if someone actually counted the pigeons and the pounds of dog shit, but the figures are nonetheless *official*, having been released under the city's stamp and published in a number of city publications. *Openers* invites that single nonobstinate resident to write in and tell us what they're smoking in the city information department.

FALSE FRONT

These stylish new "Titti-Ts" are a big hit in college classrooms, on blind dates, at discos—or anyplace else where it's hard to tell reality from illusion. To be the first on your block with a snazzy new set, send $9.95 plus $1 postage (specify male, female, small, medium or large) to The Wizard, 8555 West Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

YANKEE PANKEE

It was once believed that if a woman masturbated too frequently, she would experience epileptic seizures—and that men who had wet dreams would suffer from fatigue and malaise and become "sad and stupid." George Washington, the father of our country, was almost certainly sterile. Victoria Woodhull, the first woman ever to run for President, advocated free love and lost her virginity at the age of 15 at a Fourth of July picnic. In his first message to French King Louis XV, the founder of New Orleans pleaded, "Send us some women."

These tidbits and other findings abound in *The American Way of Sex* by Bradley Smith (Gemini Smith, Inc., $19.95), the most painstakingly comprehensive catalog of sexual trends and trivia ever put to paper in this country.

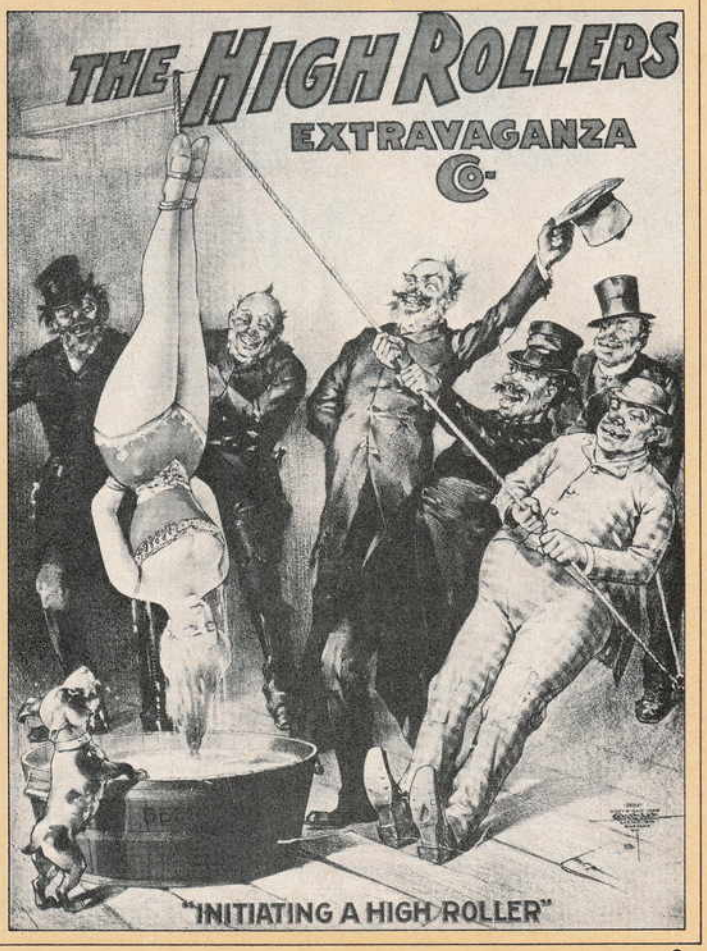
Smith, mixing scholarship with whimsy, introduces us to such stalwarts as Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon church, who called extramarital affairs "spiritual marriages." He had 48 "wives" before some folks said "enough" and hanged him. Another man, who was hanged by the Puritans for committing bestiality, was strung up alongside his cows, sheep and pigs (apparently they were all consenting adults). Then there's Calamity Jane, a genuine pioneer on the sexual frontier and the only woman among 1500 men at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. With dildo in tow, she would pose as a man to service the territory's prostitutes—a profession she once practiced herself. Smith also quotes many lusty notables, such as the active Benjamin Franklin, who warned "neither a maidenhead nor a fortress will hold out after they begin to parley."

Amid this wealth of spicy anecdotes, *The American Way of Sex* chronicles the development of our nation's sexual attitudes. It explores subjects such as sex and the slaves on Southern plantations; recounts the rapes of frontier white women by Indians; takes us behind the scenes in a New Orleans brothel at the turn of the century; pries into the sex lives of burlesque and Hollywood stars; and explains the amorous proclivities of the Twenties flappers and World War Two sweethearts.

Equally revealing are the book's visuals: the first published nude photographs; the first use of sex in advertising; drawings of fashions that were scandalous in their day; and photos of brothel lineups and famous madams such as Diamond Lil.

The history of sex is a long and winding road, but some things never change. Archaeologists have discovered a pre-Columbian, actual-size stone casting of a penis in a Kentucky cave. It was 6⅛ inches long. —P. GAMBACCINI

Top: Cigar cases in the 1890s teased customers with the promise of exposed female flesh. When the cases were opened, the buyers were treated to a flash of naked thigh—or got smoked out with an advertisement.
Below: The High Rollers, a gamblers' stag club, get their kicks dunking a lady into a vat of beer.



A risqué paperback, 1899

The e-z wider® pipe system

The First New Waterpipe Since The First Waterpipe.

Three out of four pipe and bong smokers prefer the e-z wider pipe system. Here's why:

For thousands of years hookahs and bongs have been easy to spill, hard to clean, clumsy to handle, and inefficient to smoke.

In all those centuries there has never been a better designed smoking system than those primitive arrangements of tubing.

We asked 800 pipe and bong smokers who tried the e-z wider pipe system to state which they liked better.

Three out of four respondents preferred the e-z wider pipe system.

Who wouldn't? It's designed around a patented heat-exchanger cartridge that filters and cools the smoke.

The e-z wider pipe system is spillproof. You can turn it over to tap the ashes out of the bowl without spilling a drop.

It's also easy to clean, because the cartridge is disposable. When the pipe needs cleaning, you simply replace the cartridge.

It concentrates the smoke, giving you a terrific puff with only a very light draw.

It can also flavor the smoke: menthol, strawberry, or whatever you'd like to taste.

And you can hold the e-z wider pipe system very comfortably in the palm of your hand.

Ask for the e-z wider pipe system.

It makes the bong and the hookah absolutely obsolete.

e-z wider® PIPE SYSTEM

To order a pipe send $14.95 check or M.O. + postage & handling (N.Y. res. add tax) to-

E-Z WIDER PIPE SYSTEM
Box 1785 Grand Central Station
N.Y., NY 10017

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California Split

In Southern California, the battle between "sidewalk surfers" and "street skaters" has emerged as one of the biggest controversies since Proposition 13.

Skateboard aficionados—many of whom have been busting their buns since the mid-Sixties—find that their sport is threatened by the wave of rolling "tunas" who have infested their favorite parks and trails. "Hot dogs" openly scoff at the "eight wheelers," proclaiming that roller skates are for "schoolgirls and grannies." They also snarl over the roller industry's ripoff of the polyurethane technology that they so painstakingly developed.

Roller maniacs readily admit that polyurethane enabled skates to come outdoors, but they point out that the skyrocketing popularity of their sport is due to the fact that it appeals to *all* ages. At the same time, they remind the "turkeys" that skateboarding started as a ripoff of *roller-skating* technology, and scoff at them as "reckless anachronisms."

Meanwhile, a growing number of intensely macho street skaters—both male and female—are displaying all the skills and even more speed than skateboarders: attacking curbs, slalom runs, swimming pools and jumps with chilling daredevil abandon. "Those turkeys on boards aren't so tough," says one Malibu roller queen. "If things get hairy when you're on a board, you can always bail out. No way you can do that on skates."

"Yeah," adds another roller maven, "and I'd like to see you do the hustle on a skateboard."

Indeed, the reputations of many high-speed "roller crazies" are now easily surpassing those of skateboarders. At many beachfront bars, where skaters fly in for a quick shot and a beer, it's clear that "skaters rule."

Only one thing is certain. It's going to be a prosperous year for elbow- and knee-band designers.

—KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS

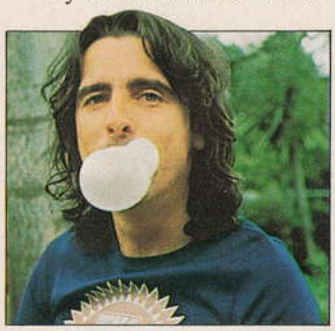
OPENERS' FIRST ANNUAL ROCK-'N'-ROLL CELEBRITY BUBBLE GUM BLOWING COMPETITION

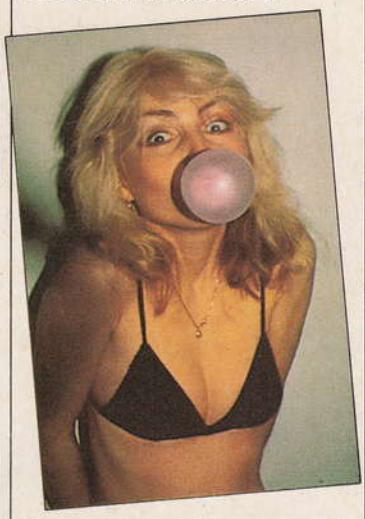
JOAN JETT (*The Runaways*): "My favorite bubble gum is Carefree Sugarless. We buy it by the boxes and take it on tour with us. It's good for your teeth and you can blow good bubbles and I like the color."

LITA FORD (*The Runaways*): "I like the Carefree shit, too. Bubble gum makes me horny because of the way it wraps around your tongue and the way it sticks on your face. The secret to blowing [big bubbles] is to wrap your tongue around it and blow. I chew gum 'cause it's better than smoking. It's fun, too. It makes you feel like you're from New York."

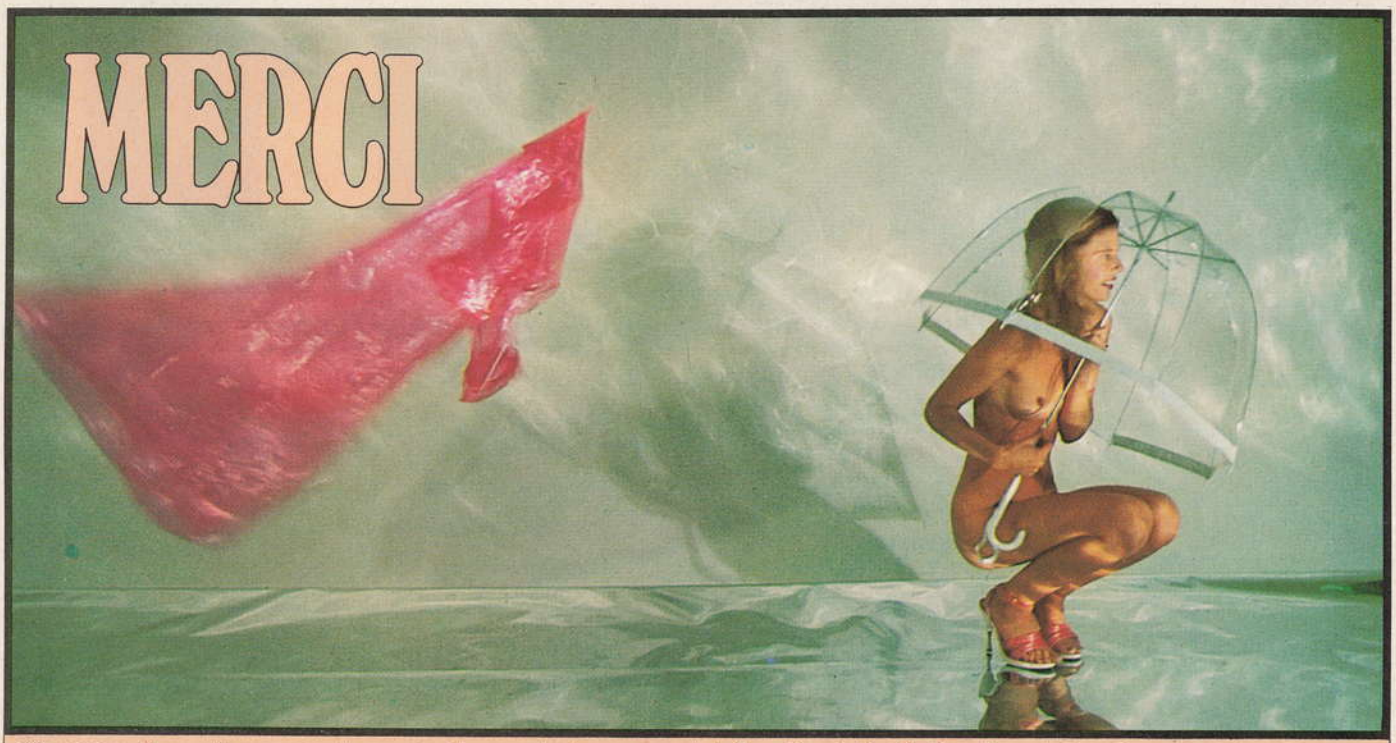
ALICE COOPER: "I know the real story behind bubble gum. Bubble gum was originated as the very first contraceptive. What they would do in the old days was, the woman would chew it up and, depending on how big the man was, would blow a great big bubble, and then the guy would stick his boy's thing in, and the bubble would break around the head of his cock and that would stop the sperm. The only problem was that there were so many people getting stuck together once it was on the end, and bigger men were pulling the insides of the woman out accidentally because the bubble gum was sticking to the insides of her girl's thing. So they stopped that idea because it was sticky business.

"My favorite kind of bubble gum is the kind that comes with baseball cards. There's nothing nutritious about it. We're a sugar generation. It's a real upper. I wonder if Hitler chewed a lot of it."





DEBORAH HARRY (*Blondie*): "I blow-o-o-o-o, shoobie-doobie-doo. My favorite is SuperBubble, the big new sugary kind. I've been blowing bubbles since 1802, when I was a child." —ROBERT CRANE AND DAVE DIAMOND



It's raining all over the world! New Jersey don't get no respect. Somebody finally pulled the plug in England. The Virgin Isles are being raped by developers. Even Amsterdam is getting dorked around. This month, *Openers* probed for answers to these and other pressing world problems and, as usual, we didn't have any luck. But allow us to thank our contributors anyway. Editorial: new jersey, Peter Butch; pulling the plug, Scott Weeden; amsterdam stats, Rick Cate; thanks to Jeffery Booth for finding the heavy equipment; bubble gum, Robert Crane. Art: new jersey, Matt Golden; plug and boots, Dennis Mukai. Photo: openers and merci, Robert Peak (stylist, Patty Ferry); tits, Grant Edwards; cb, Jack Lorenz; waiter, Sam Knox for Photo Trends; atlantik soap, Mark S. Russell; virgin isles, Wim Baggelaar for Photo Trends; Alice Cooper and Runaways, Dave Diamond; Deborah Harry, Chris Stein. Thanks to Tracy Nelson for paste-up.

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SEX TAPES

SEX AND HAIR

Once upon a time, long tresses were a political statement. In the Seventies, ask a man about long hair and he's likely to tell you it makes a good whip for an S/M scene. Crew cuts used to mark the quintessential square (remember Haldeman?); now they're worn almost exclusively by gays and female punks. When we asked our respondents about their hair preferences, most denied any sexual connection. At first. Then they'd say such things as "Well, I do have a thing for red pubic hair" or "Nothing turns me off like a girl who refuses to shave her legs." Women are equally adamant: "The first time I touched the top of his sweaty, bald head I felt queasy" or "Beards do it to me every time, especially if the guy's into cunnilingus." In the end, just about everybody agreed that hair, be it armpit, chest, facial or pubic, was oftentimes the unconscious explanation for what we like to call "sexual chemistry."

Jeanne K., 26, beauty consultant: I know that a lot of women share my problem, but during the years I was growing up in a small Kansas town, I really thought I was some kind of freak. The problem is—or was—that I had very thick, black hair on most of my body. To say that my pubic hair was a bush would be like saying that a redwood tree is a stick. That "bush" extended in a heavy line of fur from my crotch to my belly button. It was so thick that even when I wore loose jeans, it made a mound most guys would be proud to display. And it didn't stop there.

Thick hair covered my arms, legs, back and even my butt! Black down sprouted around my nipples before my breasts had even begun to put bumps in a T-shirt.

I was terrified of going to gym class and kept myself in long sleeves, high necklines and ankle-length dresses for years. But being hairy did things worse than keep me in wool sweaters all summer long—it made me a sexual leper.

The first boy who ever slid his hand under my blouse actually got sick to his stomach when he discovered the fur surrounding my nipples. He nicknamed me "Dog Tits," the bastard, and he told all his friends about me. I didn't go out again for years.

The really strange thing was that, except for the hair, I was considered quite pretty. I had a nice body and my face was fine except for the slight fuzz on my upper lip—I kept that bleached, so it was nearly invisible.

I would have become a crazy hermit if I hadn't left Kansas and headed for New York City. I thought I could get lost in a big city. What happened was I got found—by a man who was into hair.

When I got to New York, I worked a series of odd jobs and made the rounds of druggists and doctors, looking for a cure. I met Larry while I was prowling the drug stores.

Larry was a pharmacy student who worked weekends. He was tall and thin and kind of homely, but he was always really sweet to me, even after he came to figure out my problem. We had lunch a couple of times, and eventually we started going to movies and just traipsing around the city. One night we ended up at his apartment and I was terrified.

We were more than a little stoned when we started necking. I was so horny, I didn't even worry about what he would think when he actually saw how hairy I was. I was really hungry for attention. As it turned out, all the hair turned him on.

He kept saying that my nipples and my cunt were like buried treasures, and that the soft fur made him feel all hot and animalistic. He sucked on my breasts and licked at the hair around my nipples until it was soft and wet. He began biting my breasts, very lightly, while he lifted my skirt and pulled down my panties. Then he parted all that hair with his fingers and just licked me until I came. I was crying and groaning and moving all over the place. I never wanted it to stop. It was the first time in my life I ever felt wanted or even desirable. After that night I was a different person. I became much more confident and found it easier to deal openly with my self-consciousness.

The strangest part of the story is that when I finally found a treatment that was successful in removing my unwanted hair, it also removed Larry. He just never found me as attractive as I had been when I was all furry.

Tom P., 29, teacher: It's simple: When I have a beard, I get laid a lot; when I only grow a mus-

tache, I get laid about half as often; and when I am clean shaven, I spend a lot of time jerking off.

It's not like my naked face is so ugly. I mean, I have a strong chin, blue eyes and black hair. No deformities, you know? There just seems to be something about facial hair that a lot of women get off on.

The most interesting things happen to me when I have a beard. The women I meet are more physical types, and they tend to be a lot more into sex than women I might meet when I have a mustache. The mustache lovers are more intellectual and want to talk a lot, as well as fuck. When I don't have any facial hair at all, I meet shy girls from Kentucky who have moved to California to join a nunnery or something. Believe me, it makes that much of a difference.

There was even one time when a woman I met while I was hairless wouldn't go out with me. Several months later, I met her again, the only difference being that now I had a full beard. We ended up spending a great weekend together. She taught me the best beard trick I ever learned.

This lady loved when I went down on her. Our sex usually consisted of my eating her through several orgasms and then fucking her.

One night, while we were rolling around naked in the living room, she got up and sat on the edge of the couch with her legs spread. Then she pulled my face toward her pussy but stopped me just as I was about to start eating her. She wanted me to brush my beard back and forth across her swollen pussy! I did—and she loved it. She came almost immediately.

Since then, I have used this trick on other women, and almost all of them ask for repeat performances.

Julie C., 20, waitress: I grew up on a farm in Indiana and was generally treated like one of the fellas, at least until my chest started to grow. I didn't want my friends to notice, so I tried to keep it from showing. I wore loose blouses, that kind of thing. By the time I was 16, though, there was no way to hide the fact that I was what you call "big busted." My cousins and all the other fellas were always trying to get me off alone. I have this bright red hair, which I think is beautiful. The fellas would always sweet-talk me about my hair and tell me they wanted to be alone with me so they could touch it. But when we'd get alone in one of their cars, or maybe even in a barn, there wasn't one of them that could keep their hands off my chest. The same's true to this day. The men always talk about my beautiful hair, but all they really want to do is handle my chest.

Tina N., 24, lithographer: The first man I ever made love with was as hairy as a bear. His entire body was covered with thick red hair. Even his cock had hair on it, right up to the head. It all seemed really gross to me then—I was only 15—and I can't stand hairy men even to this day.

I have this thing about younger guys. Some of my dates are still in high school. My fantasy men are usually boys who are about 14 or 15 and completely hairless; I especially like guys who have no hair at all on their cocks and balls. That smooth skin is a real turn-on.

There are a lot of stories about women who shave off their pubic hair for their lovers. I'm still looking for a guy who will let me shave his pubic hair and then go down on his smooth cock. That's my ultimate fantasy.

Lonnie V., 21, college student: I had only one experience that had anything to do with sex and hair. I was 17 and a swimmer on my high school swim team. Unlike a lot of the other guys on the team, I was covered with body hair. There was no doubt that I had to shave it off, in order to cut down on drag in the water and improve my times.

One of the team coaches was a woman, Mrs. Alexander. She was about 40, I guess, but she was in really great shape. When I told her of my decision to shave my body, she suggested that we do it that evening after the workout. She said she had some special soap that would make the shaving easier.

When I showed up in the locker room, Mrs. Alexander

The same is true to this day. The men always talk about my beautiful hair, but all they really want to do is handle my chest.

was already there, heating up a tub of water for me. She told me to get in and soak for a while. Then she went to get the soap.

When she came back, she handed me a jockstrap and told me to put it on. I was trying to act very cool about the whole thing, but there was nobody else around and I felt a little embarrassed. I slipped the strap on while I was still in the tub and then stood up. Mrs. Alexander put hot soap all over my body and started shaving off the hair with a straight razor. She acted real professional and did a hell of a job. In no time, I was as smooth as a baby.

The whole time she had been shaving me, I had an erection that filled up the jockstrap. And when Mrs. Alexander began running her hands all over my body—she said she was checking for stubble—I thought I was going to come. Without saying another word, she pulled me close and put her mouth on mine. Her tongue slid in and out of my mouth while she tugged at my jockstrap with her hands. I was so amazed, I don't think that I even hugged her or anything.

She just kept running her hands all over me as she sat me on a bench, pulled off my strap and took my cock in her mouth. She only moved her head up and down a couple of times before I shot off in her mouth.

Without a word she got up, handed me a towel and said that if I could keep our sessions to myself, she would love to shave me once a week.

Those shaving sessions were the best things that ever happened to me. I hated graduating from high school, and I still think about going back and visiting Mrs. Alexander.

Jeremy L., 28, insurance broker: Until I was 21, I thought underarm hair was dirty, if not downright repulsive. Then, in the summer after my junior year in college, I went to Amsterdam. One day on a city bus, I was pressed against an attractive blonde who was a couple of years older than me. "I'm sorry," I mumbled, not knowing if the woman could understand English. She seemed to notice me for the first time and sized me up with kind of a superior smile. Then she adjusted her position, shifting her package and hanging on to the overhead rail with her other hand. That did make more room; unfortunately, it put her armpit about two inches from my face. What a turn-off. Nevertheless, I was prepared to bear it, in the interest of international relations and all.

I looked away and tried to turn off my sense of smell, but the odor got through to me. It wasn't like anything I'd ever smelled in a locker room. I was curious and took a tentative sniff. It was more a fragrance than an odor. I was fascinated. Instead of arching away from it, I relaxed. The hair under her arm was darker than her head, but still light and very fine. The fragrance filled my head. I was surprised to find a stiff erection stretching out in my pants.

I had the urge to brush up against the hair. What would be the harm? After all, I had come to Europe for new experiences. All I had to do was give in to the pressure of the crowd and, before I knew it, my cheek had touched the delicate hairs.

Just then the woman turned abruptly. My heart was pounding. I had gone too far. She'd been offended. I guess I looked like a lost puppy. The woman gave me an amused smile and then did the most amazing thing: She ran the palm of her hand up my leg and over my hard-on. Then she squeezed her way toward the exit.

Naturally, I was right after her. In my hotel room she explained frankly that she liked to pick up young tourists because of the lack of complications. As for the underarm bit, she just took it for granted that it would be a turn-on. I never would have guessed. □

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential, so please indicate your initials only. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know what role hair (body hair, pubic hair, no hair, etc.) plays in your sex life.

1. I am _____ male _____ female.
2. My age is _____ under 18 _____ 18 to 25 _____ 26 to 35 _____ over 35 _____.
3. In general, hair...
   a. has no effect on my sex life.
   b. is only important when it's gone.
   c. plays a major role in my fantasies.
   d. remains the key to a person's sexuality.
   e. Other _____.
4. When it comes to pubic hair,
   a. I like it thick and bushy.
   b. shaved is best.
   c. I don't think much about it.
   d. I'm always looking for blonde.
5. (For men) I like women whose hair is...
   a. very long. Color doesn't matter.
   b. silky. Length doesn't matter.
   c. a specific color, namely _____.
   d. easy to care for. I hate it when women fuss with their hair.
6. (For women) Body hair on men...
   a. makes a guy seem more masculine and sexy.
   b. does not make up for a bald head.
   c. is disgusting. And it messes up the bathroom.
   d. Other _____.
7. My most interesting experience with sex and hair goes as follows (use separate page to explain):

LETTERS

Sex Tapes

INTER-LUDE

I have a 22-year-old girlfriend who goes sex crazy when she takes Quaaludes. Without them, she's sort of prudish. You might think I'm old-fashioned, but I try to keep her away from the damned things. I don't think she needs them. Besides, she gets in all sorts of trouble and I have to handle it.

We went to a party last October. It was a great party, lots of people and booze and good food. Kathy was standing in a corner talking to a couple of guys I had never seen. I should have known what was coming.

About 30 minutes passed, and Kathy came over and said she wanted to fuck. I didn't know she had been given two 'ludes by the guys she had been talking to. I told her to wait until we got home. I thought she was just kidding around. She wasn't.

I lost contact with her for a little bit and was wandering around, talking to people and getting smashed. When I came back into the living room, there was Kathy with about five guys on the couch. They had her tits out and her dress up, and one of them was finger-fucking her! I waded through the crowd and tried to pull her out of there. She told me that if I didn't want to join in the fun I should take a hike. She was downed out of her gourd, and the other guys were shoving me out of the way. I got pissed and went outside.

Kathy had oral sex with seven or eight guys that night. Probably another four or five screwed her. She passed out after that and I hauled her home.

The next morning, she was sore and couldn't look me in the face. Finally, we talked about the whole thing. She told me she really enjoyed sex with more than one guy at a time, especially when she was downed on 'ludes. Her body felt like fire and she had orgasm after orgasm.

She explained to me that when we make love, she gets an emotional high that is wonderful, but in a different way she likes lots of hard sex with more than one guy at a time. She said that the only time she can really let herself go physically is when she is on drugs.

It's a real problem. I don't believe anyone can honestly say they enjoy sex more with the use of drugs. It may cut down on the inhibitions, but if you feel guilty and shitty the next day, why bother?

JIM J.
New Orleans, Louisiana

She told me that if I didn't want to join in the fun I should take a hike

GAG LINE

I read *Sex Tapes* every month, and I've noticed that there is what appears to be a new emphasis on helping people to understand more about sex and shed their guilt feelings. I think that is a really positive thing to do. I know I have been helped a lot by the various publications that bring sex out in the open and demystify it.

I am a 42-year-old woman who has raised a wonderful pair of twin girls without the help of a man. The girls' father left me when the kids were real young. For years, I had to work very hard just to keep even, and there was never much time for dating or meeting new men. Frankly, I wasn't very interested. I was sour on the whole idea of men and sex. As far as I was concerned, men were around mostly for the quick dip, and didn't take the responsibility of sex and love very seriously.

Now that the girls are grown and gone, I have the time to pay attention to myself, and that's just what I am doing.

Recently, I met a man who broke down my stereotype of the whole gender. We've been living together for two years now, and we are having a wonderful time. We almost broke up, though, when he wanted me to fellate him. The very idea of a penis in my mouth made me gag. He was insulted and said that if he enjoyed eating me, there was no reason I couldn't learn to like doing the same for him. We were at an impasse until one of my daughters showed me your *Sex Tapes* column last December.

First, I thought that all those people who say they actually enjoy fellatio must be sick—or lying. Then I began to wonder if maybe they knew something I didn't know; so I got a little experimental.

Slowly, I have come to enjoy playing with my man's penis and licking him the way he does me. The secret is that he was very patient when I finally decided to try it.

It started with my just touching him and masturbating him once in a while. Then one night he put whipped cream all over his balls and cock, and I licked it off. One thing led to another, and I was finally able to think of his thick cock as an ice cream cone. Now I really enjoy the rubbery feel of his cock in my mouth and the sense of power it gives me when he comes.

Thanks for the helping hand. I just wanted you to know that after 42 years I feel finally I've grown up.

ANNA A.
Denver, Colorado

I thought you might be interested in how I learned what women like when it comes to oral sex. I didn't see anything about my kind of experience in your column on oral sex. I'm

(Continued on page 129)

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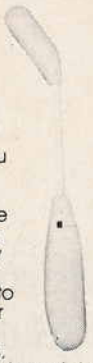

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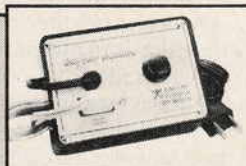

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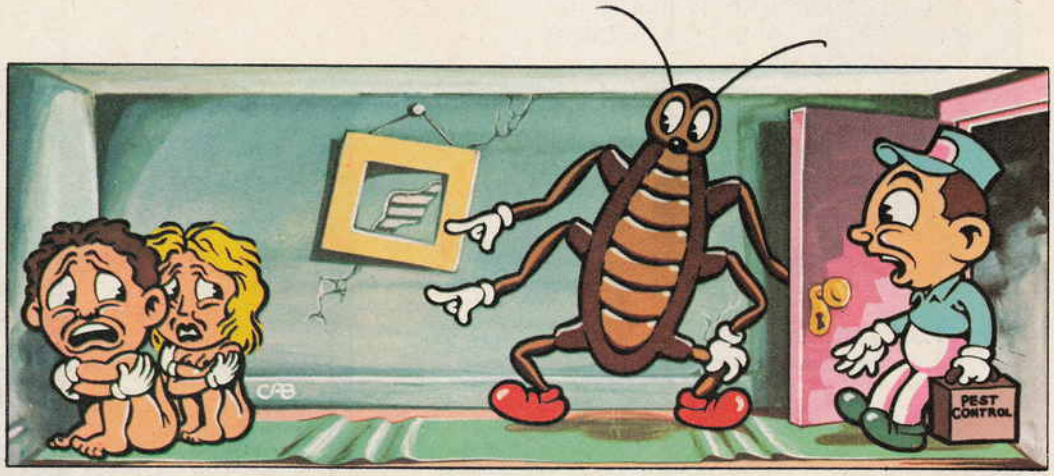
MAN IN THE STREET

BY D. KEITH MANO

Exterminators: Be Sure To Hide The Roaches



The roach is God's ultimate creature. Roaches have more resistance to cutback and change than a Federal antipoverty program. They can sprint across your cheeseburger deluxe at 400 mph (yes, *400 mph*—that's not some "etaoin shrdlu" misprint—faster than a Learjet). They've been around, unaltered, for 250 million years; several thousand will feed comfortably on a single ounce of protein. They write rhymed verse in lower case; they got on Noah's ark, that first couples' club, before he let the gangplank down. A cockroach is probably watching you read this right now.

Not just because your kitchen stove has pork fat and dustballs all over it. "No," says Ron Cruz, Prince of the Pesticide Pump, Iron Duke of Furry Crevices, "you could be clean and one neighbor is slobbola. Or a roach could be imported. They come in on supermarket bags. I've even seen roaches jump out of truck drivers' pockets."

Ron Cruz is a wild man; he has the metabolism of someone pushing black beauties down. In one day, from 4 A.M. on, he can "drum out" 30 exterminations. Cruz is an unmarked man, in an unmarked, white Chevy pickup truck. New York people demand that: anonymity. "Ha. No one wants you pulling up outside their restaurant with a giant plastic roach on top of your truck."

And exterminators get respect—like Cosa Nostra protection men dropping by for a little percentage. Say he walks into this glitzy disco. Fear will clot the owner's seven-figure face. He's uneasy. He'll sleeve-jerk Ron aside, to whisper on tiptoe in Ron's six-foot-three-inch-high ear. "Sssst. Water bugs under my dishwasher. Ssssh." An exterminator, as prostate testers do, will get to see the big backside of creation. With flashlight and spray pump, we reconnoiter kitchen, basement, attic, private john. Budda-budda, pow! Ron hip-blasts FICAM around the perimeter of each room. Then down to strafe beneath six dozen restaurant banquettes. By law, every food-fingering joint in New York must be roach-zetzed at least once per month. Remember that the next time you *mange* at an uppity Frog bistro: Remember that someone splashed deadly poison right under your Gucci peds just last week. And when *le vin* comes, at $23.50 a split for steel-tank Bordeaux, Scope-gargle it around your mouth, look pensive and say, "Whatever pesticide they used under my table is generous poignant but *un peu* ripe." That'll clean the anti-American *moue* off any sommelier's visage.

"I've seen walls *walk* with them. Walls just *moving*, man. Some people think I'm nuts—but I come in a door, I can smell roach residue." You got to wonder, though: After 14 years as point man on the roach patrol, Sten-gunning Jim Jones Kool-Aid around, doesn't Cruz worry about toxic buildup in his own lights and liver? "I have a physical every year. So far, so good." (Yet he won't eat while working.) I ask Cruz about his job identity. "I'm not ashamed. Me—*ha*—I'm a sanitation engineer. I make a nice buck. [All right, nosy, that means about $350–$400 per week.] I'll never be unemployed. There's jobs waiting for me in any city, in any state." Since Captain John Smith first mentioned him, *la cucaracha* has been a national institution. What'd you think made the American eagle bald? A fat roach holding 13 arrows should be on every inflated dollar bill. *E uno, plus*: Out of one, infestation.

Yet there is real risk to the gonad and other soft human parts. I talk with Stan Schoninger, Cruz's boss, owner of A-1 Exterminating and 30 unmarked white pickup trucks. "You've got to be super careful. For instance, exterminators have developed nerve paralysis in the eyelid. That's where you can't open your eye. Out West, a careless young exterminator sprayed fast-acting rodenticide on some crackers. Three children died. He's in jail now, I think." The customers are always right, and are often bug-paranoid. "They want you to spray on their ceiling—insane places. Also, they want a stink. So we tell our men to shoot a little onto a hot radiator when they're finished. You get an odor then, baby—one you wish you didn't have. But it makes them happy."

Business at A-1 is up 20 percent. Even so, Schoninger would guess, the roach population hasn't exactly imploded. N.Y.C. is crawling—at 400 mph. On top of that: "The roach, which was always classified as a social insect, is now classified as a disease carrier." You can get polio from roaches, or a nice intestinal worm, or 40 species of pathogenic bacteria. Safer to spend a condomless night with some Eighth Avenue street squanch. Also, there are several thousand incompetent (and unlicensed) fly- or roach-by-night exterminators. "They don't know what they're doing. But you can't regulate them. They buy or steal a little pesticide and work out of the trunk of their car."

And suddenly I remember Ron Cruz ("I'll never be unemployed . . ."). My car has a trunk. It's time I went into some more secure line of work.

Pass the crackers, please. □

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SEX

BY HOWARD RHEINGOLD

No-Sweat Pill: Shake Well After Using

Nowadays, the price of a healthy sex life can be a vile green-yellow purulence—an itchy, corrosive fluid that eats away at your most sensitive tissues. The clap. Gonorrhea. A demonic pestilence caused by billions of tiny but bad-ass lifeforms who love to multiply in human reproductive organs, habitually swim back and forth between different "hosts," and generally wreak bloody hell on the old genito-urinary tract.

If the numbers have already caught up with you, then you know all about the smears—a category of torture in its own right, another humiliating footnote to the medical purgatorio—the tests, the shots, the pills, the bills, the reinfections, secondary infections and drug-resistant mutations. A shot of penicillin and a week of pills and abstinence will effectively massacre the little cock-eatin' critters, but you usually don't know you *need* a shot until the fiery green slime wakes you in the middle of the night, creeping ever so slowly and painfully down the tube, gluing the end of your afflicted member to the bed sheets.

Wouldn't it be lovely if we could pop some type of pill *before* we dip our wicks into unknown reservoirs? There is an M.D. in Tucson, Arizona, who claims it can be done. He has 30 of his patients on doxycycline (Vibramycin) now, and he claims it works for them.

On the flip side, though, there is a sex educator in San Francisco who thinks the prophylactic (preventive) use of this drug is an actual health menace.

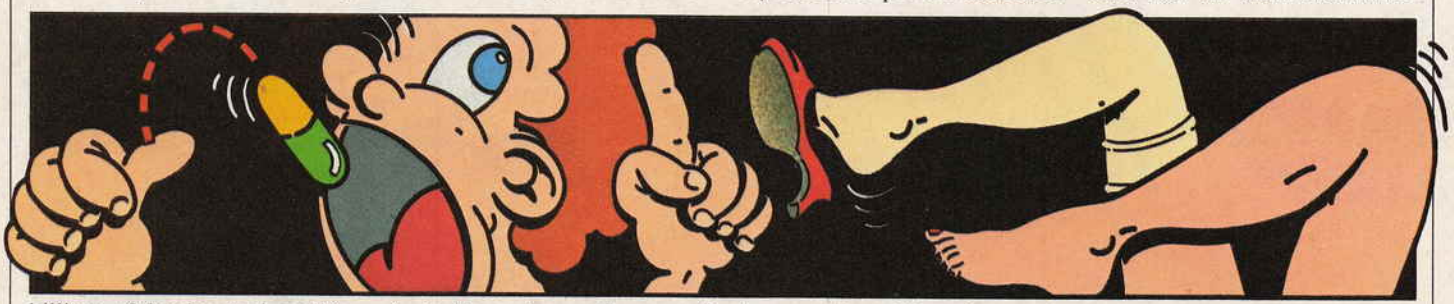
The Arizona physician is Nathan Shiff, author of *Sex Without Anxiety*, and he enthusiastically endorses the use of doxycycline, marketed by Pfizer as Vibramycin, as a specific prophylactic for gonorrhea. His early experience in the field was in the South Pacific during World War Two, when microorganisms were inflicting as much damage as the enemy. Shiff claims to have participated in a study of 6000 soldiers on leave. Three thousand horny GIs were given a placebo before they docked in Australia. Another 3000 were given penicillin. The men treated with antibiotics were significantly less afflicted by venereal souvenirs than was the unwitting control group. Only wartime can produce weird studies like that. Maybe Tom Pynchon was right: Wars are only funding mechanisms for bizarre research projects.

Jan Cobble, director of education for Planned Parenthood in San Francisco, gets worked up over the subject of Vibramycin. "Are they trotting that one out again?" was her response. "It is definitely *not* good medicine, and it could be dangerous to the health of the entire community," she added. As former executive director of the Bay Area Venereal Disease Association, Ms. Cobble speaks with a certain authority. "In the mid-Seventies," she explained, "a communicable-disease control officer in Los Angeles County experimented with Vibramycin in one district. He reported a 25 percent reduction in gonorrhea. What that study neglected was the undiminished rise in the syphilis rate. Vibramycin does *not* work against syphilis in the incubation stage. You might lower the gonorrhea rate, and because syphilis is less easily self-detected, people will be less likely to get blood tests, and the syphilis rate could go up!"

According to Jan Cobble, doxycycline is not only ineffective against incubating syphilis, but may also mask symptoms of hepatitis, encephalitis and streptococcus infections. To be fair, Dr. Shiff stressed in his book and in conversation that he does not advocate unsupervised self-medication. If chronic reinfection is a problem for you, ask your own physician about Vibramycin. If the clap isn't a part of your weekly routine, you might heed the warning of Ms. Cobble. Apparently the FDA agrees with her, because the drug is not approved for general use as a prophylaxis.

Another kind of pill shows more promise: the male contraceptive. Experiments with humans are already under way, a sure sign that the male contraceptive is fairly well on the road to FDA approval. Testosterone enathate is given by injection about twice a month. Since the dosage is much larger than the normal circulating-hormone level, this injection does not cause any changes in secondary sex characteristics. It does fool the brain into thinking sperm production is overloaded; so another hormone is secreted by the pituitary gland to suppress spermatogenesis in the testes.

Another chemical, denazol, is being studied as an agent for suppressing sperm maturation. Nonhormonal chemicals may have distinct health advantages. The problem with steroids like testosterone is the same problem women face with estrogens—possible long-term adverse side effects. According to one expert, the strategy behind testosterone contraception is to share the risk: "You take the pill this month, and I'll take it next month." Since many of the substances being studied degrade in the stomach and liver, it is unlikely that a pill will be available very soon. Experiments with nasal ingestion are being conducted, however. Perhaps, in the near future, our contraceptives could be blended with the coke stash—enabling us to stone two birds with one toot. □



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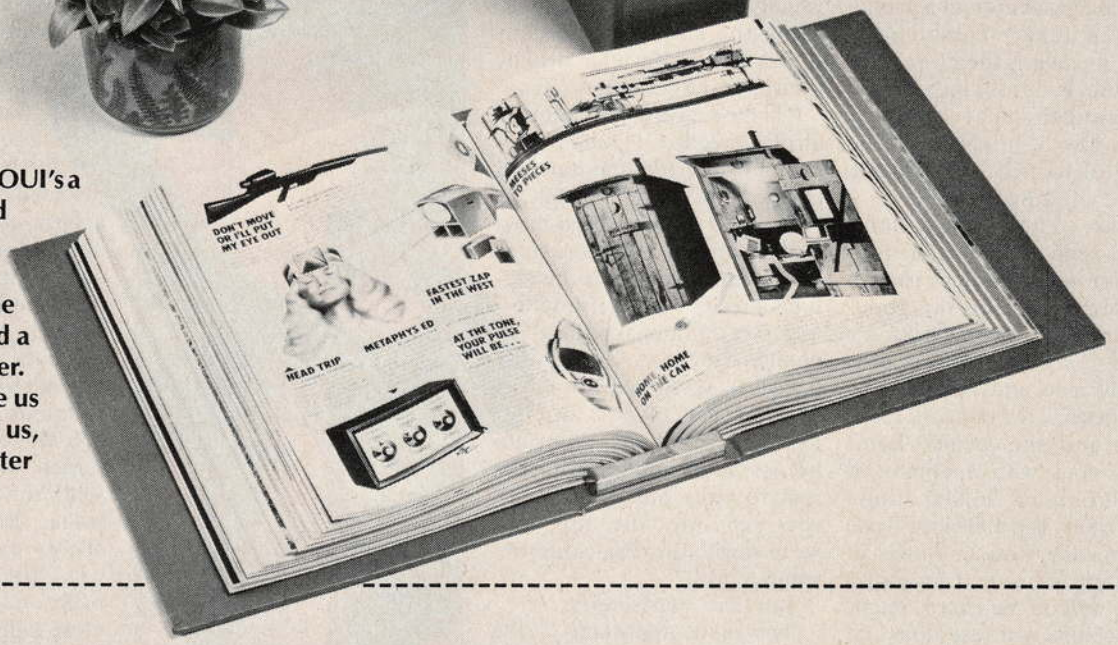
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MUSIC

BY ED NAHA

The Hot 100: How Labels Hype The Charts

Remember when Dick Clark used to ask kids named Spike and Carmen to rate records based on how much they liked the music? "It has a good beat and you can dance to it" was the usual reason for picking a winner. Well, Spike and Carmen are probably married now and have two kids and a condo, but even if they were still interested in giving their opinions about rock 'n' roll, the chances are unlikely that anybody would give a shit. You see, the rating of records has changed. Now it's Big Business.

These days, record companies spend a lot of time fretting about how their newest releases "chart" on the popularity polls appearing in *Record World*, *Billboard* and *Cash Box*. Widely read and respected by disc jockeys, record-store managers and the artists themselves, and with a combined circulation of 76,000, these magazines' Top 100 charts have become the Rosetta stones of the music industry. If a record is doing well on the charts, retail-store chains will take note and stock the record, sending it soaring even higher on the charts. Radio stations spot the action and give the platter a few extra spins, thus attracting even more potential buyers. Yes, indeed—wondrous stuff, this chart movement.

(Incidentally, these charts are not just *a* source of judging how well a record is doing; they're the *only* source. Record companies won't give you the time of day if you ask how many copies of a certain record have been sold. Just try to get the figures.)

So how the hell do you get on the charts in the first place?

The answers are mysterious enough to make even an Agatha Christie fan smile. For instance, a 45-rpm single "charts" in a way different from a 33-rpm LP. All three trade magazines use basically the same criteria in assembling their 45 polls. *Record World*'s Mike Vallone explains:

"It's all based on airplay and sales," he says. "A pop single does not sell immediately. It usually takes [radio] airplay to bring the single to the consumer's attention. That airplay translates into eventual sales.

"There's a certain amount of airplay needed to get a record onto the top-one-hundred chart. Now, once a single is charted, in order to keep moving up our charts, it has to show upward movement on the stations already playing it as well as garner additional airplay on new stations. As airplay increases, so should sales. As you get higher and higher up the charts, your sales become more and more important to your position. When you get into the top ten, we're mostly just watching the volume sold."

But that's just singles.

The more important of the pop charts, in terms of both volume and bucks, is the LP list—and here we're in the twilight zone. For one thing, rarely do the three trades agree on what the most popular LPs are, because each uses a different method to compile its lists.

The prestigious *Record World* chart is, according to Mike Vallone, based on "one thing: over-the-counter retail sales." Monitoring over fifty accounts, or thousands of record stores, the magazine figures out the total number of LPs sold in a week and constructs a popularity list accordingly.

Billboard, on the other hand, uses a more obscure approach. Its charts, supervised by Bill Wardlow (who will not talk to anyone in the press), are based in part on a heavy-duty "point" system, wherein each major market in the nation is awarded a certain number of percentage points. The bigger the market, the larger the number of points.

No one is quite sure how *Billboard* comes to its final conclusions. The magazine itself is keeping mum: The last time it revealed its system was eight years ago—to a scholastic music journal.

Cash Box, meanwhile, is easy to understand. In a burst of metaphysical bravura, *Cash Box* admits that it charts according to instinct. The staff members like the beat and can dance to it.

Can a record company influence the charts? Funny you should ask. Record companies, on occasion, can actually *play* with the charts.

Gold and platinum records, for instance, can be used to fool consumers. Most fans have the impression a gold record is a bona fide hit. Not so. Companies can actually inflate sales and get a buzz going by shipping out unheard-of quantities of records. Ship out 500,000 LPs to retail outlets, and the Record Industry Association of America gives you a gold record. It doesn't matter if the record stiffs and, six months from now, 450,000 of those LPs are returned to the warehouse unsold. You've earned your party prize. Bob Dylan's *Planet Waves* on the Asylum label went this route a few years back, and it became one of the most highly touted turkeys in modern history.

Through this initial avalanche of LPs, some companies believe that they can create a greater impact on consumer minds. And with 500,000 copies of *Nimno's Big Hits* staring you in the face, it's quite possible that, eventually, you will break down and buy one.

Never thought I'd say this, but it actually makes me appreciate Spike, Carmen and *American Bandstand*. □

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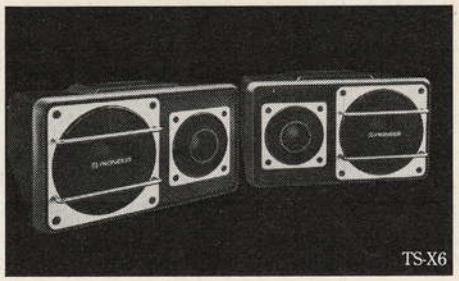

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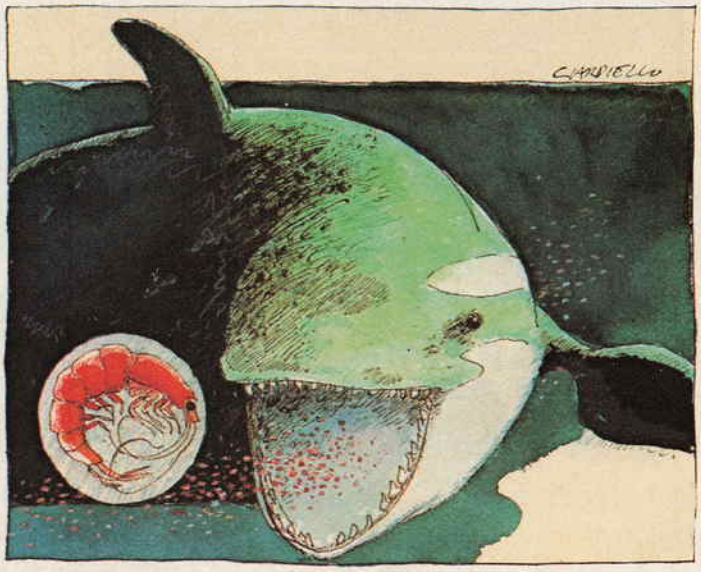
FUTURE

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

Eating Krill: The Fish That Saved The World



In the next 40 years, global food production is going to have to increase as much as it has in the last 10,000 years—just to maintain today's level of starvation. That's a monumental piece of bad news, and it's not surprising that in the face of such grimness, otherwise intelligent people are worried. Better they should march to Washington, gather in front of the White House and shout, in perfect unison, "*Krill! Krill! Krill!*"

They will have to shout. The U. S. government, like most of its citizenry, seems never to have heard of krill. And the government agencies, which ought to be telling you about the world's last great untapped protein resource, are strangely silent on the subject of krill.

So what *is* krill? Only the biggest source of animal protein in the world, that's what. These shrimplike shellfish grow no more than two and a half inches long, but there are so many krill cruising around the Antarctic that swarms of them can be tracked by satellite. A square mile of these little creatures is not uncommon, and even the most experienced krill researchers are overwhelmed by the spectacle of 100,000 tons swimming as one rusty-red organism. Millions of krill; a regular krill invasion; each krill two-thirds of an inch from its neighbor, ready to reverse direction and swim backwards at an invisible sign from the front line. That sight alone, researchers claim, is well worth the trip to the planet's southernmost waters.

But the krill is more than a performing shrimp. The Russians, who have been harvesting krill since 1964, convert the shellfish to a high-protein paste that not only "stimulates growth and development, raises your vigor, prevents excessive fat and eliminates fatigue," but reduces by 60 percent the need for surgery in those patients with stomach ulcers who add krill to their diets. American chemical companies might use the chitin-rich krill shell for a thousand industrial products. Already, the fishy-pink oil in the krill's body is used by West Coast salmon farmers as food for the pan-sized salmon that would otherwise have uncommercial white flesh at maturity. And other animals that have had their diets fortified with krill paste have come to the slaughterhouse with a noticeably higher hemoglobin (red blood cell) content and meatier bodies.

But it's man who stands to gain most from a krill dinner. The global fish harvest is about 70 million tons. There are between 500 million and four billion tons of krill flashing through the waters south of Tierra del Fuego. An annual catch of 70 million tons of krill would provide 20 grams of animal protein a day for a billion people. Starvation figures would tumble, while dietary habits among the world's wealthier eaters would be painlessly improved—thanks to the tiny but mighty krill.

Around this point in the spiel for krill, someone asks, "If krill are so damned plentiful and nutritious, why aren't we already stir-frying them in our woks?" Good question. The answers are as complicated as the Antarctic ecosystem, but the bottom line is this: Krill is a bitch to farm.

Once upon a time—like 40 years ago—there weren't enough krill to consider catching. Seals consumed much of the supply and whales ate the rest, at a rate of three or four tons per whale per day. But then whalers killed 90 percent of the whales, and hunters killed fur seals by the millions. As a result of that imbalance in the food chain, krills have multiplied by the megaton.

But even with that bonanza, krill fishing is a piece of work. Drop nets overboard, and there's a good chance you'll come up with so many krill your boat will capsize; so you've got to pump your catch onboard. Ten tons an hour can be harvested this way, but harvesting is only half the problem. Krill must be frozen within two hours of the catch or enzymes in their bodies will reduce their flesh to inedible mush. Add the cost of special processing equipment to the expenses incurred during that long cruise south, and you'll see why krill is a luxury item costing $500 a ton on the commercial market.

Ecology is another consideration. Conservationists have won the battle to protect seals and most whales, and now that their numbers are increasing so rapidly, it is impossible to guess whether even a relatively small krill harvest of 100 tons a year for humans will impede that progress. And if krill is wantonly fished from the Antarctic waters, what about the estimated 30 to 60 billion barrels of oil just begging to be taken from there? Do we really intend to trash an entire continent in order to postpone the changes that will inevitably be required in our outrageously wasteful energy and food policies?

While waiting for the answer, gourmands might get hold of some krill and whip up a domestic version of Russian krill pâté. Grind your krill, add sheep's-milk cheese, butter, boiled carrots, egg and nutmeg to taste. If this sounds like a terrible introduction to krill, it is; even the Russians are balking. The ideal krill recipe, like the issue of processing this wondrous crustacean, remains a problem without any real solution. □

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MONEY

BY CHRIS BARNETT

Real Estate: Landing The Right Write-Off

Do you get the feeling everyone is making a killing in real estate except you? Friends gloat about that $30,000 tract house in Orange County now fetching $130,000, four years later. That spindly, bootleg-wired $12,000 Vermont ski cabin some Italian industrialist now wants for a cool hundred grand. The weedy vacant lot in Des Moines, originally traded for an old Porsche, that McDonald's just bought for a quarter-million bucks.

The stories never seem to stop. The same guys who young or too dumb to buy that oceanfront lot when they were only asking for $2000 down? Are we resigned to a nomadic life of squatting on other people's land? Is it simply too late to throw down some cash in real estate and wait for the money tree to sprout, bearing monthly spendable income, substantial appreciation and hopefully huge profits? And if there's time left, where on earth do we plant our roots?

I asked those questions of Sanford R. "Sandy" Goodkin, who has made a bundle answering those and far more complex queries for such corporate giants as Chase Manhattan Bank, Johns-Manville, Philip Morris and General Electric, among others. Goodkin, who heads his own nation-

bought and sold old Chevies are buying and selling new condos—all over the country. Foreigners are grabbing America's farmland. Iranians are gobbling up entire blocks of Beverly Hills, and various other free-spending Middle Easterners are marching through Manhattan—flanked by their real-estate brokers—driving already-inflated prices right through the heavens.

What's left for us poor schmucks who were either too wide real-estate research consulting firm, lit up a fat cigar, leaned back pashalike in his glove-leather chair, peered out the window of his Del Mar, California, beachfront office and dispensed some of his $200-an-hour advice.

Says Goodkin: There is still plenty of money to be made in real estate, and you don't have to be an oil sheik or a rich man's kid to score. If you've got some ready cash, you can "buy a piece of the bandwagon"—a house or a small apartment building in areas of the country that everyone is talking about. "That's anyplace in California—especially Southern California—Phoenix, Reno or the Southwest sunbelt. That's where everybody seems to want to live, or at least it's where they want to buy."

But sunbelt real estate is only for the flush who can afford to pay prices already pumped up by tremendous demand. "You're betting there is some appreciation still left and you're probably right, but for the younger person who is making his first real-estate investment, there are greater opportunities elsewhere."

Goodkin calls these places "sleeper" areas. They aren't wide-open spaces or deserted shorelines. In fact, forget raw land. A smarter first move: something old, overlooked and unloved by its present owner that can be bought on good terms and "rehabbed" into a money-maker.

"Rehabilitation is the growth industry of the 1980s," Goodkin insists. "Land, labor and materials are so expensive, it's usually too costly to build from scratch or buy new. But an old brownstone warehouse converted to a small office building, or older apartment building—anyplace you can buy outright and put in the cosmetics [resurfaced floors, paint, decorating]—can be a smart buy and a great sale. And they're everywhere. Right in your hometown. Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a classic example of an area that's still a sleeper—people are making money and the community's benefiting."

Know thy turf. To wake up tomorrow's treasures, Goodkin advises that you drive through the streets in your city, the place you know best. If a neglected house or building catches your fancy, don't fall in love. Be cool and check it out first. "Call in the best structural engineer, electrician and plumber you know, and get their written opinions on the roof, wiring and plumbing, plus an estimate to fix everything," warns Goodkin. Next, check out the zoning. Do you need and can you get a building permit for the improvements you plan to make? "Code-enforcement people, particularly in the East, are tough. If you can't get permits to upgrade your investment, you're dead before you start." A wise idea: Hire a local architect at his hourly rate to scrutinize the house or building.

After this foreplay, it's time for some serious negotiating. Goodkin's ground rules: Don't fret much about the total price. Just try to whittle the down payment to zero, or as close to it as possible—preferably 5 percent and no more than 10 percent of the total. It's wise to pay more interest on the financing (it's deductible) and give a little on the total price, because you want to turn it over anyway, Goodkin points out.

No down payment? It's possible if you've found a deserted downtown building with good access in an area that could be

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reborn. Funkier offices, lofts or mini storage centers are badly needed in crowded cities, Goodkin claims. Depending on the lender's appraisal and how organized and confident you appear (go in with a detailed written plan for rehabilitating and converting the building), you just might get 100-percent financing from your bank or credit union. With today's interest rates, you're going to pay a whopping price for the financing, but it's worth it.

Get the seller involved. If you can't get the place fully financed, ask the owner if he'll carry the second mortgage for you. This works best if he's loaded, in a high tax bracket, and doesn't need the cash, a big chunk of which would go to Uncle Sam. "Don't ever be afraid to ask that kind of question," advises Goodkin. "The worst he can say is no." Remember, in real estate, there's no such thing as a stupid question. If the owner agrees, see the bank for another 80 percent, and you're a landlord.

If you are bold enough, avoid lenders and ask the owner to finance it himself, advises Goodkin. It's not that risky for him. He'll collect the interest and hold the deed, and now he has a "user" for a building that is costing him taxes and netting him nothing. It's better yet if he's an absentee owner with other investments to care for. You could be doing him a big favor. And if you should flake out and default, he still owns his building. Finally, you've got an advisor and a possible partner in future deals.

The minute the deal is closed, start busting your ass—cleaning, remodeling and beautifying—anything to make this weary-looking relic (it was structurally and electrically sound, remember?) look smashing, inside and out. Not only do you want to get it rented and get some cash flow, stresses Goodkin, but you want to turn that new glitter into gold.

What about the wilderness? Recreational land can gratify your fetish to escape, but chances are remote it'll make you rich, says Goodkin. "If joy is your main motivation and you're going to use it, visit it, love it and hang on to it for a while—do it. But if you ever plan to build—do your homework before you buy."

Any way you slice it, the odds are 30 to 1 against you that you'll make any real money buying and eventually building in even the semiwilds. Warns Goodkin: "To sell it, you'll have to find a person who's as nutty about the place as you are. And if there are unsold land parcels around you, appreciation will be slower even though you've built on it. The age-old law of supply and demand works against you."

Wild-land peddlers, though, are always trying to create that demand—so don't get sucked in on a scheme. Anytime you see a classified ad hawking ten acres at $2500 an acre in Idaho, Montana, Vermont or some other bucolic paradise, it's probably worth no more than $1000 an acre, if that, maintains Goodkin. Stay away.

Become a landlord. Unless you have a ton of bucks stashed away and the time and patience to hassle with leaky faucets and deadbeat tenants, forget an apartment building—until you can afford one big enough so that you can hire a professional manager. You just don't want people banging on your front door at midnight, screaming about a stopped-up john. Besides, California's Proposition 13 tax revolt may spread, possibly triggering rent freezes. And with rising operating costs, you could really be screwed over, at least until the dust settles.

Condominiums—attached housing that looks like apartments for sale—glutted the market in many cities in 1974. People were leery of condos; they wanted the American dream—a single-family home with a backyard patio and an orange tree. Now the soaring prices of homes and land have sent people scrambling for condominiums almost everywhere.

But if you're going to buy in order to rent out, it's a "good news-bad news" situation in most U. S. cities, claims Goodkin. First the good news: "There's a very heavy demand for rentals, and your chances for success are good. You can pick up the tax benefits [of deducting the interest] and depreciation write-offs while the condo is appreciating." And the bad: "If a lot of guys are speculating around you—buying and renting—you might not be able to collect enough rent from a tenant to cover your costs."

In short, if your monthly condo payment (including the maintenance fee to keep it spruced up) is $750 a month, and you suddenly discover no tenant will pay more than $300 a month—you're hosed. That negative cash flow can drain you if you're making your own mortgage or rent payments to keep a roof over your head.

Worse yet, you can't recoup your investment or pocket any real bread until you unload. The big question is: How do *you* make the same huge financial killing everyone else is bragging about?

You don't, on a condo, unless you bought it new, says Goodkin, and then it's too chancy to try to rent it. All your fellow sharks may be buying for the same reason, which will drive rents down. And if you bought the condo used, the original owner took the appreciation and scrammed. So what's the smartest way to buy and still score big? Wait for a "distress sale."

"The smartest time to buy is when a couple is divorcing or the owner is being transferred, when someone dies or when some other emergency comes up and they need cash and have to get out fast," confides Goodkin. "Sounds ghoulish, but that's what the professionals do." To sleuth out these "owner must sacrifice" situations, you should check the local, daily legal journal that carries probate and divorce filings and obits. Study the business pages for job promotions and transfers. And plug yourself into the gossip grapevine in your town. Your predatory preplanning could pay off with a steal of a deal.

Just because friends are breaking up and their condo is up for grabs, don't rush in with your checkbook and a blank lease, advises Goodkin. There are other considerations in buying a condominium to rent. Is it architecturally attractive, so that it will impress prospective tenants and, more importantly, impress their friends? Is the landscaping perfect? Weeds and neglected lawns are tip-offs that the management might be getting ready to kick up the monthly maintenance fee. Check out the management firm that will ride herd on your new investment; if they're truly professional, they'll be members of the Community Association Institute. Call the CAI in Washington, D.C., to find out.

Condo costs vary, depending on demand, obviously. They are still comparatively cheap in Georgia and Florida, where they were flooding the market three years ago. In Southern California, a boxy two-bedroom condo can be worth $100,000 easily, or up to $150,000 if it's near the ocean. But the down payment is most important to you. In slow markets, you can buy in for 5 to 10 percent down; in booming condo markets, you'll need 20 percent—though some lenders will accept less and stick you with higher interest rates. Go for it!

Goodkin, who recently authored a hot-selling, hardcover, "how to" guide, *Winning in Real Estate* (McKay, $12.95), snuffed out his cigar and offered a few practical parting shots to novice real-estate investors:

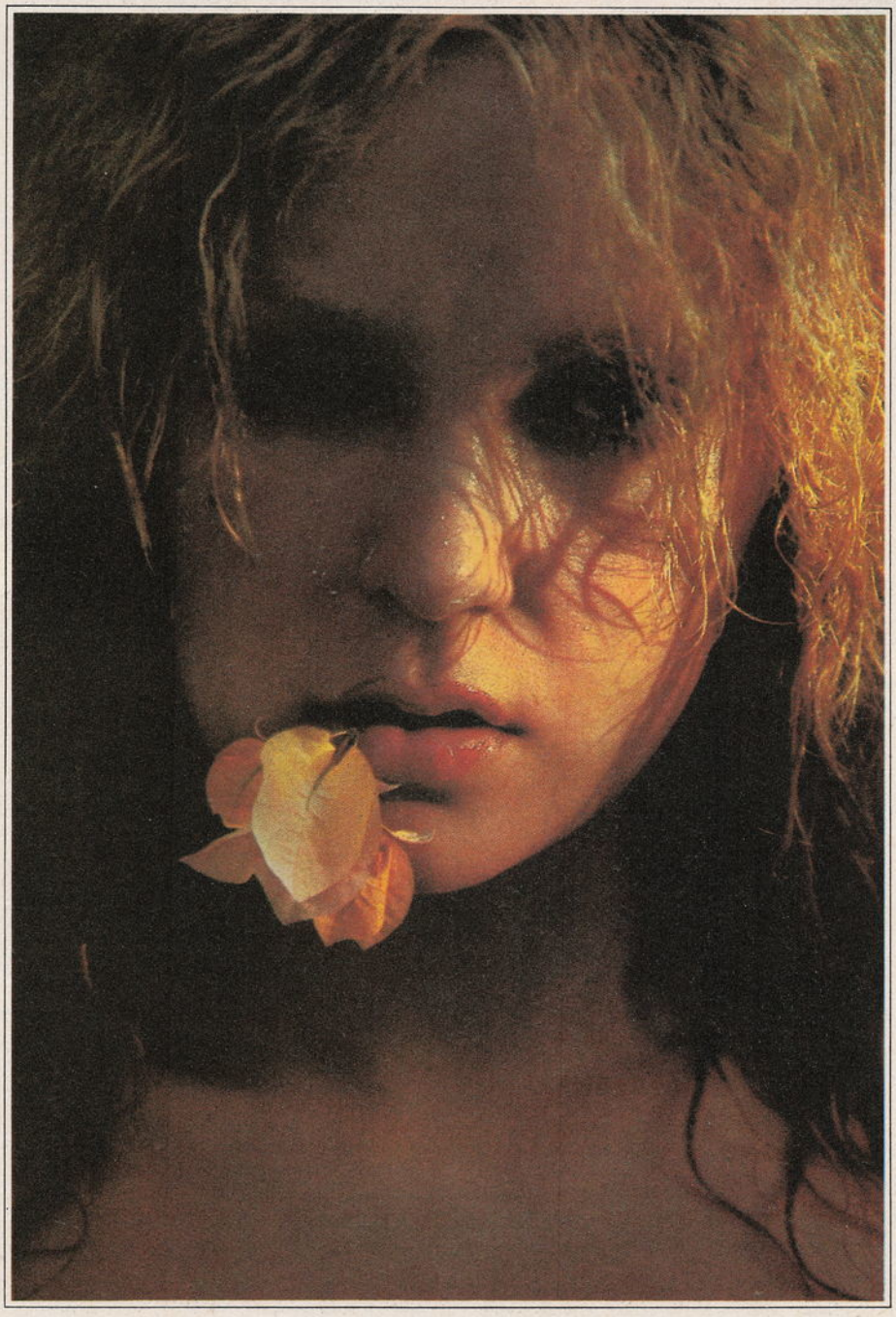
- Find the best real-estate broker—not a salesman—in your town and make him your best friend.
- Never refinance your house to scrape up cash to invest in real estate.
- Steer clear of real-estate deals in areas where environmentalists call the shots; your bucks could be frozen for a long time.
- Take a step back and think twice about any deal.
- Ask the same question ten times, or until you understand the answer.

If any salesman tries to pressure you into a decision by telling you that he has six prospects waiting to pounce on his special deal, get up—without uttering a word—and walk out. □

April PLAYBOY's center of attraction is a gorgeous gatefolder named Missy Cleveland. And you can bet this young lady is not about to default on anything. You'll also enjoy a return visit with Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren, as the nation's top photographers expose all her finest qualities. Then it's the second in our series *Sex in America*, as we check out the action in Chicago. You'll also read an indictment of the Supreme Court, learn the results of the Playboy Music Poll and a whole lot more. All in the April issue of PLAYBOY.

on sale now

Vanessa

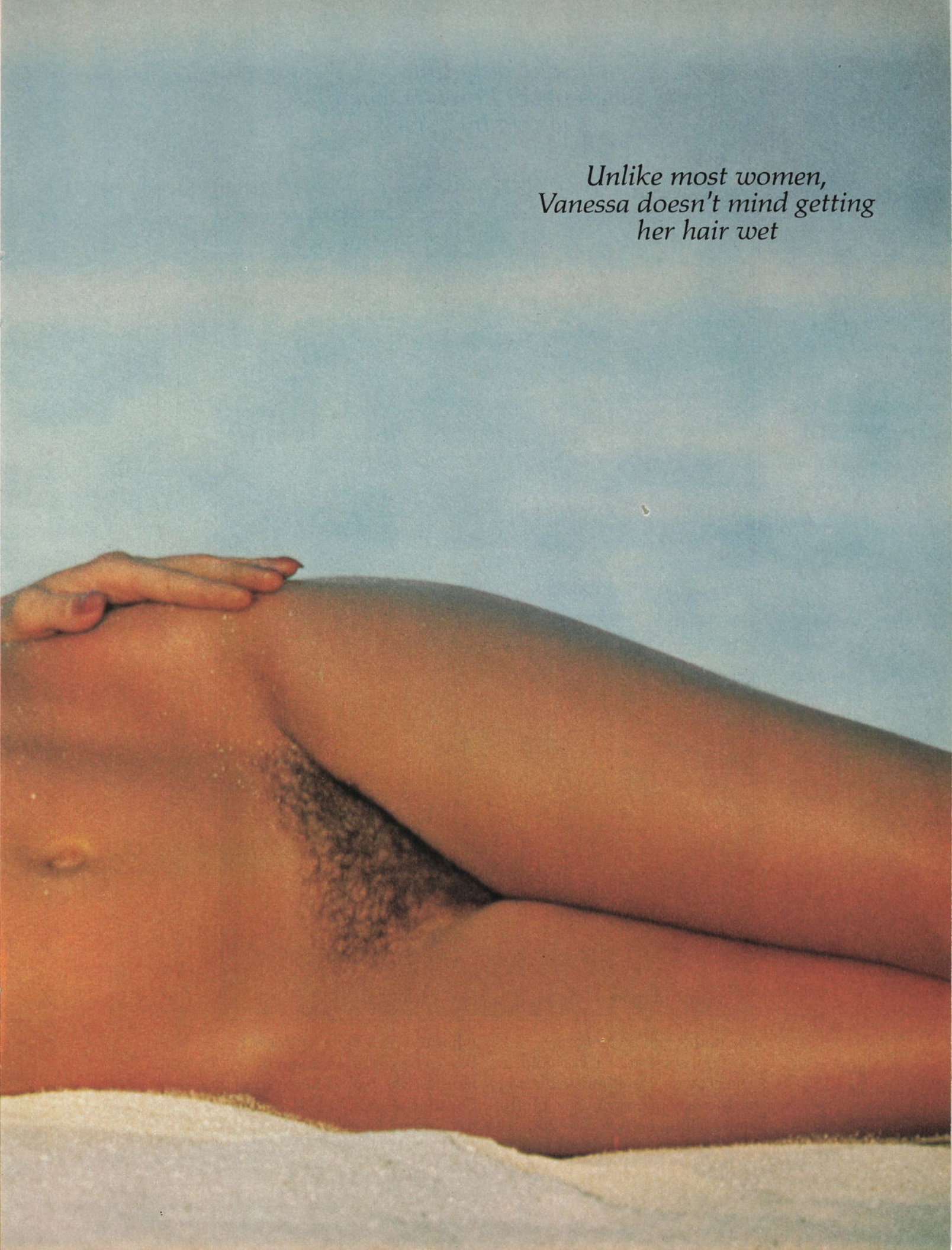


She keeps her mouth shut

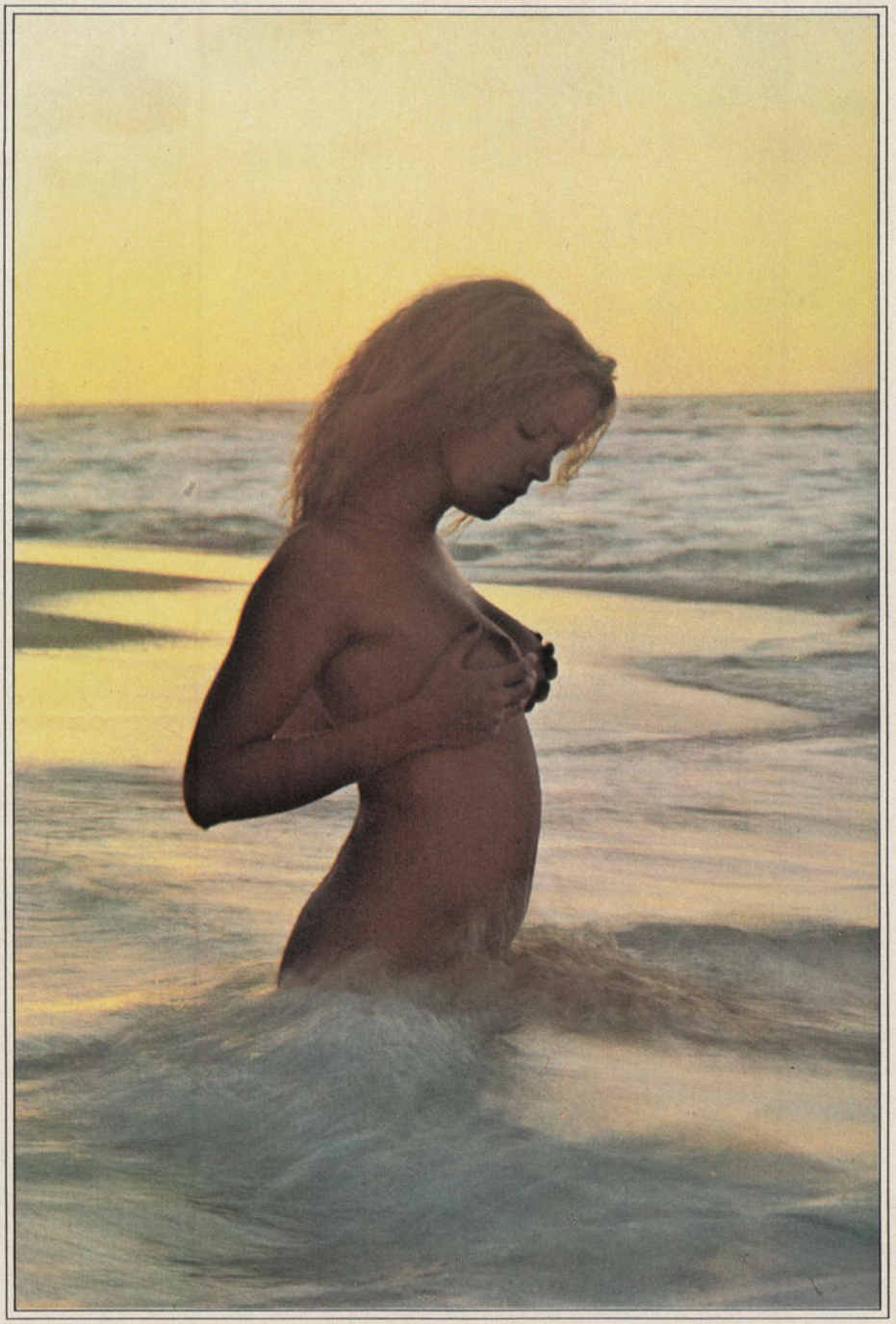
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERICH KLEMM

She makes flowered leis
for the tourists—
when she feels like it

Vanessa is English, like the other Vanessa. But this one doesn't make speeches. She lets other people make speeches about her. About the way she wades into the sea, the waves lapping at her thighs. This Vanessa doesn't give a damn about politics. Which is why she came to Antigua in the first place.


Unlike most women,
Vanessa doesn't mind getting
her hair wet

The only time
she's never bored is when
she's all by herself



She had to get away from London, she told us. The cold. The crowds. Punk music blaring from every open window. Stuffy aunts telling her what to do, what to wear. Vanessa doesn't like to be closed in. Even in clothes. She hates having to plan ahead, she says. "I like to keep my options open."

THE NEW ROBOTOMY

IT TAKES MORE THAN ELECTRICITY TO CHANGE A MAN FROM A.C. TO D.C.

ARTICLE BY PAUL BERNSTEIN

ILLUSTRATION BY MARVIN MATTELSON

The brain lies exposed on the operating table. Tiny electrodes touch it here and there, delivering minute amounts of electricity. The patient is awake. But he feels nothing; there are no nerve endings, no feelings of pain within the brain. As an electrode stimulates a portion of the cortex, the man's hand moves involuntarily. He is asked why he moved his hand and, unaware that he has been artificially stimulated, he gives a reason that he really believes: He had an itch. The electrode touches a different spot. The patient feels a pleasant tingling sensation on the left side of the body, from the head down to the legs. He becomes flirtatious and asks the nearest female to marry him. The electrode is removed and the fantasy is over. Another point is touched, and the patient relives forgotten moments of his past, almost as if they were happening to him just now, in the operating room. He experiences anxiety, near-orgasm, pain and rage, seemingly at the whim of an electrical current.

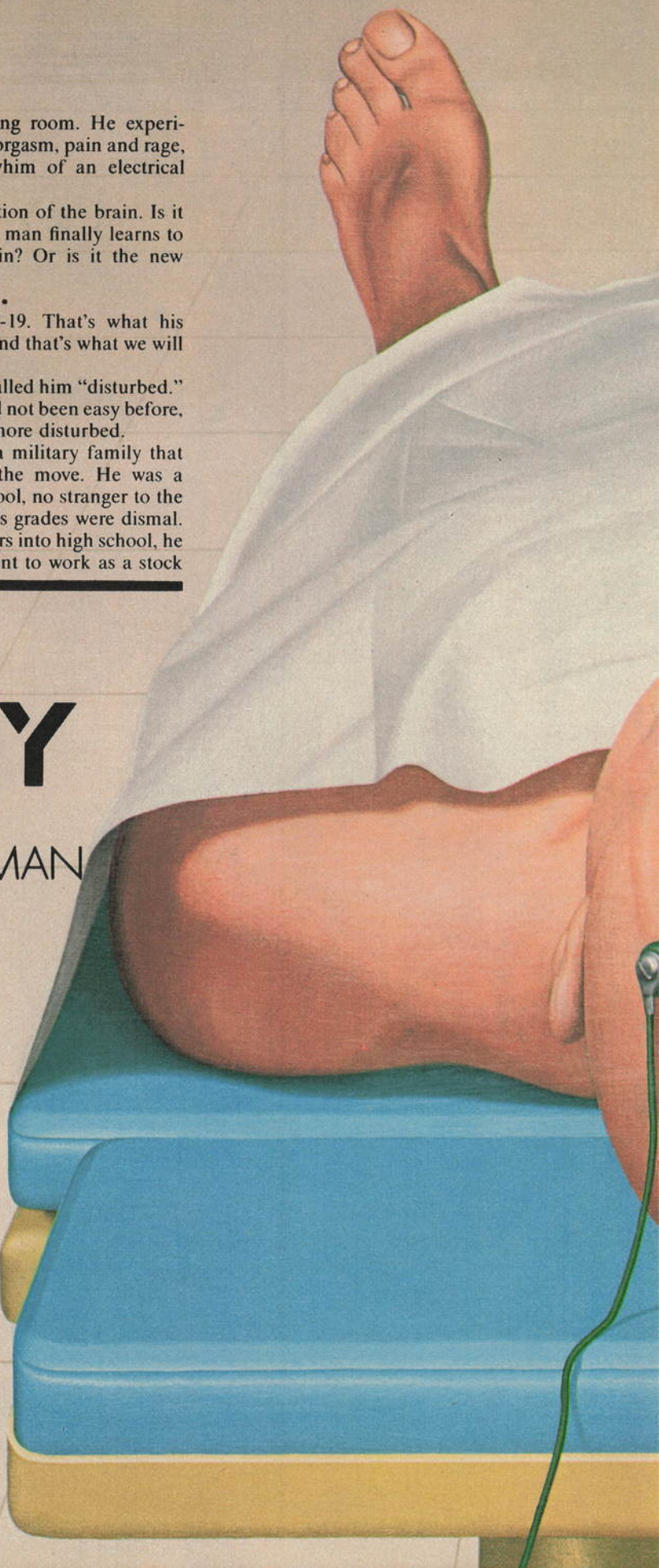
Electrical stimulation of the brain. Is it the means by which man finally learns to understand the brain? Or is it the new robotomy?

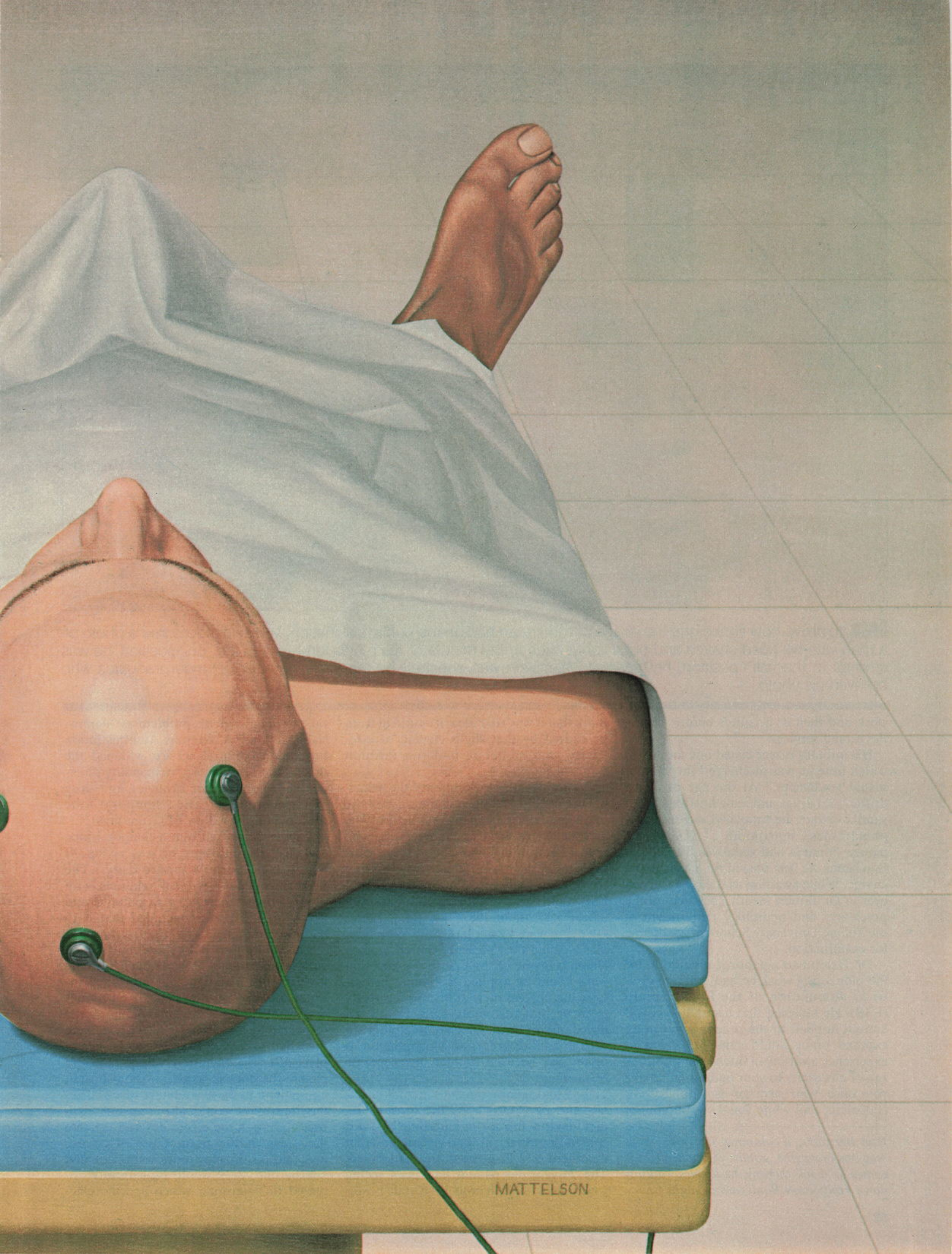
•

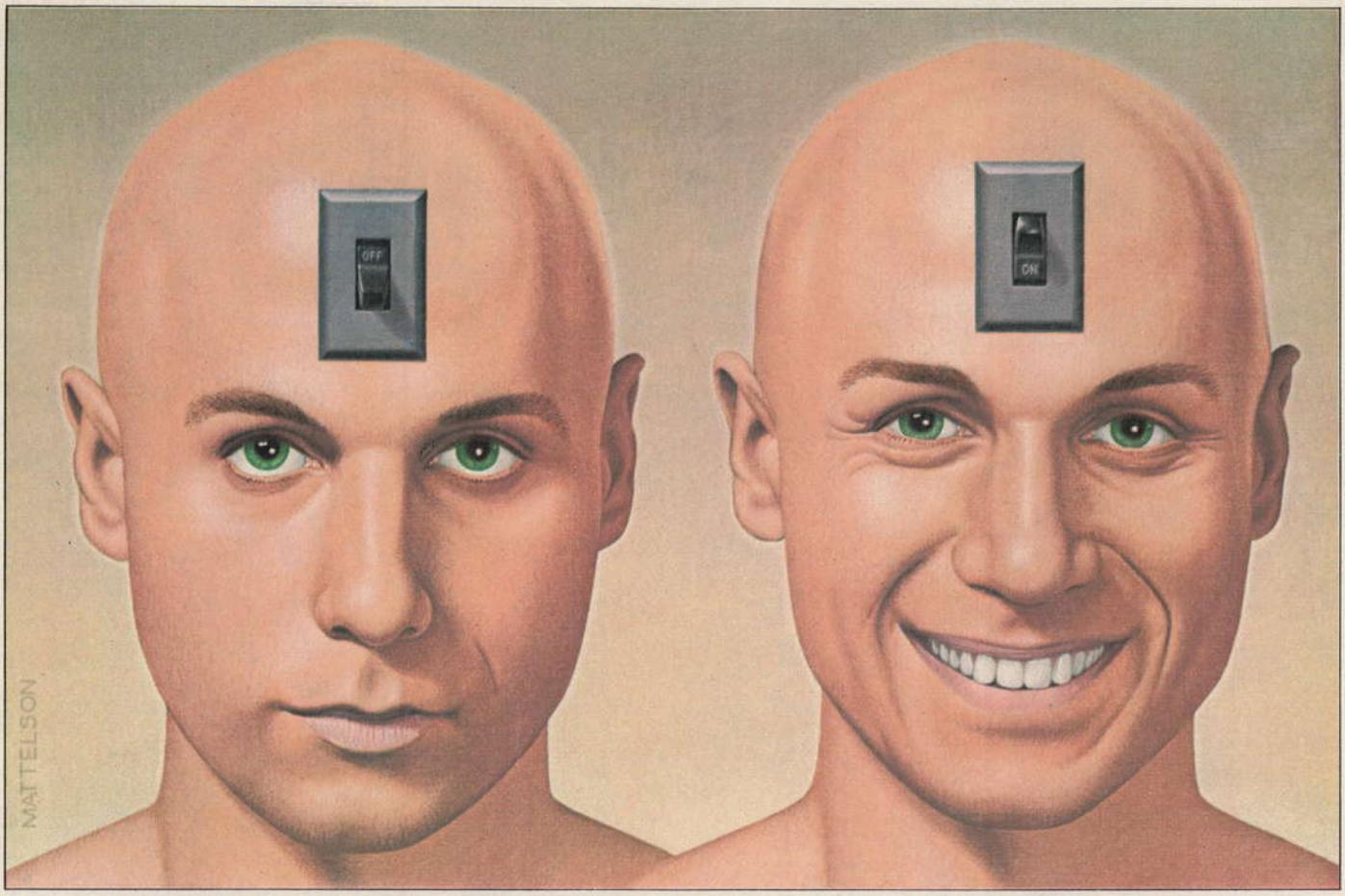
His name was B-19. That's what his doctors called him and that's what we will call him.

His doctors also called him "disturbed." Although his life had not been easy before, it was to get much more disturbed.

B-19 came from a military family that was constantly on the move. He was a troublemaker in school, no stranger to the principal's office. His grades were dismal. Three and a half years into high school, he dropped out and went to work as a stock




MATTELSON



Once, to prove how tight a grip the image of robot man had on the public fascination, Valenstein doctored a photo of a man with his head shaved and put a light switch in the middle of the man's forehead. In the "on" position, he was smiling. In the "off" position, he frowned. Valenstein was shocked by the large number of undergraduates who believed his photo.

clerk and then as a janitor before joining the armed services.

His military career lasted one month, at which time he was discharged for "homosexual tendencies." At the age of 19 he drifted into drugs and male hustling. From vanilla extract, he branched out into amphetamines, marijuana, LSD, glues, paints, thinners and sedatives. Finally, in Louisiana, he was busted on a marijuana charge. While awaiting trial, he was turned over to Dr. Robert Heath, chairman of the psychiatry and neurology department at the Tulane University School of Medicine, for examination.

Dr. Heath had a national reputation for the pioneering work he had done on electrical stimulation of the human brain (ESB). He believed that a small electrical current applied to the proper point in an exposed brain would cause a person to experience a variety of intense emotions. A zap of electricity to your brain might make you raise your arm or get hungry for chocolate; and while you would no doubt think that it was *your* idea, it would in truth be caused by that slight current of electricity that someone had run through your head.

Prior to Heath's experiments, the principal use of ESB had been in the *study* of the brain—and it had been invaluable. In 1949, a Nobel Prize went to Walter Hess, who used ESB to map some 4500 precise control sites in the brains of conscious cats. In 1954, José Delgado demonstrated that ESB could cause negative emotional states in cats. At about the same time, James Olds discovered what has come to be popularly called the "pleasure center" in rats. Heath was one of the first to see how that work could be applied to human beings. Looking beyond mere study, he was ready to move into treatment. ESB, Heath believed, might be an effective treatment for such mental disorders as schizophrenia. It might also be used to alter unacceptable behavior.

B-19 had seen so much of mental hospitals and psychiatrists by the time Heath met him that the doctor had some basis for concluding that all known methods of treatment had been tried and had failed. The 24-year-old patient had been seeing psychiatrists since he was 17. A state hospital had diagnosed his problem as "depressive reaction." A Veterans Administration hospital psychiatric service widened the diagnosis to two areas: "personality disorder with homosexual behavior and drug experimentation" and "temporal-lobe dysfunction (based on EEG findings)."

Tulane diagnosed him a temporal-lobe epileptic. By that time he was saying, "I live with the idea of suicide daily." The doctors called his typical relations with other people "coercive, manipulative and demanding." It was concluded that B-19 had brain damage.

The solution to B-19's problems began with brain surgery. Doctors drilled a hole in his skull. Through that hole they inserted an array of thin, delicate electrodes deeply into areas of the brain not normally measured by an EEG. The electrodes were then tied to a plug that was to be left in place after the operation. The plug would enable the doctors to attach sophisticated equipment to B-19 and take deep EEG readings; they could also transmit electricity through the electrodes and activate the areas of the brain those electrodes touched. As the electrodes were activated one by one, B-19 would be carefully observed to determine which specific elec-

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Paul Bernstein, a columnist for Los Angeles *magazine, admits that when it comes to shock therapy, he prefers walking down Hollywood Boulevard at night.*

trode controlled which specific response.

If this sounds familiar, it may be because it was the preliminary operation fictionalized in *The Terminal Man*, Michael Crichton's novel of an epileptic patient who is equipped with a futuristic version of these electrodes. The electrodes are attached to a computer that is programmed to sense the onset of a seizure and activate an electrode to quiet it. Eventually, the whole thing gets out of hand. The man becomes addicted to the electrical stimulation of his brain, and he learns how to elicit it himself. Charged up by ever-increasing stimulation, he goes berserk. That part, of course, is fiction.

The fiction writers, in fact, have had a field day with ESB. Author Philip K. Dick envisioned an alarm clock of the future which, instead of waking you up with a buzzer, tickles an electrode in your brain. His "mood organ" comes equipped with a selector dial, allowing the user to pick the mood he would like to experience electrically, ranging from "awareness of the manifold possibilities open to me in the future" to "the desire to watch TV, no matter what's on it." In Stanley Shapiro's *Simon's Soul*, implanted electrodes become a means of communicating with the brain after the body dies—and thus discovering whether there is an afterlife.

Those scenarios are merely fictionalized projections. The real-world story is much more frightening in its implications. Which is not to say that Heath's work didn't have some positive value. For instance, meet B-7, a 28-year-old musician who suffered from narcolepsy, a disease in which the afflicted falls asleep at unpredictable and inconvenient moments. Under the guidance of Dr. Heath, B-7 underwent an operation similar to B-19's and had electrodes implanted in 14 regions of his brain. The electrodes were then attached to a transistorized pack he wore on his belt. The pack had three buttons on it. One of those buttons triggered what appeared to be fear and discomfort, and B-7 so disliked the sensation that he positioned a hairpin under the button so that no one could push it. Another button had the effect of waking him up instantly—just what he needed to combat his narcolepsy—and that wake-up button also stimulated a side effect of sexual arousal.

Thus equipped, B-7 left the hospital to resume his job as a nightclub entertainer. His friends soon discovered that if he fell asleep as he used to do, all they had to do was push the button on his belt to revive him. Unfortunately, the wake-up button also made him feel as though he were on the verge of orgasm: B-7 would press the button over and over again, frantic but frustrated. The button was a tease, providing arousal but no orgasm.

With his push-button piano player functioning in New Orleans, Heath prepared for a new challenge: using his electrodes and buttons to modify a person's sexual behavior. His test case: B-19. His goal: to channel B-19's sexual interests from men to women.

"If you really want to control somebody's mind, there are some very powerful techniques already in existence. They're known as co-optation, bribery, coercion, brainwashing and persuasion."

It wasn't all that outrageous a goal. By this time, the doctors were used to dramatic results. For instance, an earlier patient had teetered on the verge of tears while describing his seriously ill father. Fifteen seconds after he was stimulated electrically, he grinned and said he had a girlfriend he would certainly like to seduce. Another patient, threatening suicide, was talked out of his action. Moments later, just to see what would happen, he was stimulated electrically. He broke into a big smile and was euphoric for the next few minutes.

Three weeks after his initial brain surgery, B-19 was fully recovered and ready to be tested. The doctors stimulated the electrodes one by one, searching for the areas that regulated pleasure and pain. They found them, and B-19 was given a three-button belt pack just like B-7's. He soon discovered which button was the pleasure button. The doctors would leave him for three hours at a time with his self-stimulator, and during those three hours he would all but wear out his finger, pressing his joy button 900 times, 1200 times, 1500 times. When his time was up, the doctors would tell him to give them back the box. He invariably protested. "Just a few more times," he would plead. "Just a few more times."

It turned out that the sexy electrodes had a lingering effect. Even after they were turned off, B-19 still felt aroused. After a few days of this, he could talk about nothing but sex. Then he began talking about women, and even chased the nurses on the ward.

Shortly after the operation, Heath gave his patient an inkling of what was in store. The doctor set up a projector and screen in his laboratory. With electrodes all hooked up, he stimulated B-19 into a pleasurable state and then started the movie—a stag film, which represented Heath's idea of the normal heterosexual behavior he would like to see his young patient emulate. B-19, still a confirmed and relatively comfortable homosexual, reacted with revulsion and angry protests.

Heath backed off, letting the patient use the self-stimulator alone for a week, watching his increasing arousal as he pressed and pressed and pressed. At the end of the week, he took B-19 back to the lab, hooked him up to take EEG readings and stimulated his pleasure center from another room. He ran the film again, but this time he gave the patient a buzzer, which he was to press if he had an orgasm. And this time B-19 was more cooperative. As the EEG readings increased in intensity, the "wired" patient masturbated to orgasm. B-19 was learning that if he watched the movies with the proper attitude, the rewards were great. The plan seemed to be working.

The patient's lust, now channeled into more acceptable directions, kept growing. Finally, the big moment arrived. Heath obtained the services of a 21-year-old female prostitute, took her to the clinic and explained to her what her role would be in reshaping the patient's desires. A special room was prepared where they were to spend the night. B-19 would have an extension cord running from his three-button box to the recording and control equipment in another room. He would be mobile while he was being monitored.

In preparation for his big night, B-19 was allowed to use his self-stimulator all afternoon. That evening, the doctors took his EEG reading for 45 minutes and stimulated his pleasure center for three minutes. He was then left alone with the prostitute. The machines were recording all the while, and the doctors stood by to apply stimulation to his pleasure center at the right moment.

When the doctors left him, B-19 had become anxious and reluctant. But when the prostitute made overtures to him, he

ROBOTOMY The doctors called B-19's performance "a highly satisfactory orgasmic response," especially considering the encumbrances of the wires about his head.

responded to her practiced moves and became aroused. They went at it . . . then he stopped abruptly. What was wrong? He began to talk to the young prostitute, confessing that he was gay, unburdening his self-doubts. The doctors became afraid that he had found a defense against continuing. The two unlikely bedmates talked for a long time. Finally, reassured and cheered, B-19 participated actively in the evening's main event. The doctors called his performance "a highly satisfactory orgasmic response," especially considering the encumbrances of the wires about his head.

It looked as though Heath had succeeded. A year after the experiment, in fact, a colleague reported to the Southeastern Psychological Association that not only was the patient now exclusively heterosexual, but he had solved many of his other problems as well.

Several years later, this history-making patient lost all contact with his doctors. After discharge from the hospital, he went back to serve the six-month marijuana sentence he had sought to avoid by undergoing Heath's medical treatment. After that, he attended a 13-month vocational-rehabilitation program in New Orleans, got a degree as an electronics technician and went to Houston. His doctors have not seen him since, and they say they do not even know where to reach him.

Tulane's Dr. Aris Cox now says of the original optimistic report to the Southeastern Psychological Association, "Well, I don't think that was true. He [B-19] had resolved his personal problems in that he was functioning, comforting himself, earning a living and spinning off drugs—all of which he had never done before. But he did not really change his sexual orientation. His seizure disorder got better. The behavioral disorder in question did not get better. It [the treatment] did not modify or change the behavioral disturbance."

Neither Heath nor Cox ever appeared to question their assumption that homosexuality is a condition that can be corrected, or that, as scientists, they have a right to alter a patient's sexual orientation.

In mid-1977, Heath announced success in treating five schizophrenics, four "uncontrollably violent persons" and two "neurotics" by means of a brain pacemaker—an implanted device that, like a heart pacemaker, delivers regular bursts of electrical current to the cerebellum. He also discovered, and announced to a European audience in 1978, that there appeared to be a link between damage to brain tissue and smoking marijuana.

There are very few B-19s in this world. In only a small number of experiments has ESB been used to control or modify behavior. Might we someday have many more? Might ESB become not just the ultimate turn-on but the ultimate torture as well? Are we talking about something that might turn whole populations into push-button robots made docile by robotomy?

To scientists like Elliot Valenstein, that kind of talk is the nadir of sensationalism. He deplores the science-fiction novels and the speculating writers and the climate of paranoid public credulity that accepts such visions.

Once, to prove how tight a grip the image of robot man had on the public fascination, Valenstein doctored a photo of a man with his head shaved and put a light switch in the middle of the man's forehead. In the "on" position, he was smiling. In the "off" position, he frowned. Valenstein was shocked by the large number of undergraduates who believed his photo, and he devoted his book *Brain Control* to pointing out that, while ESB has sporadically shown that it can elicit certain very general moods, the brain is so complex and the human race so individual and diverse that it would be theoretically impossible for a push-button console in some government "Ministry of Love" to orchestrate and direct the movements, thoughts and desires of some future Terminal Man. He stressed further that, while ESB can sometimes trigger broad emotions and reactions that already exist in the brain, it cannot implant thoughts or orders that were not there before.

"For example," he says, "it's widely believed that Wilder Penfield, the famous surgeon, was able to evoke very specific memories with almost tape-recorder fidelity by stimulating a given area of the brain. Some psychoanalysts thought they had found the seat of repressed memory. The truth of the matter is that Penfield was stimulating under very special conditions during the beginning of surgery. He himself said that he could get the same report repeatedly within a period of a few minutes; but if he went back after a longer interval, even during the surgery preliminaries, he'd get a very different memory or experience from the exact same area."

Where does the misunderstanding arise, then? "It is a result of overdramatizing and misinterpreting the reports that *are* in the literature," Valenstein says. "And this isn't only the fault of the lay person. Very often the scientists, I think somewhat consciously, have reported their results in the most dramatic way possible. Heath, for instance, has a long history of presenting results in a very dramatic way. I don't have any desire to personally attack him, but if one reads his articles over a long period of time, one sees year after year that some dramatic report dies out, only to be replaced by another one—sometimes a contradictory one.

"One sees a pattern of rather premature publication of results that look encouraging but might be explained on lots of other bases. I have no doubt, for instance, that if you shook that narcolepsy patient repeatedly, you could wake him up. The mere fact that a patient who may be in the back wards of a state psychiatric institution, getting very little attention at all, suddenly becomes the focus of attention—just a change in attitude of the attendants and the nurses—can have a significant effect over a short period of time and look like very dramatic improvement. But it may be of no lasting therapeutic value."

While Valenstein has been primarily concerned with debunking the robot-man scenarios, he does concede that researchers' sensational reporting of cases such as B-19 may pose new problems: "I know for a fact that people have picked up [others of] Heath's reports, and are trying in other institutions to make a similar attempt. My feeling—speaking generally now—is that if such a radical thing can be justified at all, it can be justified only under those conditions where it's done quite cautiously—under circumstances where the cases can be followed very closely with adequate controls. And before any attempt to publicize it and spread these procedures, one should be as certain as one can be in this business that you can justify extensive use. And I don't think that has been the case."

Unfortunately, the published work *has* suggested immediate practical applications. Two criminologists, noting that it is now possible to perform remote-control brain stimulation via a radio transmitter attached to the skull, proposed the following widely circulated scenario: A parolee with a past record of burglaries is wired with a tracking device. A few nights later, the monitoring screen picks up our parolee at a jewelry store. "The physiological data reveals an increased respiration rate, a tension in the musculature and an increased flow of adrenalin. It would be a safe guess, certainly, that he was up to no good," say the criminologists. "The computer in this case, *weighing the probabilities*, would come to a decision and alert the police or parole officer so that they could hasten to the scene; or, if the subject were equipped with an implanted radiotelemeter, it could transmit an electrical signal which could block further action by the subject by causing him to forget or abandon his project . . ."

The criminologists who proposed this scheme, Barton L. Ingraham and Gerald W. Smith, concluded that electrical stimulation of the brain and remote-control

(Continued on page 134)

The airlines are passing out a lot of money these days, and all you have to do is sit tight

"My plane's already late; it's Friday night; Kennedy is jammed." Suzie is grinning. "So this guy in a suit comes up to me in the departure lounge and offers me a hundred bucks to take a later flight. I thought, *Hmmm, maybe I should.* He was kind of cute—striped tie and all. I could see an hour in the airport Hilton with him, even for free. But he was legit. He works for American Airlines. It's some new kind of airline deal. Easy money, as long as you're not in a hurry."

Suzie eventually collected $200 for sitting out two overbooked flights to the West Coast. It all happened as a result of a recent victory for the traveler in the perennial hassle over the air-travel industry's notorious overbooking and bumping malpractices.

New Civil Aeronautics Board rules now force the airlines to fork over as much as $400 to passengers with confirmed reservations who, in airspeak, are "denied boarding" because more tickets have been sold than there are seats on the plane.

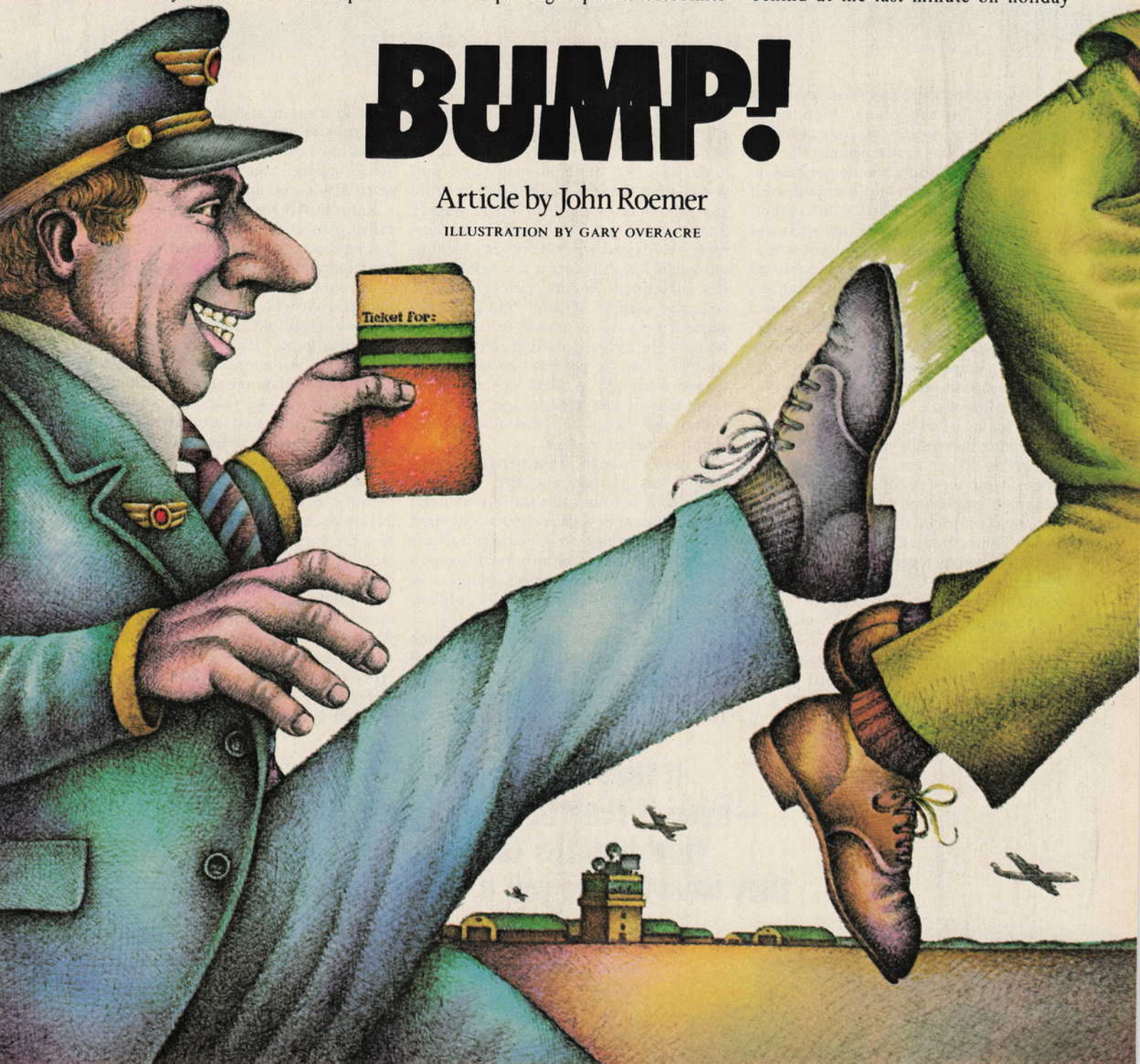
It happened to four guys from Oklahoma who flew to San Francisco for the Oklahoma-Stanford football game last fall. The game was on Saturday. "They showed up here Sunday morning to fly back to Oklahoma City," said Ron Mara, director of passenger operations for American in San Francisco. "We were overbooked, and they volunteered to be bumped. Each of them got an immediate $75 in denied-boarding compensation; so they took a cab to Candlestick Park and watched the Forty-Niners game that afternoon. They were back Monday morning, asking if they could get bumped again and get some more money. They were having a great time, but we flew 'em out Monday."

Bumpees were not always so happy. For years they were an aggrieved but disorganized group, stranded singly and in small grim-faced bunches in boarding lounges nationwide. They were often left behind at the last minute on holiday

BUMP!

Article by John Roemer

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY OVERACRE



nights, when lines are long and tempers short, and it's too late to get your luggage off the plane. Never mind that they made the reservation weeks ago and reconfirmed last Tuesday. Never mind that they've got Super Bowl tickets and game time is three hours off.

Bumping hurts. Ask Tony, an illegal-substances courier who once was late with a kilo of product, although his boss most emphatically disliked to be kept waiting. *Machts nichts* to the airline official with the clipboard and the jam-packed DC-10: Tony got bumped at the gate, while the kilo between the socks and shirts in his bag took flight on the plane. Mercifully, United held it *intacto* for Tony until he finally arrived the next morning. But nobody was happy, and when he got back to the boss's place, Tony got bumped a bit again. He now double-books on competing airlines, as do many businessmen and others who frequently fly on tight schedules. Sometimes he gets really paranoid and reserves space on three different airlines. Typically, he never bothers to cancel the reservations he doesn't need. Sometimes he flies standby, and so tries to assure himself an empty seat by phoning in separate reservations under different names for fake families of six.

The scams of veteran air travelers like Tony sometimes result in no-show statistics as high as 20 percent. This costs airlines money—and they've riposted like aerial actuaries, employing computers to mull historical models of past reservation abuse. The computers predict that if you oversell tickets by 8 percent for the Sunday night nonstop to Chicago, you'll piss off only 22 people a month.

The airlines make it worse by claiming that overbooking is good for you. "We like to euphemistically call it space planning," said United spokesman Glen Putman. "We're one of the first airlines to openly admit we overbook, because it benefits the public." United flew 30 million people last year and bumped 10,000—a figure too far beyond the decimal point to bother actuaries. By overbooking, Putman claims, "United was able to carry a million more people than if we'd gone black and white on the reservation charts."

All together, U. S. airlines bumped about 150,000 travelers last year; 200 million flew. "The trouble was that we always seemed to bump the wrong guy," acknowledged American's Mara. "You get two hundred sixty-one people out here for a flight with two hundred sixty seats, and you can bet that the guy you bump is the guy who has to perform brain surgery tomorrow on the East Coast." The ultimate bump came when Allegheny Airlines grounded Ralph Nader a few years back. His subsequent lawsuit victory and the collective clamor of other bumpees persuaded the CAB last year to order that bump warnings be posted at airline ticket counters. Penalty payment to passengers ranged from $25 to $200—depending on ticket cost—if they couldn't get you there within two hours of scheduled arrival. Bumpees tasted revenge.

It wasn't enough. That two-hour grace period was a drag, and the fine print extended it to four hours for international flights. The money was peanuts compared to the airport angst. And the basic bumpee dilemma remained, the airborne Murphy's Law: Passengers tend to get bumped in inverse proportion to the flexibility of their travel plans.

To the rescue last September came the Carter Administration's activist CAB chief, Alfred Kahn, who once told mighty Pan Am to go to hell and later joked that Pan Am thanked him for proposing an intriguing new route. Kahn—who has also made headlines as Carter's inflation czar—used money to motivate the industry to reduce the number of bumpees: The two-hour loophole was eliminated, and bump victims are now immediately entitled to the full face value of their one-way tickets, with outside limits of $37.50 and $200, plus a flight to their destination within two hours. If the airline can't do it in two hours, payment is doubled: $75 minimum, $400 max. "Now if we bump you—even if we have a flight five minutes later—we have to give you a free ride," said a Western Airlines passenger manager. "If you go from a meal flight to a no-meal flight, we throw in an airport meal ticket. Even if you have a ten-buck San Francisco-to-Stockton ticket, you still get the thirty-seven fifty minimum."

Kahn's CAB also came up with an innovative plan to finesse Murphy's Law. Before anybody gets bumped, airline officials are required to seek volunteers. They offer to pay now if you'll fly later. The theory is that travelers with a few hours to spare will give way gracefully, for a price, to people with deadlines. "It's working well," said Brinley H. Williams, the chief of CAB's consumer-assistance section. "There've been a few teething problems. Some people have the distorted notion that the plan applies to weather delays and flight cancellations. It doesn't. Only to bumping caused by overbooking."

In the confusion of a crowded gate area during peak traffic hours, theory gives way to a hectic space-time auction performed by guys in blazers waving checks. One of them hit on Suzie at JFK that Friday night. She was heading for a few days in L.A. to erase a boyfriend in Brooklyn Heights. She was in no big hurry, and she definitely could use the "honeybee"—what the Vegas types call it in Mario Puzo's novel *Fools Die*, which is what she read while she sat in the lounge with a drink, earning her

Freelancer Roemer says he tried to get bumped on a flight to Minneapolis last winter, but "there were only three other people flying."

If they bump you —even if they have a flight five minutes later— they have to give you a free ride

money. "Then I went back and talked to my man with the necktie again. He told me that if I wanted to wait for the *next* flight, I could make *another* honeybee. And if the last flight of the night left without me, they'd put me in a hotel and fly me out the next morning. It was too much! I made two hundred bucks and he kissed me goodbye!"

Suzie flew American, which paid top dollar in the early bidding for volunteer bumpees—$100 on long hauls, $50 for short flights. American experimented with the volunteer system in Tucson, Boston, Chicago and New York last summer, before the CAB rule took effect, then went systemwide with it right after Labor Day. After each passenger checks in on flights known to be oversold, he gets a form offering $50 or $100 to volunteer for bumping. Those who complete the form are paid and bumped in the order in which the forms are returned.

Western starts the bidding at $25. "If we get no grabbers, we'll negotiate at a higher fee," one passenger official said. "We're going to bargain." Western agents will approach likely volunteers in the boarding lounge. "A businessman with a briefcase? You'll never get him off the plane. We'll look for the vacationer with three kids who could use the bucks."

United offers volunteers a negotiable fee, based on the value of their tickets, to take a later flight. "Basically, it's up to the agent," said spokesman Putman. "I don't want to get into too much detail."

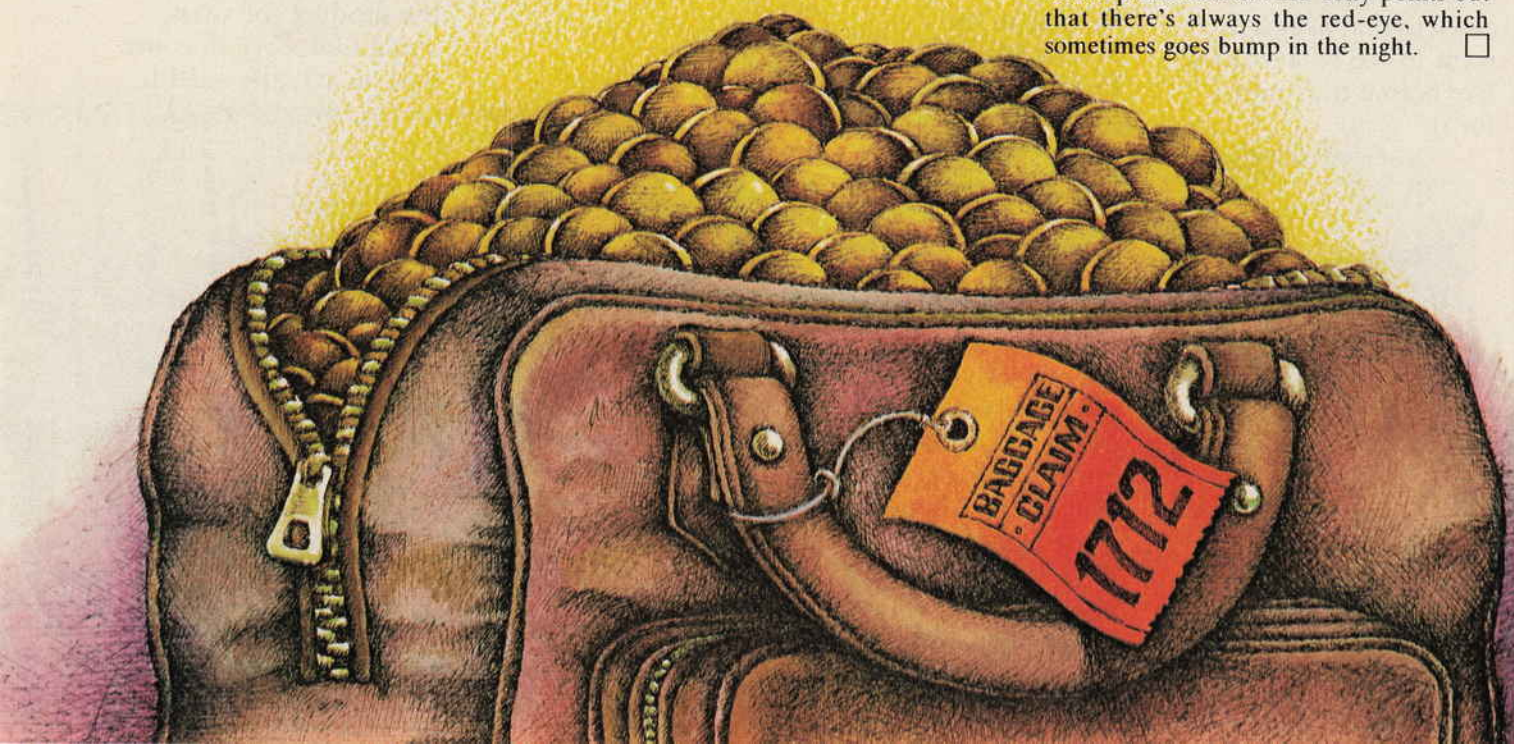
Pan Am's John Trinkaus said gate agents will look for "a student type with backpack, not a banker type," to volunteer for bumping. "Compensation? We have no fixed minimum. That decision is left up to the supervisor."

TWA offers volunteer bumpees the face value of their tickets—up to $75 for domestic flights, $200 for international flights.

The airlines hope they won't be forced to bid each other up. Fat chance. That's why United's man was a little cagey about financial details. He called the prospect of a bidding war "an interesting question." At American, passenger official Mara was apprehensive. "We've just about killed the business by bidding up the frills. Would we raise our bids to stay competitive? You bet your life!"

Surprisingly, Mara added, it hasn't been the backpackers and budget travelers who've responded most eagerly to the new plan. "It's amazing how many businessmen turn out not to be in such a hurry when you offer them money to take a later flight," he said.

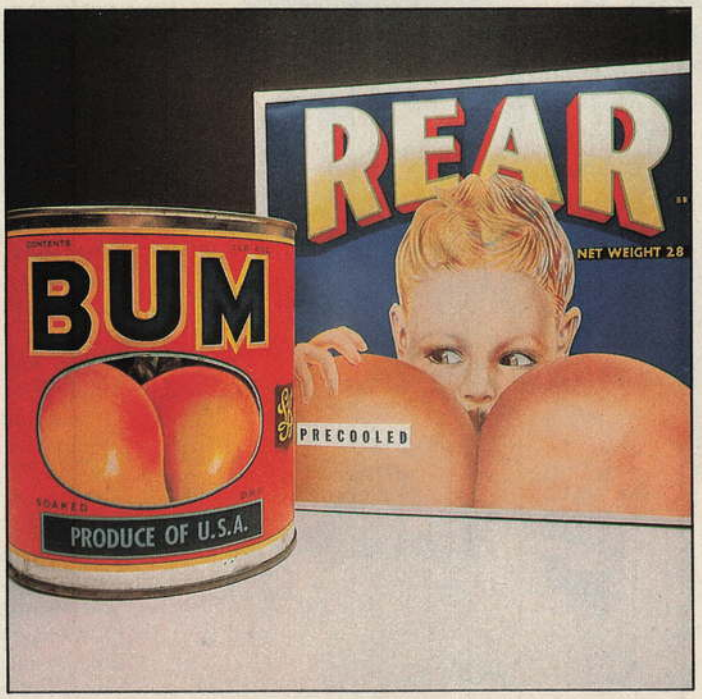
Scammers like Tony are already plotting to finance their vacations by hitting heavily booked flights during airport rush hours, which occur frequently. The CAB helpfully lists them as 7 to 9 A.M. and 4:30 to 7 P.M. weekdays; evening hours on Sunday, Thursday and Friday; and morning hours on Monday and Saturday. Plenty of time for a savvy freeloader with a flight schedule to take a literal flier on a few easily resold plane tickets. And Tony points out that there's always the red-eye, which sometimes goes bump in the night. □



Great Marketing Flops

Every year, American manufacturers try to shove thousands of products down consumers' throats. Yet only a handful of these products are successful. Can you spot the reasons why these items failed? Products by John Claiborne

Poor Shelf Position. In today's action-packed supermarkets, *where* your product is located often determines its success; so there is much competition for the prime spots on the shelves. Let your guard down—as this item did—and you can get wiped out.



Celebrity Endorsement Backfire. The FTC has established that if a celebrity endorses a product,

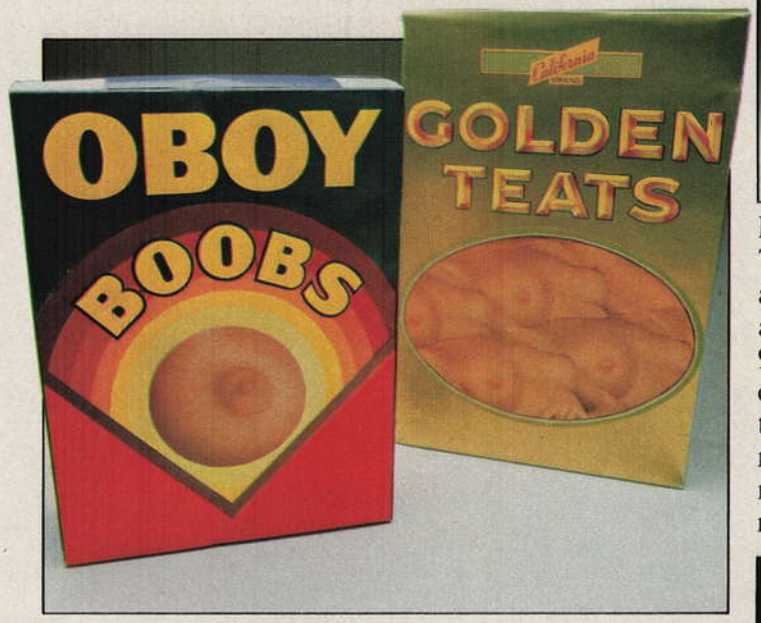
he must prove a genuine association. The product here flopped because the celebrity endorser, Al Goldstein, though closely identified with the product for years, could not prove in court that he actually used it.

Weak Package Design. The way an item *looks* has much to do with its success. Research indicates that consumers want to see what it looks like before they pop for it.

Testing in the Wrong Market. Picking the right test market is critical. The market must represent, in larger-than-normal proportions, the exact audience for the product. Take this famous case, for instance. Returns from males 18–34 in Topeka indicated that this item would fail. Males in the same category in San Francisco, on the other hand, were quite receptive, balking only at the item's lack of variety in size, shape and color.

A Me-Too Advertising Strategy. Most unsuccessful products get that way by aping the successful advertising campaigns of competitors. As this case proves, "What the astronauts used in space" may be a good slogan, but it does not work for every product.

Marginal Distribution. This product tested well among college males and feminists. However, 90 percent of the males claimed that, even though they were familiar with the product's name, they could never find it.



Lack of Psychographic Research. Demographics (age, income, etc.) are important, but marketing strategists also focus on psychographics (how the consumer feels about the product). This line of breakfast cereals, for instance, did not meet sales expectations because its gimmick (making its own milk in the bowl) flew in the face of current cereal strategy that stresses the nongimmicky and the "natural."

Ignoring Environmental Concerns. This is the new wild card of marketing, and it has sunk many a newly introduced brand: Will the product be harmful to the environment? This item here, for example, contained fluorocarbons and was forced off the supermarket shelves by angry environmentalists and ecologists, even though it had seemed to the manufacturers that an instant head cheese in a convenient spray form was an idea whose time had come.

The Product Itself. This item tested well with teenage girls, but housewives in suburban shopping malls responded negatively to it, describing it as "sour" and "too thick," and claiming, "I can make it better at home." □

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM HENMAN

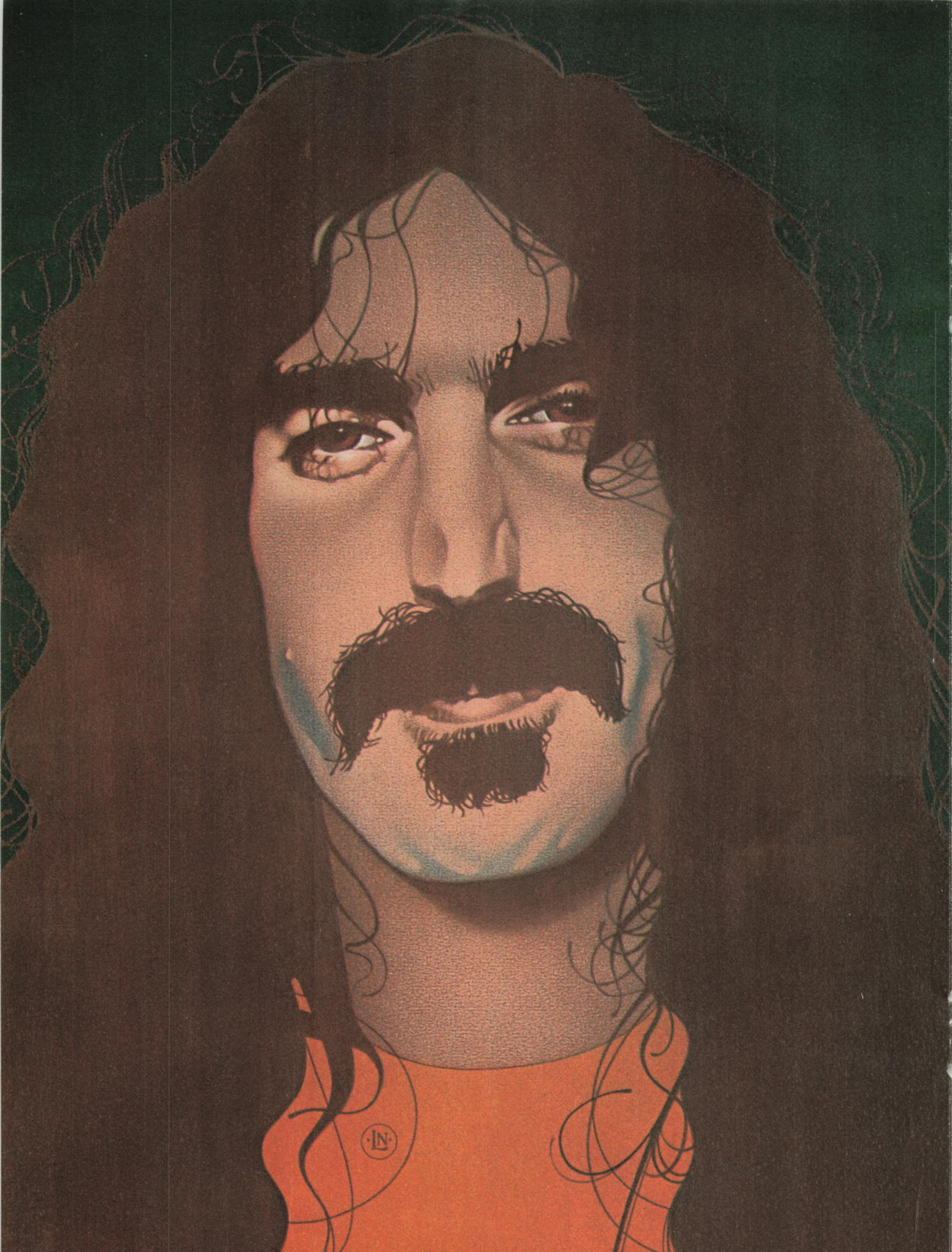
Julia
OUTDOOR LIFE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

Twenty-two years ago, Julia was born in a Paris hospital, and that's the last hot, stuffy place she's been in. "Just give me the outdoors," she told us. "Even when I was growing up, I hated to be inside the house. While my classmates at the academy were sweating behind desks, I was outside training the horses, walking in the rain and snow — anything but to be confined inside." We tried to explain that people *have* to be indoors some of the time. "I know. But I am a dreamer, you see. Can't we take all of these pictures out here in the sunshine?"

She seemed disappointed when we had to move inside the house to finish the shooting. "I'll go indoors," she kidded, "but I won't wear much." That seemed splendid to us. "Tell me," she said eventually, "what kind of people in America will see these photos?" We told her all about you guys, how you're young, upwardly mobile and easy prey for the likes of a Julia. "What will they want to know about me?" Statistics, mostly, we said. "Oh, you Americans and your numbers games. OK, I'm 87-58-79. Centimeters, of course. I was born in Paris, the daughter of a printer, I'm still single and I have two roommates."

And? And? "I am a fashion model in Paris now. We're not supposed to be taking off our clothes—clothing manufacturers are such hypocrites—but it excites me to pose nude. There's an exhibitionist side of me that makes me enjoy showing off my body. Let's see, what else? Oh, I sew my own clothes, read mostly science fiction—Philip K. Dick is my favorite. I love old French films, I hate TV and I love my own cooking, rock 'n' roll and Dustin Hoffman. I have one big idol: Marie Dorat, a wonderful sculptress who's eighty years old and acts twenty. I hope I grow old like her. But enough about me and enough of this filming. Can't we go back outside?"

oui



A CONVERSATION WITH

FRANK ZAPPA

Everybody thinks he's locked in the Sixties, but the Grandaddy of FM radio is bigger now than ever. If you liked freaking out with Suzy Creamcheese and cruisin' for burgers with Ruben & the Jets, wait'll you meet Sheik Yer Bouti.

Zappa. The name alone triggers a cranial video replay of the Sixties, like a grenade fragment from the Stateside Nam lodged in our consciousness. He was the furry, underground guitarist with no commercial potential who defined the word *freak*; the rock 'n' roller with brains who exposed everything that was phony about the American dream—all the stuff we figured out ourselves (not quite so concisely) when we were *stoned*.

So where is Frank now that everybody is doin' the disco-self-help-Perrier two-step?

Guess.

His latest album, *Sheik Yer Bouti*, demonstrates that Zappa can emulsify more than one decade (he already skewered the Sixties with *We're Only in It for the Money*, and he knuckle-sandwiched the Fifties on *Cruisin' with Ruben & the Jets*). Zappa's been at it for 15 years, playing rock, jazz, blues, R&B—you name it. And while critics continue to identify him with the Woodstock Generation, he's reaching more people today than ever before.

And he still plays like a Mother.

Zappa's stature as composer, producer, guitarist, songwriter, social satirist and filmmaker easily dwarfs the competition. Now, fed up with playing musical turntables with the record companies, he's filed a multimillion-dollar lawsuit against Warner Bros. and established his own label. Meet Frank Zappa, *businessman*.

OUI sent correspondent Dave Rothman out to capture the unique perspective of this perennial performer. Rothman reports:

"I caught Zappa during a week's layover at the Royal Biscayne Hotel in Key Biscayne, Florida. He and his band, now known as Zappa, were resting after a sojourn in Europe, where they played a string of festivals.

"People close to Zappa told me there was a good chance he could be diagnosed as manic-depressive if 'they' ever got a chance to look at him. There was no way I could know if he'd have the patience to give me one minute or one hour. Expect anything, they said. Radical mood swing is the core of Zappa's personality—and no doubt the core of his creativity as well.

"When I knocked on Frank's door, he opened it with the slightest possible shred of acknowledgment. No handshake. I knew immediately where his mood swing was at the moment—several fathoms below sea level. That long black cloud was down and was there to stay for the duration of our first interview. His disdain for the 'interrogation,' as he called it, remained obvious. On our next encounter, the cloud disappeared and Zappa lightened up, rapping casually with fans who wandered in, and generally enjoying himself. Surprisingly, the results of both sessions were somehow consistent: Laced in with Zappa's unrelenting cynicism, the hilarity was always there—regardless of what mood he was in. The only difference seemed to be whether or not *he* was laughing.

" 'Did he try to intimidate you?' his people asked me afterwards.

" 'Of course,' I replied. 'That was the fun part.' "

OUI: How have you managed to survive in the rock-music business for so long?

ZAPPA: First thing you do is you don't stop. Second thing you do is you keep going.

OUI: Many people seem to think of you as a Sixties phenomenon. Does that ever bother you?

ZAPPA: They'll still be saying the same thing in 1990. The year 2000 will come around and I'll still be on the road, and they'll be saying, "He was happening back in '67, '68 . . ." Our audience increases by twenty percent every year.

OUI: Why?

ZAPPA: Because Americans aren't as stupid as people think they are. Somebody goes to a concert and likes it and tells his friends; and the next year we come back to that town and the audience is bigger. Everything else that's being written about rock-'n'-roll acts in America today is generated by record-company hype. Hype is when a company sends out somebody or a piece of paper that makes claims about an event that aren't true. I do it the old-fashioned way. I sit here and do interviews in person and tell you what's going on. I take complete responsibility for what happens. If anything goes wrong, it's my fault. It's like running a candy store.

OUI: What groups have you been listening to in the past five years?

ZAPPA: I don't pay much attention to groups.

OUI: Individuals?

ZAPPA: I heard a violinist in Europe who I thought was really excellent. His name is El Shankar. He's been working with John McLaughlin. But most of what's in rock 'n' roll today is company-manufactured background music. Most of it is swill, designed to reinforce the various lifestyles of those market segments that buy whatever type of music you're talking about.

OUI: How long ago did you come to that conclusion?

ZAPPA: When I was born.

OUI: What's happening with your lawsuit

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY NOBLE

"Record companies are being taken over by accountants. Puds outta college that get certified as economically smart. If there ever was an aesthetic decision at the executive level, it's gone . . ."

"Some people think running or tennis is where it's at. The rest want to join est or become Scientologists. I think that stuff is stupid. I used to play tennis when I was in grammar school. Now I tour."

"I'm not part of it. Just because I went through the meat grinder doesn't mean they got me."

against Warner Bros.?

ZAPPA: Same thing that happens with all lawsuits. You wait for your day in court. In California it's three to five years in a civil suit. I'm sure I'll go to court, and whatever decision is rendered, either side will appeal. We'll probably be in court for twenty or thirty years.

OUI: What's at stake?

ZAPPA: Oh, twenty million dollars.

OUI: What does the suit involve?

ZAPPA: A nice person, who is me, versus a bunch of assholes, which include all the people involved in the suit. Very simply, I lived up to the terms of my contract with Warner Bros. I delivered four albums to them. My contract says that when I give them the albums, they give me the money. They didn't give me the money; they didn't give me the royalties; they've already released two of the live albums I delivered [*Live in New York* and *Studio Tan*]; and they're getting ready to release another one. They haven't paid me and they don't have publishing licenses for the songs.

OUI: How do they expect to be able to get away with that?

ZAPPA: Because they're a multimillion-dollar company with lawyers coming out their assholes, and because nobody would ever presume that a company that size would need to do anything like that. I'm sure it goes on every day. I bet there are other artists who they squeeze the same way and just fuck around with, and who don't stand up to it or aren't crazy enough to do battle with them. One of the biggest problems is finding a law firm that'll take 'em on. I've already been through four law firms.

OUI: Obviously, you think you'll win.

ZAPPA: Well, yeah. Don't the good guys always win?

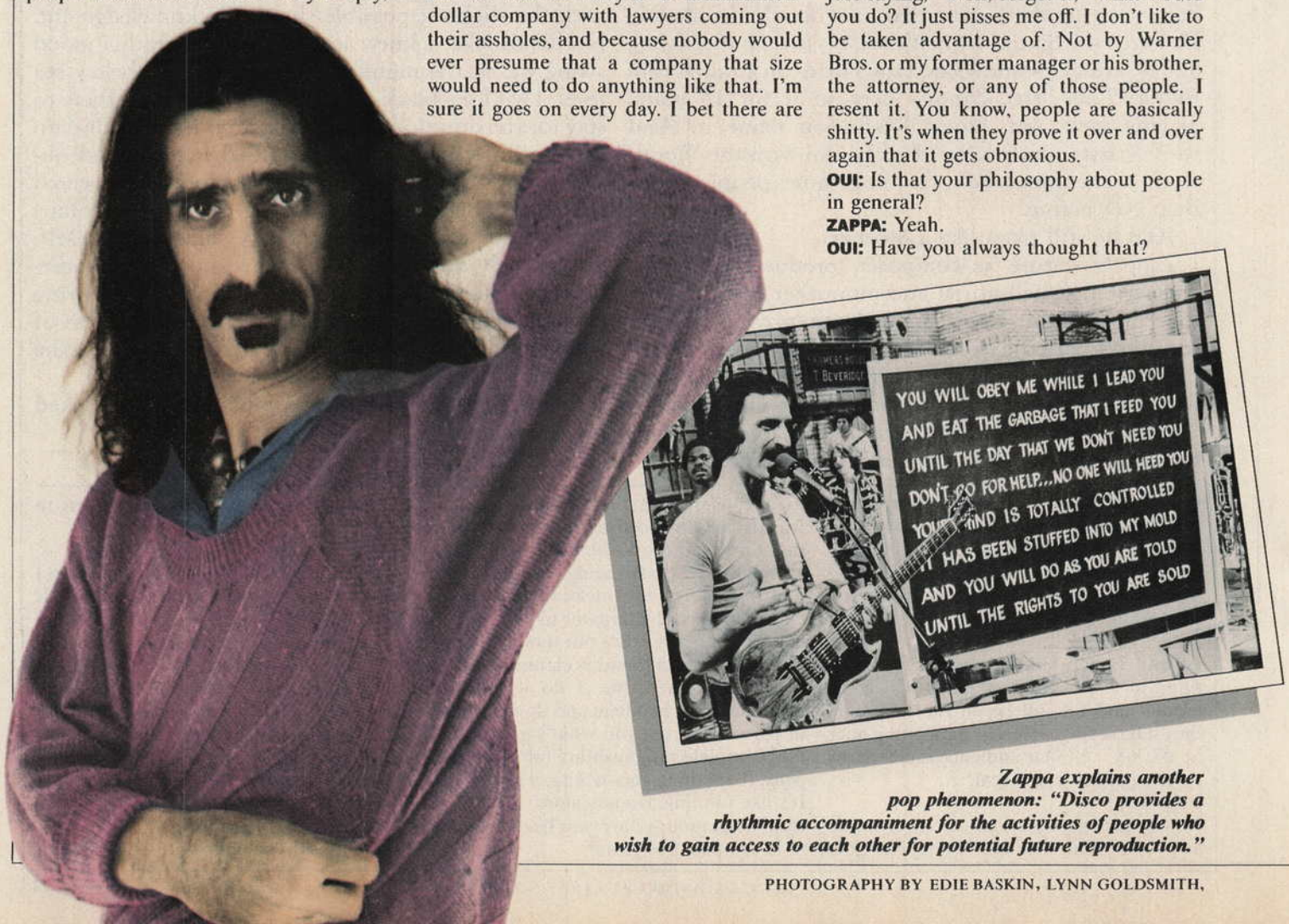
OUI: I'm not sure.

ZAPPA: Well, if you had your choice between taking your chances and fighting, or just saying, "Well, forget it," what would you do? It just pisses me off. I don't like to be taken advantage of. Not by Warner Bros. or my former manager or his brother, the attorney, or any of those people. I resent it. You know, people are basically shitty. It's when they prove it over and over again that it gets obnoxious.

OUI: Is that your philosophy about people in general?

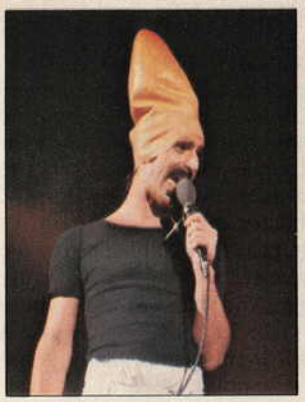
ZAPPA: Yeah.

OUI: Have you always thought that?

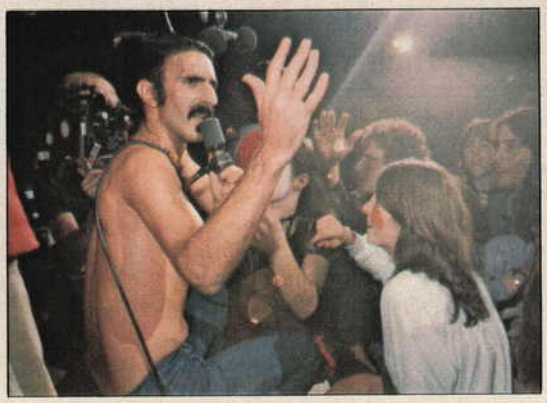

YOU WILL OBEY ME WHILE I LEAD YOU
AND EAT THE GARBAGE THAT I FEED YOU
UNTIL THE DAY THAT WE DON'T NEED YOU
DON'T GO FOR HELP...NO ONE WILL HEED YOU
YOUR MIND IS TOTALLY CONTROLLED
IT HAS BEEN STUFFED INTO MY MOLD
AND YOU WILL DO AS YOU ARE TOLD
UNTIL THE RIGHTS TO YOU ARE SOLD

Zappa explains another pop phenomenon: "Disco provides a rhythmic accompaniment for the activities of people who wish to gain access to each other for potential future reproduction."

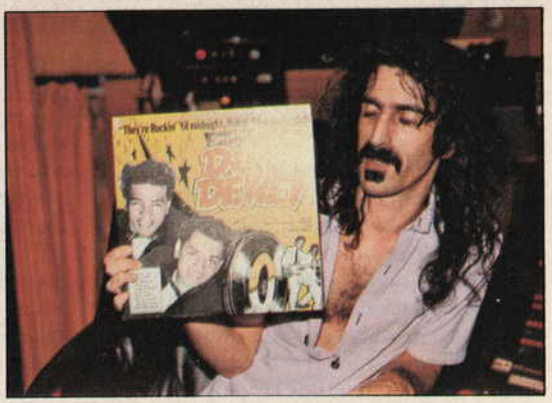
PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDIE BASKIN, LYNN GOLDSMITH,



Coneheaded Zappamania: "They have a list of people they don't want on TV, and my name is on that list!"



"Getting old doesn't scare me at all. I was born old. Had a mustache when I was eleven. What's so great about being young? People poop on you all the time."



Showing off a fave album: "Did you ever hear 'Edna' by the Medallions? Well, you haven't lived yet, have you? How about 'Can I Come Over Tonight' by the Velours? That's art music, there."

ZAPPA: Yeah.
OUI: What about yourself?
ZAPPA: I'm fantastic. Fantastic and honest and wonderful.
OUI: And everybody else is shitty?
ZAPPA: That's right. Until they prove different. But I ain't holding my breath.
OUI: Can you tell us about your new film, *Baby Snakes*?
ZAPPA: That's one possible title. The other possible ones are *Gas Mask* and *Martian Love Secrets*.
OUI: Why those titles?
ZAPPA: They're good titles. What's in a title? Wanna call it *Number One*?
OUI: What is the film about?
ZAPPA: It's about . . . ummm . . . ideas.
OUI: What ideas?
ZAPPA: Various ideas.
OUI: How would it compare with *200 Motels*?
ZAPPA: It's not the same.
OUI: Can't you say any more about it?
ZAPPA: No.
OUI: You have to keep it secret?
ZAPPA: No.
OUI: You just don't want to talk about it.
ZAPPA: Right.
OUI: Is there anything you *do* want to talk about?
ZAPPA: Anything you want.
OUI: Is it true that a radio station in L.A. played one of your songs recently and got into some sort of censorship trouble because of an obscenity ruling?
ZAPPA: I don't know anything about it. I don't see why they should pick on my material. They should listen to some of the disco records that are out.
OUI: Do you hate disco?
ZAPPA: No, not at all. It's well suited for the purpose it was designed for.
OUI: Which is?
ZAPPA: To provide a rhythmic accompaniment for the activities of people who wish to gain access to each other for potential future reproduction.
OUI: You think somebody sat down and thought that out?
ZAPPA: I think that's the bottom line. It doesn't have much to do with music and it's got a lot to do with sociology. Take a social climate that's as restrictive as the American social climate is toward sex and everything else that's any good, and people have to find ways to do things that they feel are natural. Disco music, and the places that dispense it, provide a setting and a facility where you can carry out those activities. It's like a playground.
OUI: How does that differ from a rock-music audience?
ZAPPA: I don't think people go to concerts in a hockey rink for the same reason that people go to discotheques. I don't see manifestations of the same activities taking place. It's possible that people go there to meet their friends and eventually go off and get laid. I don't think that usually happens at a concert in a hockey rink, but that is what they're interested in when they go to a discotheque. I have trouble believing that going there to dance is the real reason why people go, especially when you watch the body language involved in the dancing.
OUI: How would you translate that body language?
ZAPPA: It's different with each customer. Mostly it's people who are tense and have emotional problems, seeking assistance from whatever source is nearby.
OUI: Couldn't that qualify just about everybody?
ZAPPA: Being tense and having emotional problems is one thing, but being tense, having emotional problems and manifesting them on a twinkling dance floor, wearing special clothes, is a different story. You can be tense and anxious for free. But to go there and pay, and jog while you're doing it, is a different story. That either exemplifies a special need for attention from a certain segment of the population, or it's a very special act of desperation. I've always been fond of music with a good beat. [Flash of a cynical smile]
OUI: What does that say about the Seventies and maybe the Eighties—the fact that

Backstage with Johnny Winter: "I never claimed to be a man for all seasons. When you're trapped in the Sixties like I am, it's hard to deal with the future."

disco is happening now and wasn't happening ten years ago?

ZAPPA: It's been around for a long time; it's just that people finally caught onto it and figured out how to use it. We live in a very special time right now. At no other time in history has there been such mass disillusionment in terms of reliance on governing functions. Most people don't want to come to terms with that. It's been proven over and over again that the emperor isn't wearing any clothes, but most people don't like to look at naked emperors. In the process of turning around to avert their eyes, they saw the discotheques and a few other things and latched onto them.

OUI: Do you feel the urge to change society at all?

ZAPPA: No, because there's no reason to assume that my idea of what's better would really be better. I resent it when other people try to inflict their ideas of betterness on me. I don't think they know. And I can't see any authority on the horizon that's got any answers that seem worthwhile. Most of the things that are suggested are probably detrimental to your mental health.

OUI: Like what?

ZAPPA: These fake religions, for one. I think they're really bad. But what can you say? Some people think that running is spectacular; I think it's stupid. Other people think that tennis is where it's at; I think that's stupid. The rest of 'em wanna join est or be Scientologists and I think that's all stupid. But I'm not saying I'm the only one who knows; I'm saying that, for me, it's totally wrong. Considering the way I live, I just don't have any use for it. But if somebody asks me how I feel, there's no reason why I shouldn't tell him. I think that stuff is stupid.

OUI: Have you ever tried running or tennis?

ZAPPA: I used to play tennis when I was a kid, and I ran when I was in grammar school. Now I tour. It's more challenging and more fatiguing than all of the above enterprises combined.

OUI: Do you think there are any true religions? Are there any that you look at and say: Those people *aren't* being misled?

ZAPPA: Organized religions by their very natures are misleading. The bottom line is always money. What that's got to do with your spiritual well-being still eludes me. It's always the bucks, no matter how they disguise it. If you need that sort of assistance to keep yourself together, you may be paying a higher rate to a fake religion than you would to a psychotherapist. Which is not to say that a psychotherapist is going to give you any better value per dollar either. If you're going to deal with reality, you're going to have to make one big discovery: Reality is something that belongs to you as an individual. If you wanna grow up, which most people don't, the thing to do is take responsibility for your own reality and deal with it on your own terms. Don't expect that because you pay some money to somebody else or take a pledge or join a club or run down the street or wear a special bunch of clothes or play a certain sport or even drink Perrier water, it's going to take care of everything for you. Because it all comes from inside. As a matter of fact, that's where it stays.

OUI: How old were you when you figured that out?

ZAPPA: About eighteen.

OUI: How?

ZAPPA: I kept looking for results. When you're a kid, your parents have recommendations for what they think you should do with your life, and they guide you to the best of their abilities. They make suggestions, and if you're intelligent, you test the results against the things they suggest. If you keep drawing blanks, you better do something else. My father wanted me to go into engineering. My mother just wanted me to stay out of trouble. Pretty normal. That's what happens to most kids.

OUI: Do you care what they think now?

ZAPPA: My father's dead and I don't know what my mother thinks. She's a nice person and everything, but even if she completely hated what I was doing, it wouldn't make any difference. Because I don't do it for her.

OUI: That's not as easy for some people.

ZAPPA: You can't spend the rest of your life waiting around for your parents to say, "What a good kid." What're they gonna do, give you an extra cookie? The more we progress into the robot age, who's to say that the values of the parents who have been cranking out generation after generation of unhappy little persons . . . who's to say that their values are anything to aspire to, anyway?

Even if you had all the certification in the world, would that make any difference? Certification from one source or another seems to be the most important thing to people all over the world. A piece of paper from a school that says you're smart, a pat on the head from your parents that says you're good or some reinforcement from your peers that makes you think what you're doing is worthwhile. People are just waiting around to get certified.

OUI: What are people lacking that makes them need that certification?

ZAPPA: Let's look at it very carefully. The lifestyle that I have is probably neither desirable nor useful to most people. Most people are probably better off getting the certification they desire and spindling their lives away the way they're doing. I don't think they'd enjoy living any other way. There are millions of people who acquire all sorts of wonderful feelings from watching a football game and drinking a bottle of beer. It makes them really happy. Doesn't do shit for me. But for them it's life itself. As long as they can believe in the beer and the football, then they've really got something. And it's probably more useful to them than religion. So why take it away? Why tell them what's really going on? Let 'em be happy.

OUI: But that's what you've been doing for fifteen years—telling people how bad things are.

ZAPPA: If a person wants to write music and lyrics, he has a perfect right to express his views on a certain subject. I would feel wrong if I were to express anything that I didn't believe in. I write what I like to write. Those who like to listen to it, listen to it. And the ones who don't, watch football and drink beer, jog, go to discos and so forth. I never claimed to be a man for all seasons. After all, I'm merely a 1960s phenomenon. When you're trapped in the Sixties like I am, it's real hard to deal with the future. It's like yelling through the wall of the time capsule of your reader's mind.

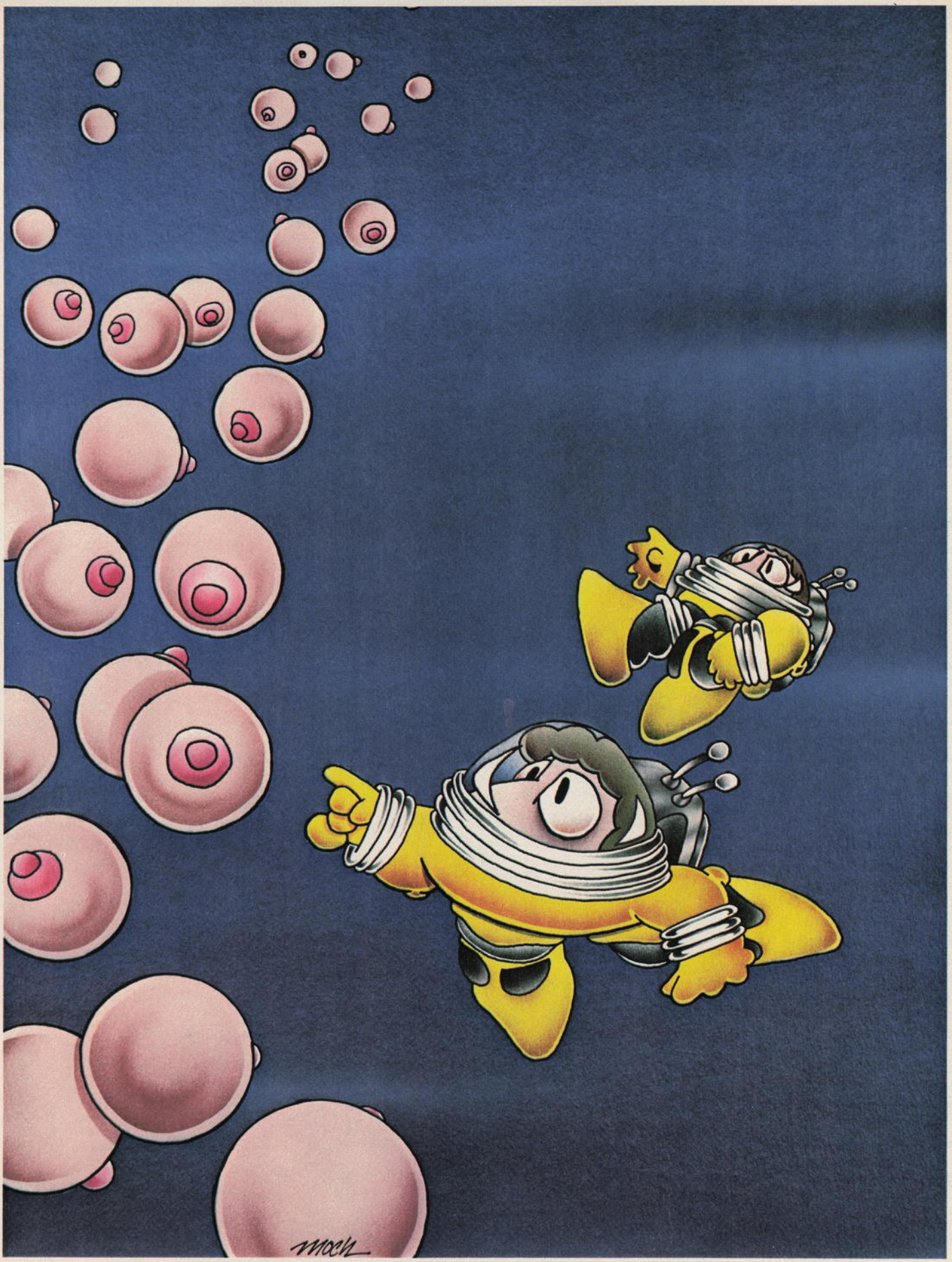
OUI: Do you ever feel a sense of power from having reached so many people over such a long period of time?

ZAPPA: I don't think I've reached that many people. Shit, Barry Manilow reaches more than anybody, doesn't he? Do you think he has a sense of power? Is it manifested by white clothing? Just because somebody hears something you say, or reads something that you write, doesn't mean you've reached them. With reading comprehension being what it is in the U. S., you can safely toss that one out the window. If you want to judge by the listening habits of people who buy records, the first thing they do is put it on and talk over it. To most people, the album is the cover. The cover tells them how to interpret the audile contents. The record is used as background music to support the lifestyle of the person who buys it. If they're upwardly mobile, they might go for a little fusion music or Barry Manilow. If they're laid back, they might go for something else. Records are collected as artifacts to support their certification.

OUI: Are you concerned whether or not anyone out there really listens to your music and really cares about what you're saying?

ZAPPA: I can't care. It's impossible to care. How do you care for something that doesn't exist? It can't exist because there's no one who could hear what I do who has any idea of what went into it and what it really means and what it really says. Statis-

(Continued on page 123)



"Major Gluck . . . I believe we've encountered the Milky Way . . ."

Hot TUBS

A Rub-a-Dub Guide to the Sensuous Sport of Soaking

Article by Joe Flower

Somebody's fevered brain has discovered that nirvana begins at 105° soaking wet. So there you are, sunk to the nostrils in the latest exportable California madness, already thinking of cozying a tub into the garden or smuggling a portable spa into the second bedroom. It's warm, it's wet, it gurgles—and you're beginning to think that maybe you *can* go home again. This is one toy that will take you where you want to go. It can buffet and boil you from brain to bunions, fill your yard with naked crazies and deliver you to the doorstep of terminal satori, all for a fraction of the cost of a Lamborghini Miura. Better than booze and a perfect companion to wacky tobacky, this drugless tranquilizer is even legal in most jurisdictions, as long as no one surprises the neighbors.

What started as a West Coast weirdness has begun to saturate the country. The bath boom has

Flashy foreplay: Who can resist slipping into something wet and warm? Gerico Fiberglass makes this in-ground playpen with underwater light for $2800. Installation and decking are extra. So are the girls.

The great outdoors: At 105° you can soak year-round in any climate. The seven-foot tile spa from Emerald Pools (above) costs $4100. Redwood tubs from California Cooperage (right) run from $1500 for an unassembled four-footer to $4000 for an eight-foot party pool with all the options.

poured into the East and Midwest, where a year-round spa makes more sense than a one-season swimming pool. When it's ten below outside, anything that's warm is worth it.

Still, if you're the sort who sits on his wallet, this project could give you a case of the Mickey Rooneys. Forget the deck for the moment. Leave out the colored lights, the custom tiles, the underwater speakers, the rock garden, the spa-side nosherie and the privacy fence. Let's get down to basic transportation. Counting just the tub, heater, filter, pump and a couple of Hydro-jets (for that happy fizzies party effect), this sweetheart is going to set you back two to three grand. Installed, no towels. That's a skosh more than a run in the sprinklers. Around here, that's almost a week's pay.

But all the out-of-pocket expense comes back in a big way. Consider the physical peace, intimacy, relaxation and the chance to invite Sweet Jane to "drop over for a dip in the tub." If you measure that against muscular tension, lonely nights, Valium and trying to throw a party in your bathtub, you can arrive at some sense of what this thing might be worth to you.

Try on a few real numbers. You want a plain four-foot wooden barrel, on the cheap side? The last time we looked, you could cop one in several places for about $350—including nothing else, not even shipping. A foot wider, out of quality wood, crafted with love? The price more than doubles to the $750–$1000 range. Complete plug-it-in, fill-it-up electric spa systems (five feet square, two feet deep) start at a rock-bottom $900 in the crate. Full-size kits start popping up at around $1500, plus another $400 to $1000 for installation. Kick in another couple hundred for each increase in size. Add in the shipping. Keep on adding for extra Hydro-jets, accessories, prefab gazebos and space-boy control modules.

All this wondrous finery comes in two species: wooden tubs and plastic spas. The redwood tub first appeared in the hills near Santa Barbara, California, as an ingenious and soothing new use for tired wine vats and ancient water towers. The spa, a high-tech shell spun of acrylic, fiberglass, tile or Gunite (like a pocket swimming pool), started life in a hospital hydrotherapy room and joined the family as a way of soothing Mr. Jacuzzi's children. Now that mutant hot tubs have sprouted bubble jets and some spas have migrated to the garden, they could almost be clones. But the differences remain quite vivid to the partisans of each type.

Nature freaks tend to sniff at the hardware that makes some spa setups look like the flight deck of the U. S. S. Enterprise. To many spa owners, wooden tubs seem inherently impractical, like wooden shoes.

Spa dealers will crow about how much cleaner fiberglass is. Horsefeathers. For the first few days, a wooden tub will color the water. After that, clean tubs, like clean hands, are a matter of maintenance, not materials. The main technical drawback of wooden tubs is this: To stay tight, they have to stay wet.

Some spas look wider than tubs of the same price, but that's because of the across-the-top measurement. Underwater, there is less than meets the eye, since the central well is usually not more than three feet deep.

Straight-sided wooden hot tubs average a foot deeper than spas and can stand alone. A spa needs support. But the spa's surest seduction is the dazzling plethora of shapes, sizes and colors—kidneys and circles and tears and octagons, mauve and avocado and puce. Dealers love to tilt them up in the window like great molded flowers.

If you're feeling the urge to build your own hot tub from scratch, find someone to thrash you soundly until the impulse

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE HARVEY, BARON WOLMAN AND DWIGHT HOOKER

Indoor sports: A bubbly bath like the seven-foot steamer from Hydra-Spa (left) can turn a back porch into a bacchanal for $2400-plus. The portable Champagne Bucket from Super-Stuff (above) is right for renters: $1800 complete, fits anywhere, and neighbors love it. (For a complete buyer's guide, see page 135.)

passes. Even your out-of-work cousin who is a whiz with a router would likely botch the job. A hot tub that won't leak or fall apart is a matter of sophisticated joinery and some very weird machines. A proper hot tub uses no sealant or caulking. It relies entirely on staves milled to tolerances in the thousandths of an inch, held flat against each other and swelled by water.

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So how do you get into a hot tub or spa without getting soaked? Here are a few handy hints for starters:

Wood: Cedar is gaining on redwood in popularity. It costs less; it feels good; and if handled right, it does just as well for beauty and durability.

If you somehow happen to be possessed of money and taste at the same time, invest in a teak tub. This exotic dark hardwood—the stuff of the great sailing ships—will give you no grief once you've figured out how to pay for it.

Spa shells: One way that a customer can test a spa shell besides looking at it is to pick it up—or try to. Fiberglass and acrylics are material-intensive. Once the mold is made, the materials cost more than the labor, and the cheap outfits will skimp on materials.

While you're in the showroom, take a good look at all those fine colors. You won't see them forever. Fiberglass and acrylic colors tend to fade after a year or two. So get a light color and rely on ceramic tiles for decoration.

Pump and filter: Pick 'em big. Both should be grand enough for a medium-sized swimming pool. Five sweaty people in a hot tub or spa will work the filter as much as 100 cool people in a swimming pool will. So get a pump with at least a one-half–horsepower motor. And get a filter that's easy to clean. The simplest polyester filters don't demand anything but an occasional spritz with the garden hose.

Heaters: Whether you'll want gas or electricity to warm your buns will depend on which one costs more and what you want to do with it. You only want to fire it up when you're in town? Gas will do the job quicker. You want to keep it cooking all the time, ready for your every vagrant whim? A solid-state, automatic electric equipment package will add about $300 to the price. But if you live outside the Sun Belt and you want an outdoor tub, automation is *de rigueur.* A hot tub is just too small for ice fishing.

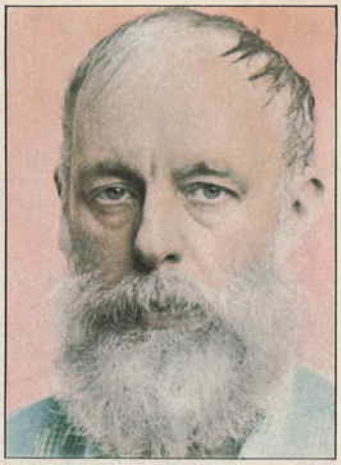
Noise: After you've looked at, poked into and read about the equipment, listen to it. Find an installation with your chosen goody package in place and switch it on. How does it sound? Will the thermostat kick in at 4 A.M. and treat you and your neighbors to the rumble of a dying locomotive? There are silent heaters on the market that come on discreetly, automatically and as quietly as a pickpocket.

The dealer: Like any field that is rapidly expanding, this one is filled with people trying to cash in. Many honest dealers know their products inside and out. Others couldn't tell a heat chamber from an Aquastat if they had them both for lunch. How to tell them apart? The first thing to do is to look for written guarantees covering both the parts they supply and any labor they might do. A better tactic is to discover how long they've been in the spa or hot-tub business. Does the Better Business Bureau have any complaints? The best and last tactic is to find satisfied customers who have had their units for at least a year.

Installation: When it comes to laying this baby down, remember that the most important parts are the invisible ones—the wiring, the plumbing and the foundation. Settle your gray cells on this for a moment: Water hefts at about eight

(Continued on page 135)

A GOREY STORY



Good evening, and welcome to the brownstone enclave of Count Edward Gorey, the Alfred Hitchcock of children's literature, designer of *Dracula*, eccentric artist and horror-junkie extraordinaire. And do watch out for the cats. **PROFILE BY MARILYN STASIO**

Half an hour from now, I am going to meet a man who gave me the creeps when I was a kid. His name is Edward Gorey and he lives somewhere in the Murray Hill neighborhood of New York City, where I am now wandering, looking for a delicatessen.

Many years ago, my mother taught me how to take care of any strange man who scared me: Either you call your Cousin Sal who works at the track—or you *feed* the man. The combined wisdom of generations of Sicilian peasants is represented in this homely dictum, and I trust it implicitly. In lieu of Cousin Sal, I settle for a roast beef on rye, a turkey on white toast, a dill pickle and two coffees. Whatever this Gorey guy might try to do to me, he's going to finish his sandwich first.

You should know upfront that Edward Gorey is not a mass murderer or a white slaver or even a politician. And, contrary to rumor, he does not live in a coffin. But it's easy to see how that piece of tattle got started. As the creator of the merrily macabre sets and costumes for the current stage revival of *Dracula*, Gorey is giving Broadway audiences enough chills to launch a thousand nightmares.

All black and white, with lurid daubs of red, the *Dracula* designs have a distinctly, shall we say, *sinister* air about them. Bats leer menacingly from the wallpaper; skulls glare blankly from the tops of vaulted crypts; and the adorable cherubs that support the canopy over the heroine's bed turn out to have vampire wings sprouting from their shoulder blades. Even the drop curtain is designed to give a person the heebie-jeebies.

In addition to his eerily beautiful designs for *Dracula*, Gorey has written about 50 little books that shouldn't find their way into the hands of impressionable children. Hiding behind such titles as *The Gashlycrumb Tinies* and *The Wuggly Ump* are ghastly tales in which virgins are violated, children are murdered and/or mutilated in a variety of ingenious ways, and everything that is good and holy gets it in the end.

And to illustrate his cheerily bizarre stories, Gorey has perfected an extraordinary artistic style that suggests, in page after page of meticulous pen-and-ink drawings, the fine detail and precision of 19th-Century book engravings—with certain distinctively Goreyesque twists.

His interior settings are replicas of late-Victorian and Edwardian homes, replete with thick damask draperies and ornate furniture, but haunted by weird little creatures with blazing eyes that blink out from behind family portraits and over the tops of urns. His exteriors are serenely bucolic landscapes blighted with mysterious falling objects and malevolent flora and fauna. His characters are gorgeously costumed gentry of the upper classes, who are bedeviled by secret vices and murderous inclinations that surface in their pallid faces. And then there are the uninvited guests like the Throbblefoot Spectre and the Sinking Spell and the Osbick Bird—not to mention the odd frog and bat and that damned Wuggly Ump.

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These mordant tales are passionately devoured by a small but growing band of loyal Goreymaniacs, including people in high places who should know better. No less a personage than Edmund Wilson fell under the perverse spell of Gorey's work, calling it "equally amusing and somber, nostalgic and claustrophobic, and at the same time poetic and poisoned." Even the normally phlegmatic London *Times* called one of his miniature novels "a small masterpiece." His illustrations of other writers' works have become collectors' items. His *Dracula* costume designs won a prestigious Tony Award from the Broadway theatrical community; his set designs contributed heavily to *Dracula*'s winning of another Tony for best stage revival; and touring companies are now taking road productions around the United States and overseas. The prices of his early, out-of-print books have skyrocketed to over $200 a copy (considering that a first edition of T.S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* can be had for $15, this is

Mr Gorey, Mr Earbrass, and a Knowledgeable Friend.

Left: Edward Gorey, as he drew himself and two friends for *The Unstrung Harp*. Right: A self-portrait OUI commissioned to accompany this article. Since Gorey never saw our story, we found this submission to be, well . . . *uncanny*.

no small cheese). We're talking about a famous man.

But he still gives me the creeps. Rooted dumbly to the sidewalk in front of his brownstone, my paper bag leaking mayonnaise all over my sleeve, I find it hard to concentrate on Edward Gorey's artistic reputation. To me, he's still the guy who wrote *The Listing Attic*, a collection of grisly limericks that warped my tender girlish mind.

Even now, my memory is snagged on one particular limerick learned many years ago. As a college freshman, I felt that the little poem nicely summed up many values dear to my own immature heart. Its flip irreverence was decidedly disrespectful of parents and other authority figures. Its humor was clever, which made it grownup and sophisticated. It was nasty and perverse, which gave it an air of bold originality. Besides, it was creepy:

Each night Father fills me with dread
When he sits on the foot of my bed;
I'd not mind that he speaks
In gibbers and squeaks,
But for seventeen years he's been dead.

The combination of virtues in these limericks was enough to make the mysterious Mr. Gorey something of a folk hero in my crowd. Using fine-nibbed pens intended for lettering our biology plates, we painstakingly copied out the most gruesome limericks from *The Listing Attic* and then anonymously bestowed them on our enemies.

Our class chaplain got the one about the curate whose mind was so unhinged from cocaine that he beat a little girl to death with his cane. Our biology professor was treated to "The Partition of Vavasour Scowles," whose brain ended up down a drain. Sister Mary Margaret, the head of the language department, got an indecent one written in French.

I wish I could report that I outgrew this morbid infatuation with the mind of Edward Gorey. But as late as my senior year in college, I was still applying my makeup in slavish imitation of Madame O_____, a character in *The Object-Lesson*, who threw herself off the parapet of a tower and disappeared. (Come to think of it, I am *still* applying my makeup in slavish imitation of the divine Madame O_____.)

I try not to think of the morbid nature of his work as I mount the stone steps to Edward Gorey's apartment. After all, besides being prominent and successful, the man is a bona fide artist. His work has been compared with that of Francis Bacon, Lewis Carroll, Henry James, Edward Lear and Baudelaire, by God! One hopes that he is also quite *normal*.

To be sure, one hears certain stories about him. An avowed eccentric, he shares his quarters with five cats: Kanzuke, Kokiden, Murasaki and Fujitsubo (from Lady Murasaki's *The Tale of Genji*, a favorite book of Gorey's); and Agrippina (after one of the more sanguinary empresses of ancient Rome).

While not exactly a recluse, he is a solitary man who resolutely avoids every important social ritual of the literati, from the hobnob at Elaine's to the snobbob at Princess Caroline's wedding. You'll find him, instead, at trashy horror movies on 42nd Street, dressed, characteristically, in faded jeans (too short) and tennis shoes (too white), with a six-foot striped muffler (too long) enveloping his bushy white beard all the way up to his gold stud earrings (too much!).

If it's winter, he'll be at his 800th-or-so performance of *The Nutcracker* (for the last 20 years, he has attended almost every performance of every production of the New York City Ballet Company), attired, appropriately, in one of his several ankle-length fur coats. The sheared beaver, maybe, or the mink. Or perhaps—the wolf.

One also hears that he doesn't take kindly to strangers.

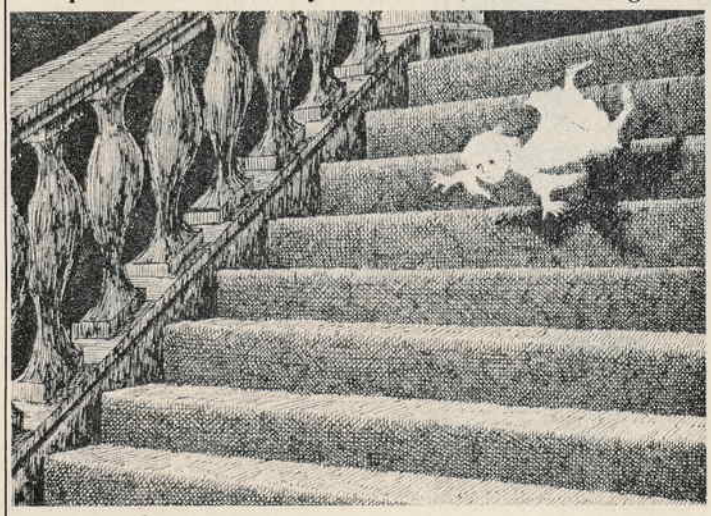
Clutching my paper bag, I ascend.

•

He is not what I had in mind. I mean, whatever I might have expected of my girlhood idol, I really did not think he would look like a defrocked priest in too-short jeans and too-tight T-shirt. And sneakers, yet. Clean ones.

It's the eyes, I suspect. They are large, luminous and deeply sunk

Two panels from *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, wherein darling waifs of all alphabetic persuasions meet grisly and untimely ends.



A is for Amy who fell down the stairs

B is for Basil assaulted by bears

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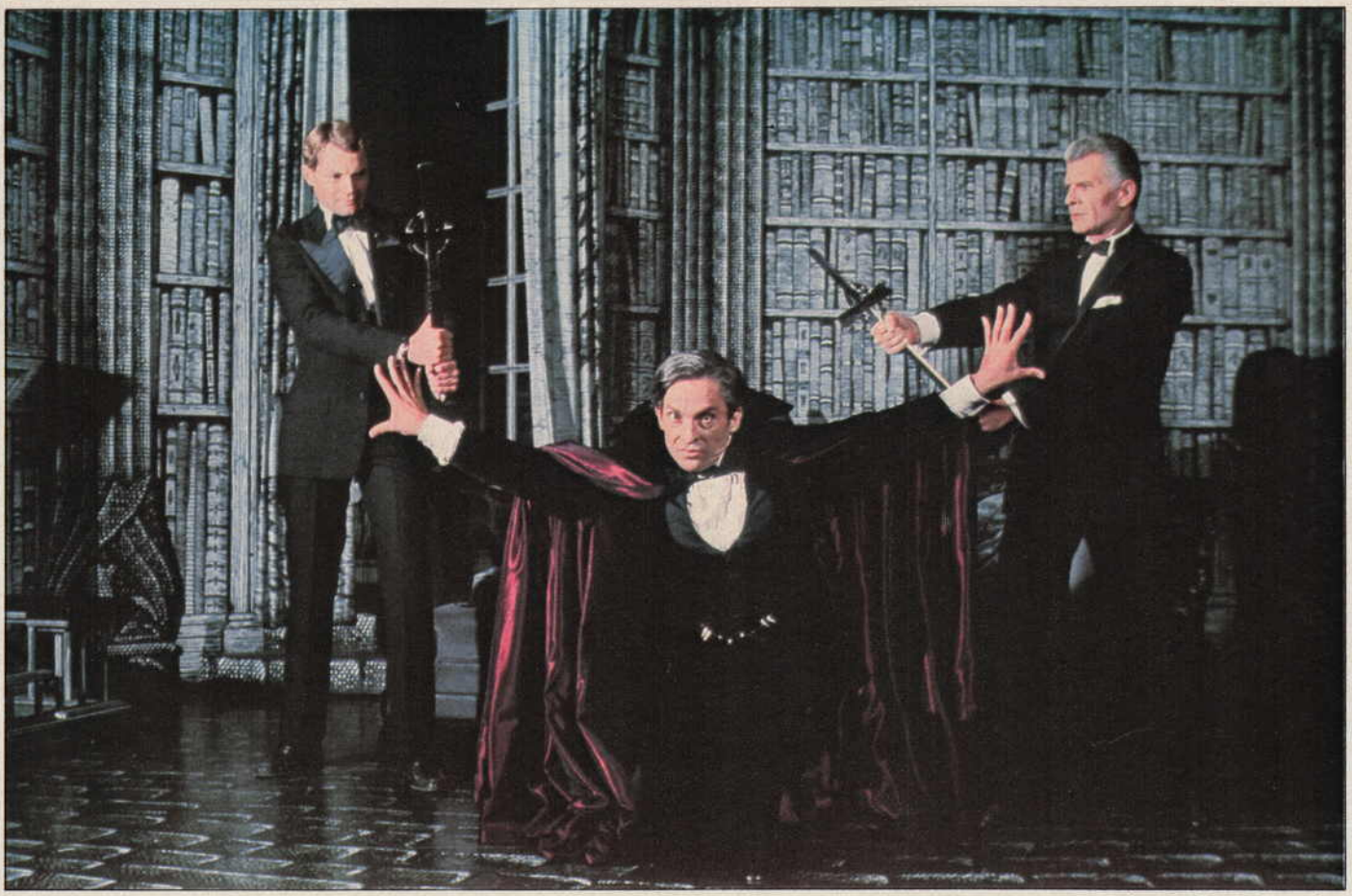

Opposite: One of Gorey's many detailed sketches for the sets of *Dracula*. Above: Raul Julia, as he appears in the Broadway play.

into their sockets. The color is uncertain—probably blue in a clear light. Right now, in the gloom of the landing, they appear to be a smudgy shade of green or gray. Unsettling expressions flicker across them: extreme sensitivity, wariness and something that looks like hurt. They're the kind of eyes that make you want to confess your sins. They fit with the face, which is lean, ascetic and very pale under its protective cover of white beard.

When he speaks, the romantic image goes up in smoke. His voice is high and squeaky, especially when it breaks into a giggle. He's an awkward host, an anxious bobber-and-weaver. I think he must be as shy as a mouse.

One foot inside the apartment and I want to start yelling for my Cousin Sal. Whoever lives here has *got* to be a loony tune. There's no light, no air, no room and, once the door is locked, no way out. It's like being buried alive.

At least the corpse would have something to read. There must be four, maybe five thousand books jammed into this one-room apartment. Somewhere, at the outer limits of the walls, there are normal built-in bookcases with normal stacks of books in them. I'm not talking about those; I'm talking about the books in front of those books. What I'm giving you is *mountains*—better make that mountain *ranges*—of books rising from the floor, falling off the mantel, wedged against the bureau, stacked beside the bed. It's impossible to say with assurance that the floor holds a rug, since every square inch of space (except for a narrow aisle that snakes from the drawing board to a narrow hall containing a wall-kitchen and the bathroom) is taken up with cartons and packing crates. My wild hunch is that these contain books.

There must be method in this madness. If the books stuffing up the mouth of the fireplace are art books, then the volumes stacked under the window must be novels; and maybe the ones looming like flat-topped mountains over the side of the bed are reference works.

Not a chance. Once your eyes become acclimated to the gloomy light that seeps through the dusty casements, it's clear that there is no order at all. A book of prints by Grandma Moses bumps bindings with *The Letters of Wyndham Lewis*, a study of symbolic logic, a collection of Goethe's works and B. Kliban's cat catalog. The room begins to feel very close.

"I guess you read a lot."

e hunches over on his stool, strokes a small bronze bookend made in the shape of an angry cat, and concentrates on the question. While he thinks, he occasionally stares out the sooty window at the pigeons who come to prowl the naked cement ledge outside.

I experience a moment of panic when I can't find a chair to sit on, or a table to hold my soggy paper bag. The wild thought occurs to me that perhaps the books have swallowed up the furniture. Then I realize that the books *are* the furniture. It is not what I would call gracious living, but I can cope with it.

What really gets me is this thing on the wall behind my head. The other things on the walls are recognizable, even if they are covered with dust. I can spot a French theater poster when I see it, and a Chinese art print. But this particular thing behind me is three-dimensional. It used to be white and it doesn't seem to be alive—at least not recently. It is the size of a human head, and indeed it has all the appearances of a human head, except that its eyes are closed in what seems to be—not to put too fine a point on it—death. Intrepid reporter that I am, I do not want to talk about it.

Above the window wall, a jog in the masonry forms a narrow shelf where a row of wrought-iron letters marches into the dust. Although cast in a variety of scripts, they are all of the same letter: *E*, as in Edward. A lone wrought-iron cat breaks their ranks. More ornaments huddle on the walls, between Chinese line drawings

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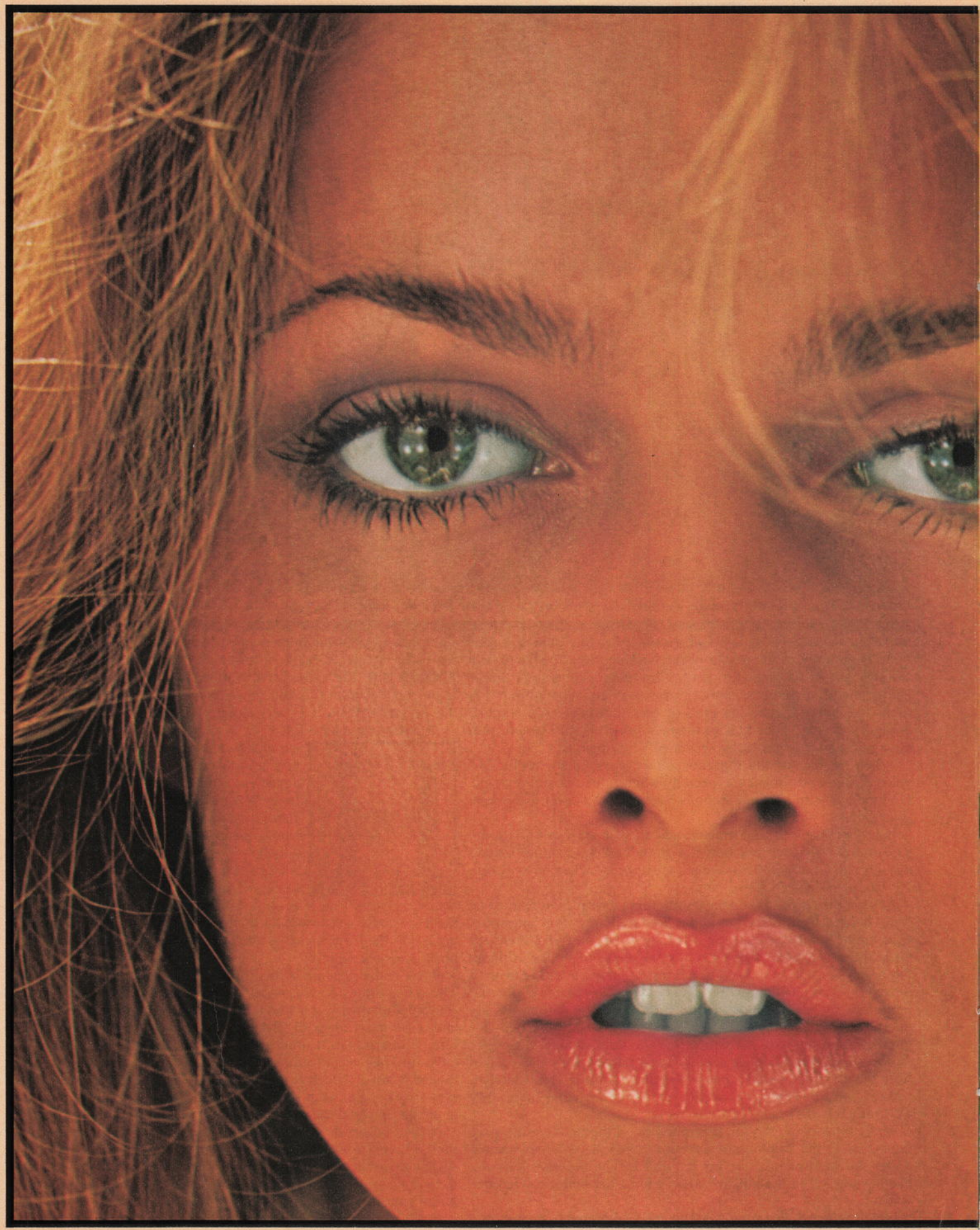
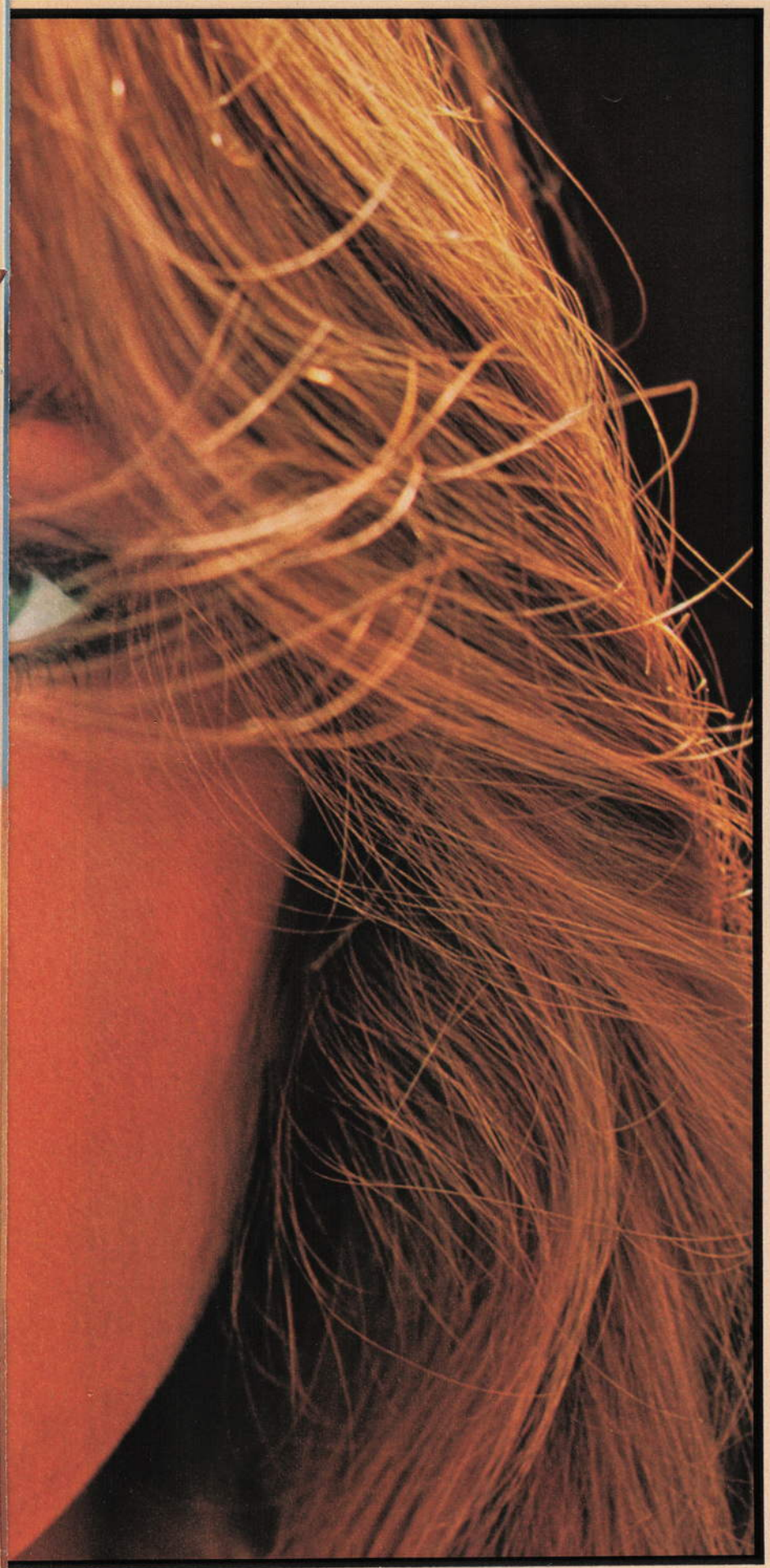




Pascale

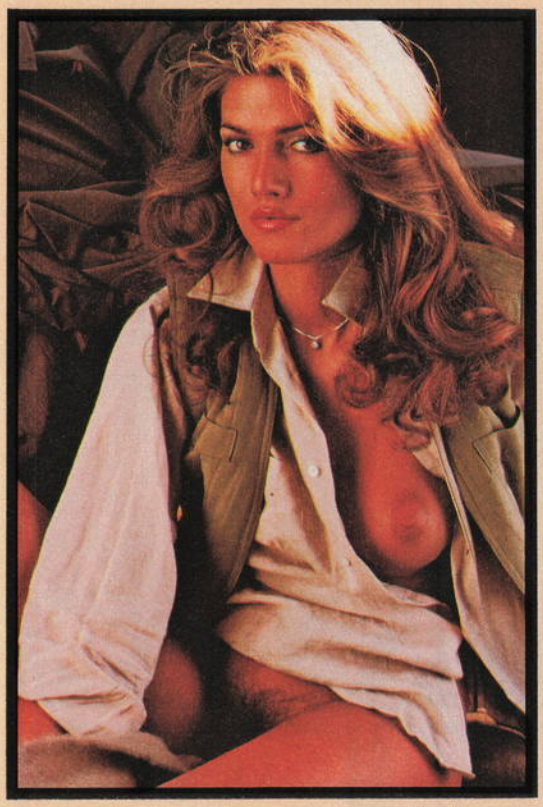
La Conquista

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE VALMONT

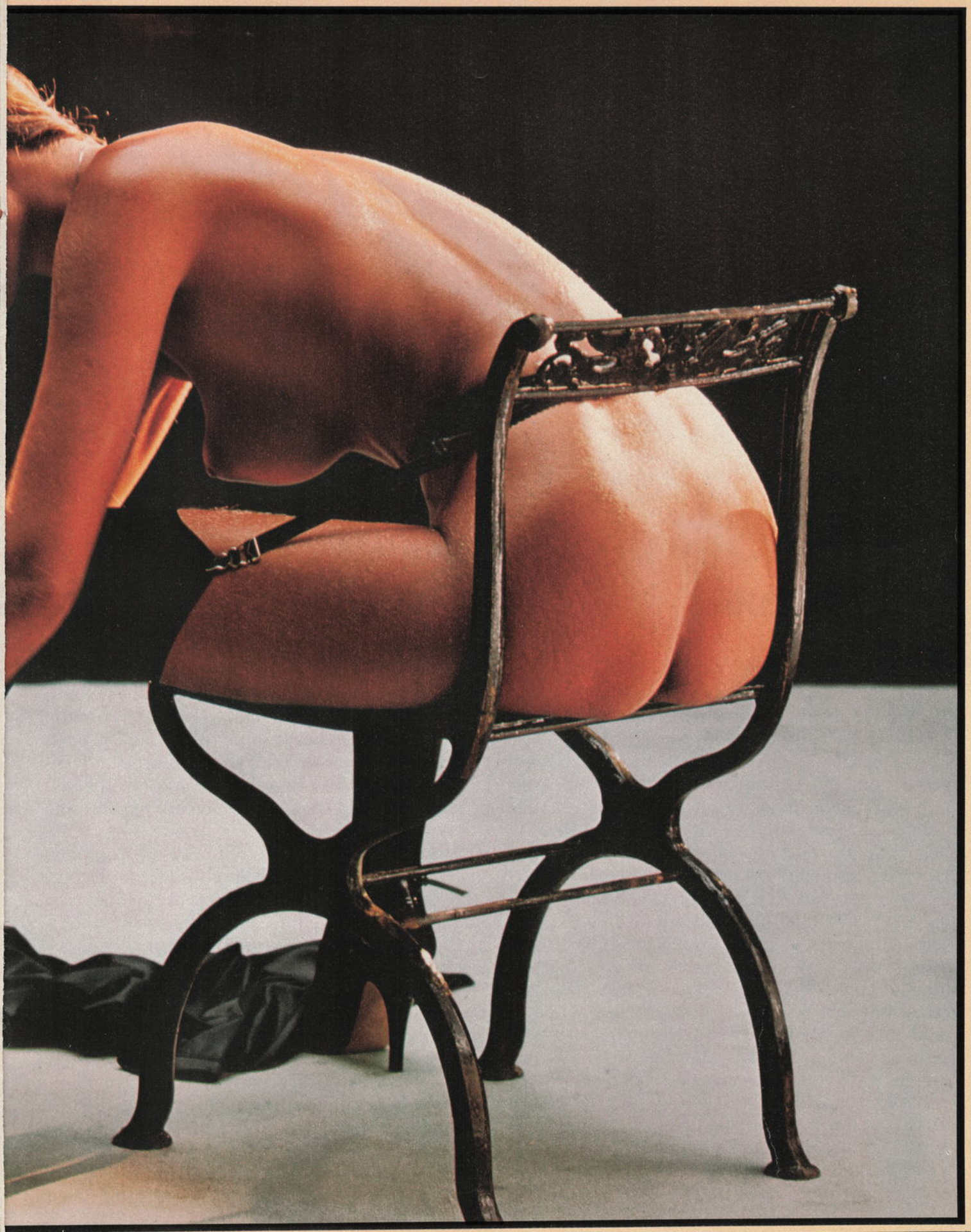
You say you want to know about me? Well, I am actually of Basque origin. My family lived for many years in the Pyrenees mountains. But then my mother tired of the snow, so we moved to Barcelona on Costa Brava. You know Costa Brava? It is called the Spanish Riviera. It is very beautiful, but so different. I was never naked in front of strangers before, but there it is done on the beaches all the time. I got used to it quickly. Now I like.

I love the mountains and the beaches. I guess I really enjoy being exposed to nature.

They say I have a beautiful *concha*. I think they like the color of the hair.

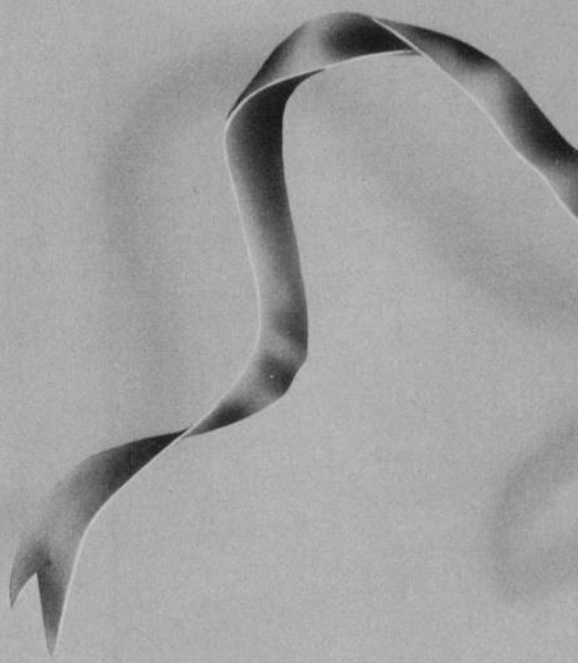


Barcelona men are not at all like the village boys I knew. They are more bold in the city. My men like me to dress up at night in silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. This was uncomfortable to me at first, but now I think it is fun to let them peel away all the little pieces of clothing. They say some American girls shave their *conchas*. Is this true? How strange. I could never do that. Besides, I am always told, *¡Que concha tan linda!*



SCRIPT

How to turn your G-rated co-star into an X-rated bedmate



Directed by Larry DiTillio

Sure, I know the problem. You've got a fantastic steady lady with a good head and a body like sundown in Mozambique, and she's ready to roll at the drop of a 'lude. You're getting plenty, but somehow you're not getting enough. Although the sex is fine, your mind keeps flashing on those things that just aren't happening—things that, little by little, are becoming an ache, an itch, a desire.

What's happening is that you're becoming sexually bored. And there are things you want her to do but just can't bring yourself to ask for. Oh, sure—all the sex manuals say, "Be upfront. If you want something different, ask!" Nevertheless, it's hard to conceive of being face-to-face with this delectable female and admitting, "Hon, what I'd really like you to do is dress up like a queen cobra, slither out of a rattan basket and wrap yourself around me while whispering *hissss*!"

I can sympathize. No matter what they say, verbalization is a difficult form of communication. It takes real guts to lay your kinks out, even to a bed partner you know well. You never know for sure whether her response will be "Gee, I'd love to" or "You disgusting bag of filth!" Besides, how do you explain your odd request *correctly*? It's not that you just want her to *dress* like a queen cobra; you want her to *feel* snaky. Usually, any attempt to talk it out with her is more likely to elicit peals of castrating laughter than sighs of lustful adventurousness. There is, however, a solution, and all it requires is an ounce of applied creativity. Scripted sex is what I call it.

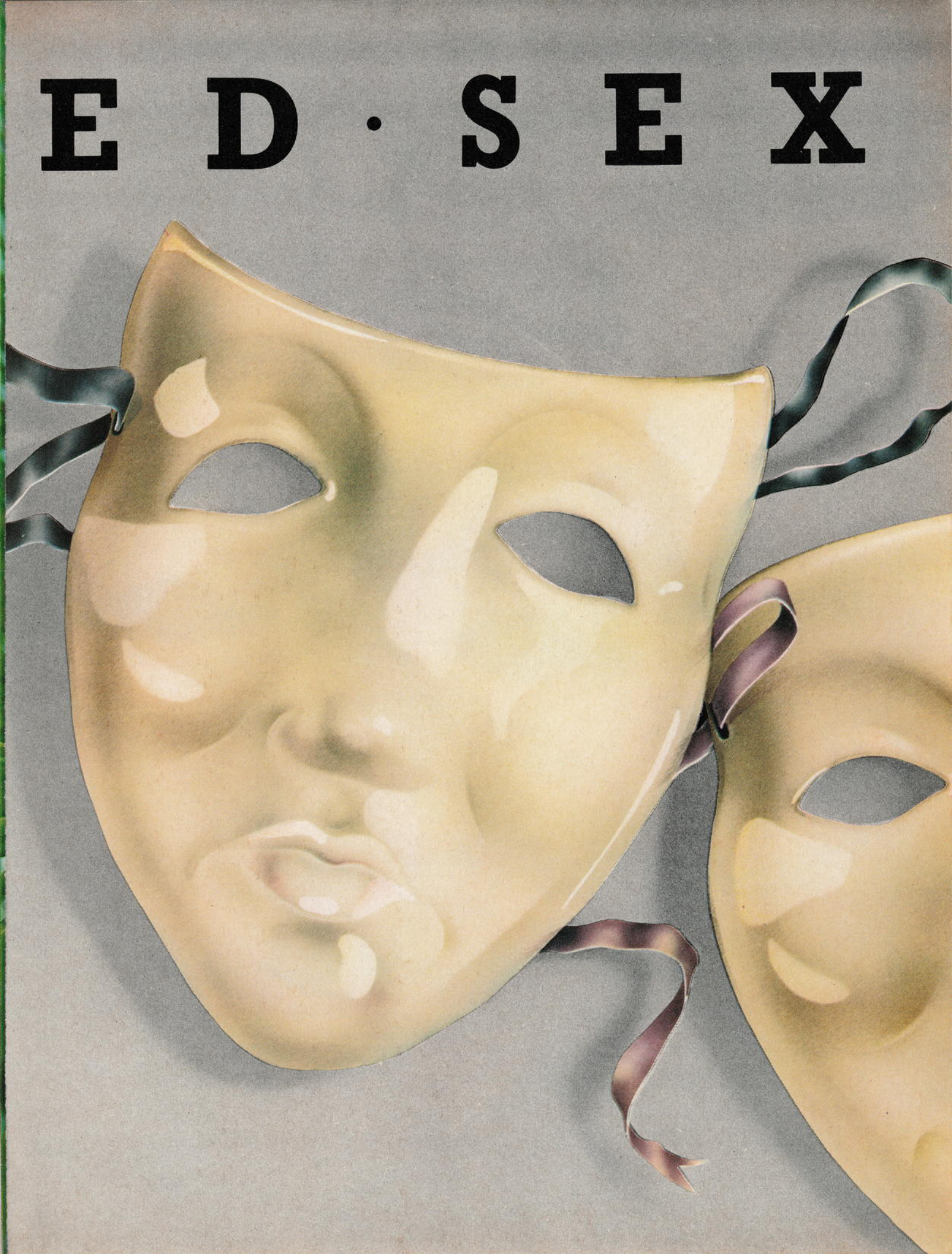
Scripted sex? Well, you could call it preplanned lust. You could think of it as a private porno play starring you and your favorite bedmate. You might even call it a game. Whatever, scripted sex is a written message to your bed partner: a "memo," if you will, that says, "Let's fuck differently."

Think it over. Why strain your brain trying to explain to her that balling in an oriole costume would improve your relationship? Instead, learn to commit your complex quirks to paper, where your partner can deal with them objectively.

I have been communicating my own passionate peccadilloes through scripted sex for nearly five years. I *know* it works. *Why* it works is another meat loaf, but I do have some theories on that too. Perhaps reading a proposed sex scene, rather than hearing about it, gives the lady a better feel of

ILLUSTRATION BY MARGO NAHAS

E D · S E X



what you want. She has time to fantasize; yet she has no doubts about the request, because it's all there in writing. Consequently, she need harbor no fears about committing herself to your exotic pleasure trip, since she knows exactly what you want. Or maybe a sex script provides the particular element that the majority of women need before exploring new forms of sex: atmosphere. Just because you are wearing a black jockstrap or wielding some arcane Armenian sexual implement doesn't mean she'll immediately turn on. As long as the romance, character and emotion are right, she'll succumb, and a well-described kinky game supplies this—while at the same time conveying the notion that you care enough to actively work at satisfying both your needs and hers.

So how do you go about writing a sex script? I try to think up some titillating fantasy trip and turn it into a regular movie script (hence the term *scripted sex*). But you needn't get bogged down with the technicalities of movie-script writing. Instead, just kick back, grab the stimulant of your choice and relax. Think about your lady. Think about yourself. Then invent a stimulating situation.

You're an Arabian prince. Ahmed, Defender of the Faith, Banger of the Innocent. She's a harem girl in silken skirts, with gold bracelets on her wrists. You're both in old Baghdad, with crazy Arab music wailing around you, and the scent of jasmine in the breeze. A night of unearthly passion lies before you.

Got the picture? Good. Now grab a pen and a piece of paper and describe it just the way you thought of it: "I am an Arabian prince. She is a harem girl with kohl-darkened eyes. I am seated upon my throne. She appears before me . . ." No big deal, no Hemingway prose or Eliot poetry. You just describe what you want to see, hear, feel, taste and smell, and put it in very simple words.

My first sex script was far from what most people would call kinky. It was largely the result of a story told me by a drinking buddy on one of our regular benders. The story involved a female hitchhiker he had picked up. This lady was dressed in what my friend described as "three strategically placed handkerchiefs." She spent the entire ride wiping sweat off her delicious torso and proclaiming in sultry tones how *hot* it was. This activity registered heavily on my friend's gonad gauge, but nothing ever came of it. The lady got to where she was going, thanked him for the ride and then split.

That story was no Academy Award winner, but it did start my imagination ticking. I wanted it to happen to me but with a different result. The problem was that most ladies who hitchhike are after a ride and nothing more. However, at the time I was living with a lady named Denise, who was highly playful when it came to sex. This gave me the notion to make my fantasy into a game for us to play. Unfortunately, I couldn't think of a way to explain it to her properly. Like most people, I was afraid of what her response would be if I tried to paint the picture verbally. So I wrestled with various approaches, until one afternoon I wrote it down and—*voilà!*—scripted sex was born. *The Hitchhiker* looked something like this in its final form:

He is driving down the street when he sees her. She sticks out her thumb. He pulls over. She gets in and tells him her destination. He pulls away from the curb. She begins to rub her body, slowly, sensually, pretending to wipe sweat from herself. As she does, she keeps saying, "It's hot; it's so hot." When they finally get to where she is going, she looks at him. She asks if he will please come up to her apartment for a moment and help her with something. He agrees. They go in, and when he is inside, she turns to him and takes off her blouse. She says she has never done anything like this before but there is something about him that has made her too horny to care. She steps out of her shorts and is naked before him. He quickly joins her. They fall to the floor and . . .

As you can see, this is very simple. When I showed it to Denise, she was somewhat puzzled until I explained that I wanted to do this "scene" with her. She gave me a very strange look, but she listened. My idea was to have her go to a predetermined street corner and wait for me to drive by and pick her up. But Denise shook her head. She said if we were going to do it, we should do it right. She would go somewhere unknown to me, then call on the phone and give me a general area to cruise. I loved it.

The scene worked perfectly. There was a terrific thrill for Denise in playing the role, especially since the whole thing started on a public street. She told me later that standing there, watching people going about their mundane chores and knowing she was about to be picked up for an afternoon of lust, really got her blood racing. I felt much the same way while driving to get her. Our actual lovemaking was no different, in terms of what went where, but the single element of playing out a fantasy made it ten times more exciting.

After that first scene, Denise and I were hooked on scripted sex. Some we wrote together; others were individual creations. They didn't replace our ordinary sex but served as an occasional special event that kept things interesting. But bear in mind that scripted sex is *not* something for a one-night stand. You don't need something this exotic to jump a woman you've just met or have known casually for a few weeks. Scripted sex is valuable when you've been sharing a mattress with the same lady for several months. Face it: As wonderful as sex is, it can get boring after you've done it with the same person for a while. You become too familiar with each other's styles to reach the same degree of passion you originally shared. It's at that point that a good sex scene can work wonders.

Another example: I met Rita several months after Denise and I had parted company. Rita and I never lived together, but we did share a highly exclusive sex life. Rita was a doctor freak, not an uncommon fantasy for women. She liked to envision herself going to some handsome medico for a checkup and ending up being "operated on" by him. She told me this one night, and I became determined to fulfill her wish, adding some ideas of my own. The result was a scenario we entitled *Blindfold Therapy*:

She goes to a doctor with a problem. She fears she is frigid because she cannot seem to enjoy ordinary sexual stimulation. The doctor says he can help. He takes her to a bedroom, tells her to remove her clothes and lie down. He asks her to relax and then gives her a blindfold to wear over her eyes. He explains that this is to intensify her body's reactions so he can gauge them better. He then puts on some music and begins his tests. He applies odd stimulations to various parts of her body, each one lasting only a few seconds. They are varied—hot, cold, wet, sticky, soft, ticklish, etc. After each stimulus he asks her to describe the sensation. She becomes more and more aroused as this progresses, until finally the doctor tells her that the first phase of his examination is complete. He is about to start the second. He changes the music, then begins using his hands, tongue, body and cock to stimulate her as he did with the artificial substances. This goes on until he is actually fucking her. She can never see him; she can only feel what he is doing and hear his voice asking her calmly and professionally how each thing feels. She finally comes and he removes the blindfold, stating that in his opinion she has no problem with sex whatsoever.

Rita flipped when I handed this to her. She wanted to play it out immediately, but I knew better. I told her to just think about it for a while. This is a good ground rule for all scripted-sex games. *Wait, anticipate.* Let the suspense build. When we finally played the scene, she had been horny for

(Continued on page 108)

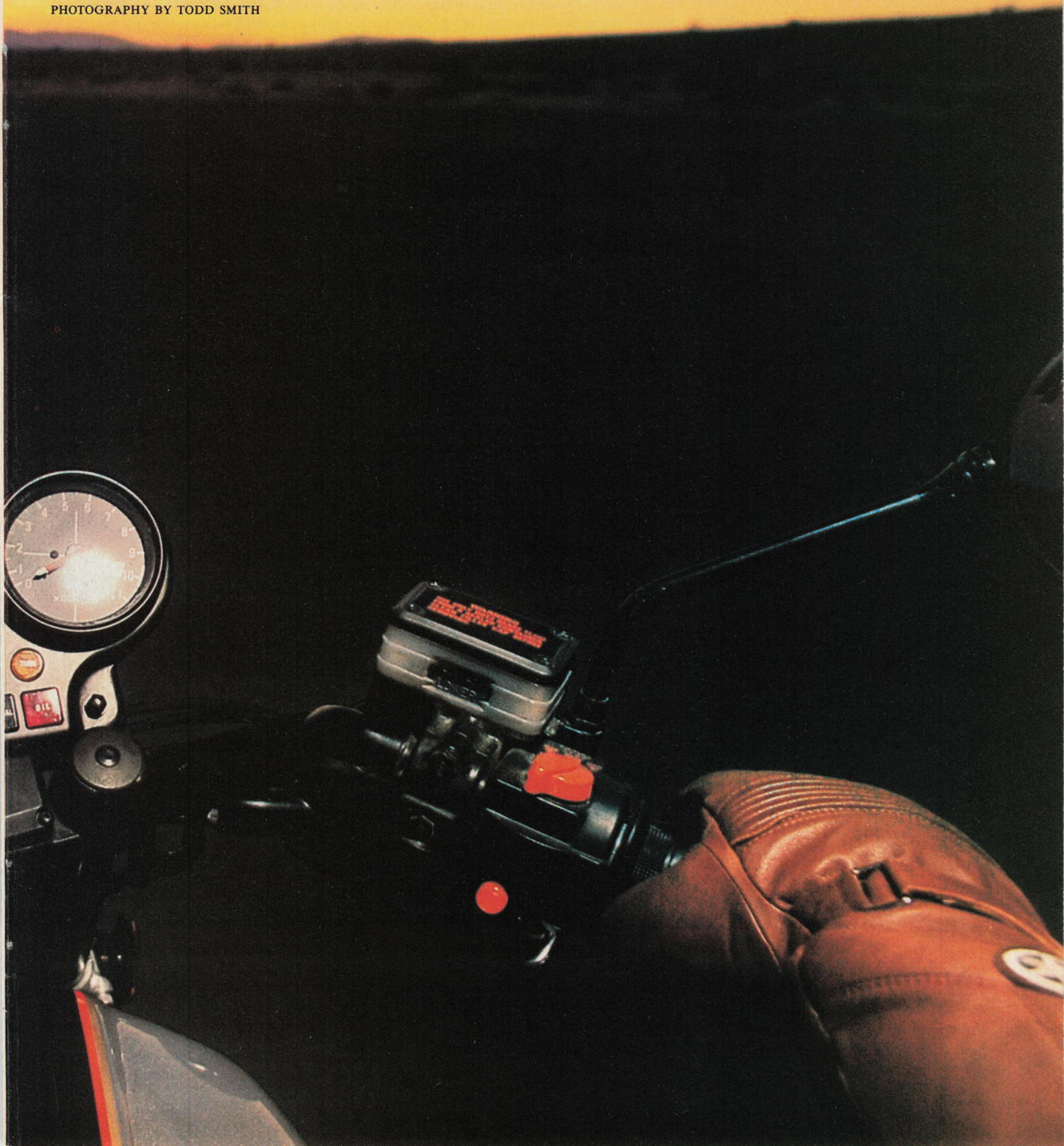
MACHO MOTORCYCLES

You may still meet the nicest people on a superbike, but be prepared to scream to each other at 100 mph / ***Article by David Barry***

When I was a college freshman, I spent my first semester allowance on a motorcycle. It was old and beautiful—chrome fenders and swooping pipes, black imitation-leather seat, polished steel engine cases and a Siamese-blue and chrome gas tank with the BSA emblem. Overdone and corny, and I loved it. I rode the bike late at night and early in the morning to practice laying into curves, shifting up and double-clutching down, cutting through traffic and tucking in on straight sections of the expressways along the Charles River between Cambridge and Boston.

My bike-riding friends and I lived on motorcycle excitement. When we weren't riding, we talked bikes—British bikes, Italian bikes, Spanish bikes, German bikes. Japanese bikes were strangers to American roads back then, and we disdained Harley-Davidsons as crude, clumsy machines for crude. clumsy people. The public, however, made no

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH



such distinction. To them, whatever we rode, we were dangerous. Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin made sure of that in *The Wild One*, a 1954 biker movie that linked motorcycles with rebellion, excitement and mayhem.

Honda changed that in the early Sixties with the widespread introduction of a wholesome breed of motorcycles and the notion that "you meet the nicest people on a Honda." Nicest people, indeed! Somebody always has to spoil the fun, I suppose, and you can't really blame Honda. Their stunningly innovative machines deserved the exposure that brought motorcycling out of the shadows and several quantum leaps into respectability. By the time Steve McQueen played an all-American good-guy motorcycle hero in the 1964 movie *The Great Escape*, motorcycles were part of the American landscape, and riders were no longer branded as subpsychotic thrill-seekers. The image had come full circle by 1969 when Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper's op-art choppers were used as costume jewelry in *Easy Rider*, the saga of the acid age. Preference for the chopper style—stretched-out fork tubes, teardrop tank and skinny front wheel—spread from berserk Harley gangs in Oakland to Honda-riding preppies in Greenwich, Connecticut.

If the mystique of motorcycling has lost the sharp edge that made good biker-movie box office, it's no sad thing. Harleys, Triumphs and BSA twins made riders feel like heroes in the late Fifties and early

For the most part, these choices are not absolute. I found all of the Japanese multicylinder bikes outstanding. The ones I've picked are the ones I think best represent a particular facet of motorcycle performance.

Yamaha XS 750 FS. The three-cylinder 750 offers superbike performance (quarter-mile times under 13 seconds) for all but the very jaded. The shaft-drive 750 is so smooth and quiet you can almost forget the engine until you crank open the throttle. For $2885, it's an excellent sports-touring machine.

Kawasaki KZ 650. As a tourer and sports street bike, the KZ 1000 is formidable; but I prefer the KZ 650. At $2500 for the deluxe, triple-disc version, the 650 four-cylinder is a smooth-handling bomb that will crank out 13-second quarter-mile times, while handling around-town chores with the ease of a lightweight.

Sixties partly because they looked tough, mean and fast. They also vibrated so much that you *had* to be tough, mean and fast or a damned fool to ride through a tank of gas. You had to tolerate chronic leaks that laid layers of dirty oil over the rear half of the bike and over your boots and dungarees. Highway cruising tempos tended to vibrate your ankles and forearms to temporary paralysis, and speeds over 60 mph rattled your eyeballs loose.

That's all gone now. Any of the new Japanese superbikes—the Yamaha XS Eleven, the Suzuki GS 1000, the Honda CBX and the Kawasaki KZ 1000—go like rockets without vibrating or leaking oil, and sport obscenely refined goodies: dual hydraulic disc brakes on the front wheel, adjustable air-loaded shock absorbers, self-canceling turn signals, full instrumentation and, of course, electric starters. Electric starters! I'm not going to embarrass any old-time riders by talking about what we called guys who had electric starters on their bikes a few years ago. But listen, it's a lot more fun riding than kicking and swearing at a machine that won't start. It's more than just a matter of starting or not starting. The British twins of the late Fifties and Sixties needed constant persuasion to keep running. Parts vibrated loose unless everything had been cranked down tight after the last ride. The speedometer and tachometer never worked, and the entire electrical system was subject to

(Continued on page 122)

Suzuki GS 1000. Suzuki has never enjoyed the #1 spot in the superbike war—at least not on the basis of drag-strip times. What the GS 1000 does offer for $3099 is a combination of acceleration and handling unequaled by any other bike. It's the canyon-racer's dream.

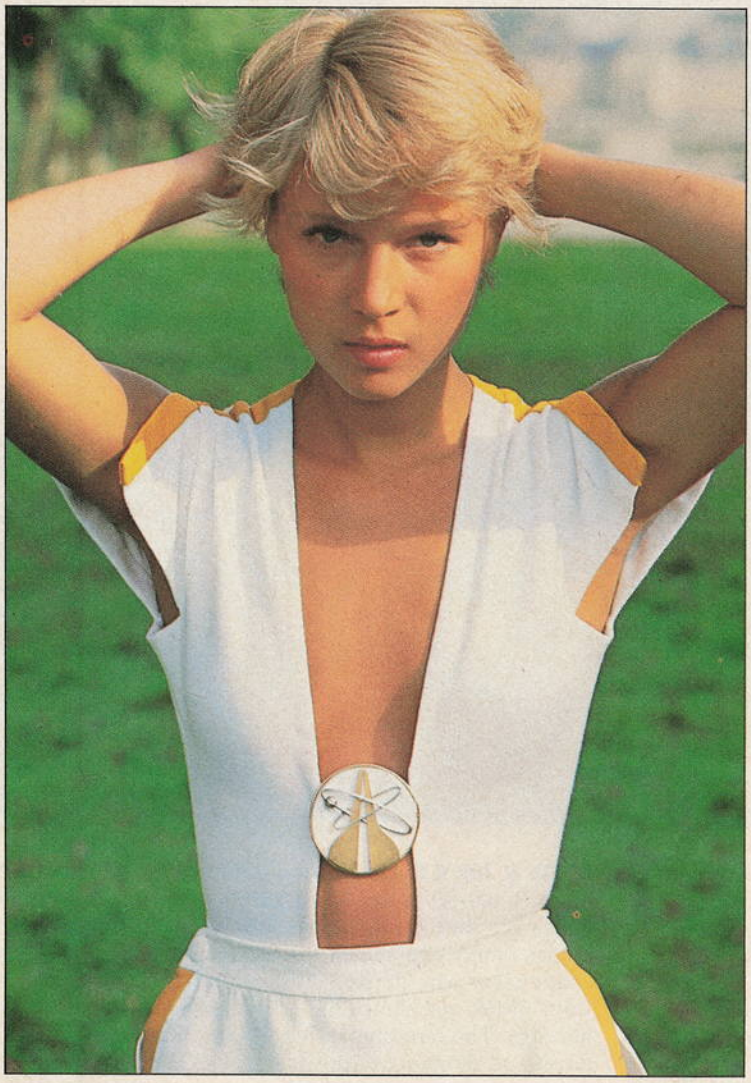
BMW R 100 RT. The out-the-door price of an R 100 RT is apt to hit $6500, which is a lot for two wheels. BMWs are painstakingly engineered for the connoisseur who derives satisfaction from BMW mechanical integrity and heritage. The handling is superb and the finish and detailing exquisite.

Honda CBX. The CBX is a two-wheeled beast. Its 102-horsepower, six-cylinder engine has put Honda back in the front line of the superbike war with a vengeance. The CBX is the ultimate street-fighting machine. At $3998, it ought to make a devastating mark on the circuit.

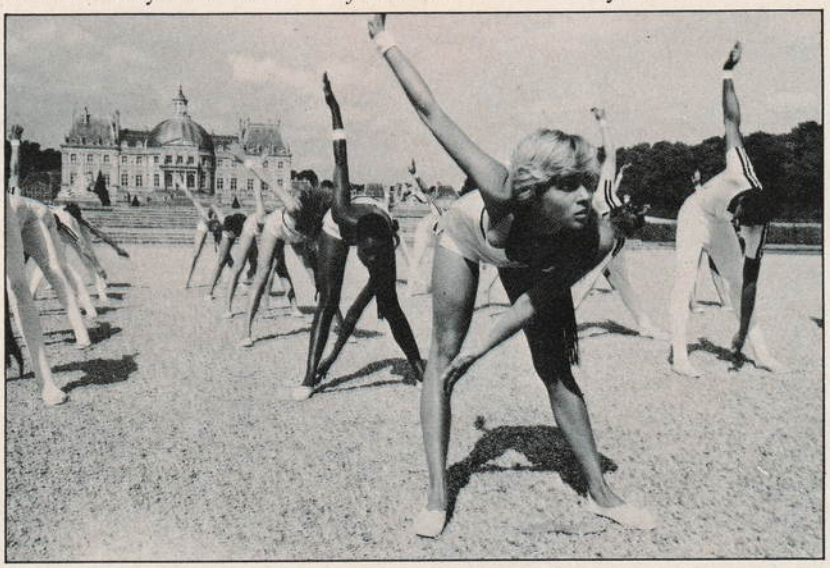
MOONRAKER'S *Beatrice*

Photography by Jeff Dunas

One thing about good old James Bond: He's still downright fussy about his women. Take Beatrice Libert here, for instance. Double-O Seven did. For the next Bond flick, *Moonraker*—out this fall—Beatrice will be one of the lovely astronauts sent out into space by mean Dr. Hugo Drax who... but, no, we're not allowed to tell you anything more than that. The producers insist we be hush-hush. What we *can* tell you about is Beatrice.



Ms. Libert (85-63-89) is 22, French and single. Four years ago, she was crowned Miss Belgium and her career has floated upward ever since. Still, she had this curiosity about posing nude for OUI. "At first," she says, "I didn't want to pose nude, but then I felt I shouldn't pass up the experience. I had no preconceived ideas about it, that's for sure. However this turns out, though, it still won't be the craziest thing I ever did. The craziest thing I ever did was to decide to become an actress in the first place. You *have* to be nuts to want to act. Everyone is a bit *fou*." *Fou*? "Loony."



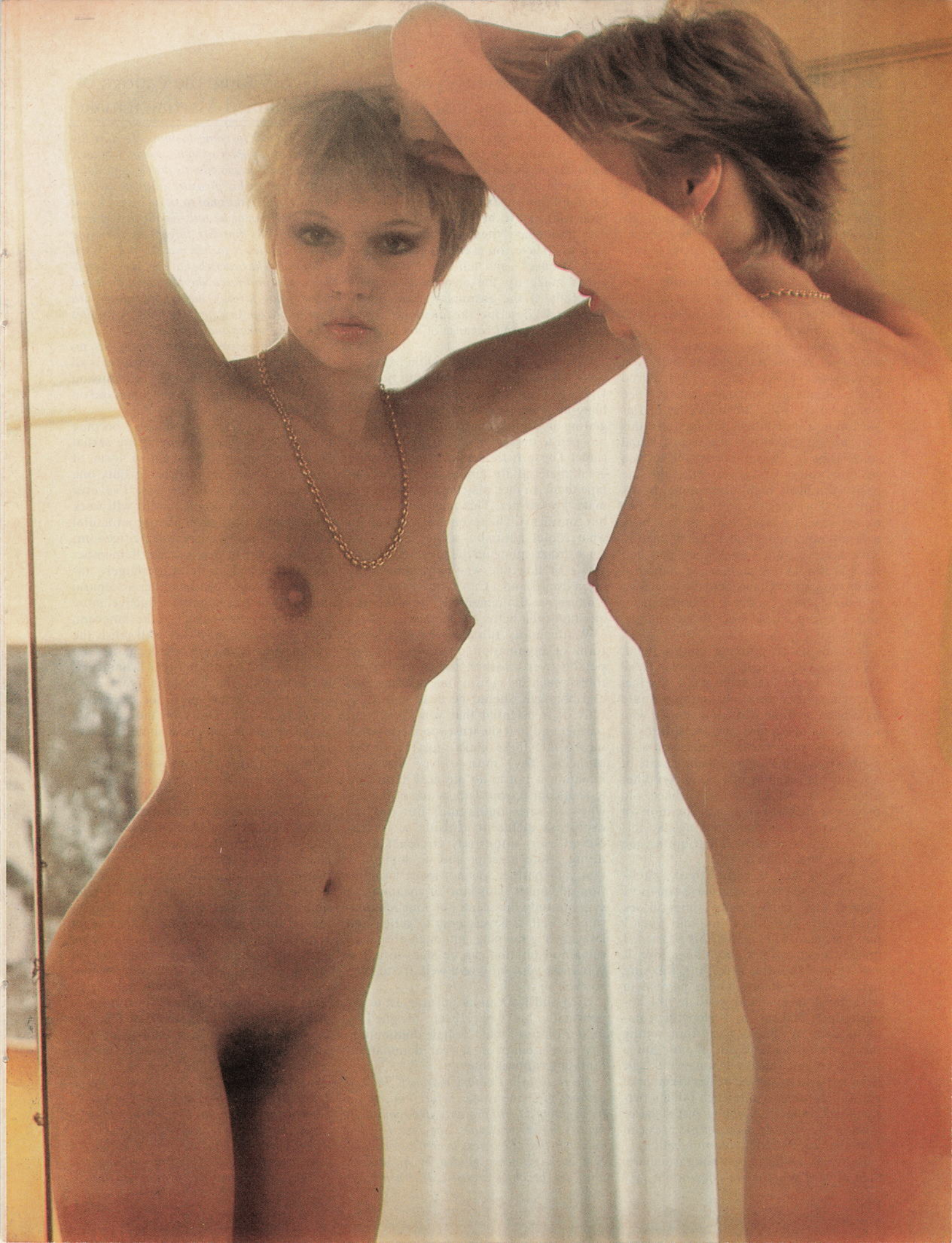
In. Out. Up. Down. Training to be an astronaut can take a lot out of a girl. Good thing Beatrice has a lot to put in.

The hypocrites, the know-it-alls, the *nervous* people you meet in acting would make anybody nuts. It's starting to reflect in my love life, too. My ideal man is tall, understanding, sweet, intelligent and not crazy. Unfortunately, I keep falling for exactly the opposite."

A first glimpse into the uniforms you'll see in Moonraker. *On Roger Moore, they look terrible.*

I'm not exactly your swinger personality, though. The best evenings I've ever had were spent just sitting around with friends, passing a wine bottle around. I think you'd have to call me frank in my dealings with people. And naive. I believe *too* much. If I could change one character trait in myself, I would stop picking up people's problems to solve. It holds me back, but it also holds back the person I'm helping. If people notice me in *Moonraker* and like what they see—fine. If not, I'm happy enough with Mozart, *Madame Bovary,* escargot and Pinot Chardonnay. Success in movies will just be the frosting."

From a dramatic scene in Moonraker *when Beatrice and—oh, hell, we're not allowed to tell you* any *of it. Be grateful we got Beatrice.*



SCRIPTED SEX With just a little ingenuity, you can be a Gypsy king, the captive of a pirate queen, a callboy or an astronaut teaching sex to a silver-skinned Martian female.

(Continued from page 95)

three days and was *really* ready. For the artificial stimuli, I used peacock feathers, massage oil, a glass of ice cubes, a silk scarf, a swatch of velvet, a piece of fur and a jar of honey. I applied them both singly and in combination for about 30 minutes. Rita almost didn't make it to phase two. You'd be amazed how the deprivation of sight can intensify physical feelings. This type of scene is an excellent slow tease; it should be performed at least twice, so you can both play the part of the patient.

Rita and I were also old-movie buffs and did a lot of scenes together based on pictures like *White Cargo*, which starred Hedy Lamarr as Tondalayo, a South Sea siren who curls the stiff upper lip of Englishman Walter Pidgeon. I mention this only to emphasize that the use of visual stimulation in sex is important. What you see turns you on and is very often the sole basis for a lively night of romping. In my fantasy I wanted Tondalayo, with her dusky skin, jet-black hair pinned back with a flower, tight sarong—the whole bit. Rita, however, was fair-skinned and had short brown hair. A problem? Not at all. I wrote the script; Rita went to the local five-and-dime and got a bottle of skin bronzer and a cheap black wig. Presto-chango, Tondalayo!

You might be thinking at this point, "Hell, my girl will never go for any of this." Wrong. Give the lady some credit. The fact is that not one of these tiny fantasies would have been possible without a woman who was willing to explore new areas. But you *must* know your partner before you start going kinky. This includes being aware of not only her sexual habits but all her other interests as well. Rita and I liked old movies, so that was an area in common for us. When you hit on something like this and it triggers all those latent quirks, the key is to write them down.

I myself am a game freak—backgammon, Monopoly, what have you—so I utilized that interest many times in sex scripts. I am also a sci-fi fan, and when I met a woman who shared this passion, I quickly wrote a script about alien love. It was very elaborate, involving flashing lights, swirling colors, bodies painted in wild tones, faces made weird by the application of makeup, and telepathic communication. We had a grand time setting the scene up and playing it out, but a woman not into science fiction would have been left cold by the entire idea. You have got to delve deeply into each other's personalities; otherwise, you're just slabs of meat in the same freezer. Scripted sex can pave the way to better communication.

But what if your lady is not particularly bold in bed? What if she's downright shy? Well, it could be that you haven't given her the opportunity to let herself go, or perhaps her inhibitions are the result of societal conditioning. Whatever the reason, her inhibitions can be overcome. Try this little trick: Have her lie down, close her eyes and relax; then ask her questions, such as, "Have you ever made love to two men at once?" and tell her that she can either make up the answer or respond truthfully. If she answers yes, ask her to graphically describe the incident. If she refuses to respond because of her shyness, offer to go first.

One way or the other, with patience, she's sure to open up to you. (But beware: Unless you yourself are aware of your own hang-ups, you may find her admissions grating on your own insecurities. You must be open to accept anything she may confide.) These little sessions can provide great material for future sex scripts; so tape them. In fact, play the tape while you make love to her. This may sound crazy, but consider it. There you are in bed doing what comes naturally, while your lady's voice drones along on the tape, recounting a tale of how she was gang-banged by seven dwarfs and a Cub Scout. I swear this is a turn-on. But remember, the wilder the questions, the better the stories.

While many fantasies involve some form of domination or control by one person over another, the more bizarre forms, such as sadism, masochism, rape and bondage, should be dealt with carefully. It is essential that you know your partner and that she trust you. Scripts that incorporate these kinks must be written explicitly. They must convey that your intention is not to do physical harm (unless, of course, your lady is one of the few who are into algolagnia) but only to explore a different attitude of loving. Never, ever—under any circumstance—deviate from a script and do something that your partner was not made aware of from the onset. This kind of cheating can ruin not only the scene but your relationship as well. It is very easy to get carried away during the play—although at times a sudden inspiration can be nice—so unless you know your lady *very* well, try to keep yourself in check.

S/M and B/D are not of interest to me personally, but I have been intrigued by milder forms of male/female domination. My first attempt at a real domination-fantasy script was this:

He is an 18th-Century marquis. She is a peasant girl. She comes before him, shy, a bit frightened in his presence. He commands her to remove her clothes. She does. He then demands that she caress herself before him. She does, gingerly, guided by his orders, until she becomes aroused. He then stops her, tells her to come to him. He dips his fingers in a goblet of wine, swabs his cock with it and orders her to drink. She does, continuing at his pleasure until he is fully erect. He then tells her to sit on his cock and move only when he tells her to. Every now and then he dips his fingers in the wine again, applies it to her breasts and licks it off. Finally he orders her to rise. He is bored. He wants no more. She lies down on a bed nearby and strokes herself, pleading with him to please fuck her. He finally complies with her request and they ball wildly.

Notice there are no whips, no chains, no Nazi helmets or threats. This turn-on is all in the head, an attitude of total submission on one hand and softly cruel command on the other.

There's no fantasy that can't become reality. The only requirements are sexual awareness, inventiveness and a form of communication. Scripted sex is only one such form, but it is the best I've ever discovered. Start simply, and it will work fantastically for the rest of your unnatural life. Give your partner the same freedom; i.e., invite her to pen a scene. Remember also that sexual attitudes are largely unspoken. But once you hand her a scenario in which she can be more seductive, more aggressive, more sensual, more innocent, even sleazy, she may very well relish the role playing. If you are bored, chances are she is too, and the difference in "character" is exactly what she is looking for.

Apply the same quest for change to yourself as well. Don't be the same old slug. Create someone new, someone exciting, someone exotic for her to get off on. With just a little ingenuity you can be a Gypsy king, a Greek god, an astronaut teaching sex to a silver-skinned Martian female, a salesman demonstrating his line of sex devices to a bored housewife, the captive of a pirate queen, a callboy, a cowboy giving lessons to the new schoolmarm, or anything else you can describe in simple language. Sustained sexual relationships need this kind of erotic play to remain lively and interesting. A sex script is just a blueprint to make this play more attractive to both partners. Once you get into it, you'll use it over and over, because there's always another fancy to satisfy.

So get a pen and paper. Your ultimate dream lady lies within your grasp. She may be your lover, friend, roommate or wife today, but she can be your erotic co-star tomorrow. Quiet on the set. Action! □

Larry DiTillio, a freelance writer who penned the screenplay for "Madman Movie Makers" five years ago, was recently married. But he assures us that even though his wife is not an aspiring actress, "she's great at learning her lines."

WHO

DON'T TRY TO KIDDER

Margot Kidder says she gained ten pounds for the role of Lois Lane in *Superman—The Movie*. "If my body's thin, my face looks gaunt and old," she contends. "But if my face has that round look, I also have a sweet, round little body." Kidder's round little body has appeared nude in *Playboy* and clothed in such forgettable films as *Sisters, Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx, 92 in the Shade* and *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud.*

Kidder found the comic-book Lois Lane "two-dimensional and humorless. I showed another side of her around Superman—nervous, klutzy and gaga—the way all of us are when we're in love."

She recently completed the sequel to *Superman* (yes, before the release of the first one), and there are three more in the works. But even if having her face immortalized on a Superman lunchbox does not guarantee instant recognition, Kidder has another chance at fame with her role in *The Amityville Horror*. In the based-on-a-true-story movie, Margo plays **James Brolin**'s wife, who lives in a suburban home bedeviled by all sorts of unknown evils. "I emerge a wreck," she admits, "but it wasn't nearly as scary as hang gliding."

—PETER GAMBACCINI

"If my face has that round look, I also have a sweet, round little body."

EVA SERENY/SYGMA

NOT-SO-BLIND AMBITION

"I'm not ruthlessly ambitious. Some people see a film part and you just know they would sleep with eighty-five people to get it; they would sleep with the producer's *dog* to get it!" says **Lynne Frederick**, who got rave reviews for her part in *Voyage of the Damned*, though she admits she has since slipped into oblivion. Careerwise, that is. Her personal life acquired a crazy new presence two years ago, when she took on that thrice-divorced, reputedly devilish 54-year-old, **Peter Sellers**.

They'll soon be appearing in their first movie together, a comedy remake of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, in which Lynne plays Princess Flavia to Peter's roles as king, prince and cabdriver.

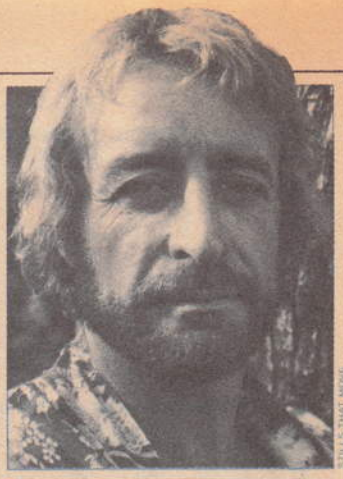
Few of her friends—or his—thought the marriage would last.

Sellers has, in his time, lured no lesser ladies than **Sophia Loren**, **Liza Minnelli** and **Britt Ekland**, but Lynne's mom did *not* approve of her daughter's choice of a man almost 30 years her senior.

"She said, 'It's either him or me.' Well, I couldn't marry *her*! Unfortunately, she still won't speak to me."

—Sue Russell

IAN VAUGHAN



STILLS THAT MOVE

STUNT PRICK

"All stunt men are egotistical little pricks," proclaims stunt man **Grant Page**. "Their egos give them their expertise, but if they don't master it, it can kill them."

Grant's an expert, all right. After nearly drowning in a sea storm, being severely burned during a stunt in which he had to fall backwards off a high cliff while on fire, and being pretty well chewed up by a tiger—he knows.

Playing himself in the movie *Stunt Rock*, Grant depicts the importance of overcoming the show-off personality. "A good stunt man is ninety percent technician," says Grant. "Evel Knievel is a showman. That's something else." Whatever you say, Grant.

—Dick Blackburn

A PUBLIC LYNCHING

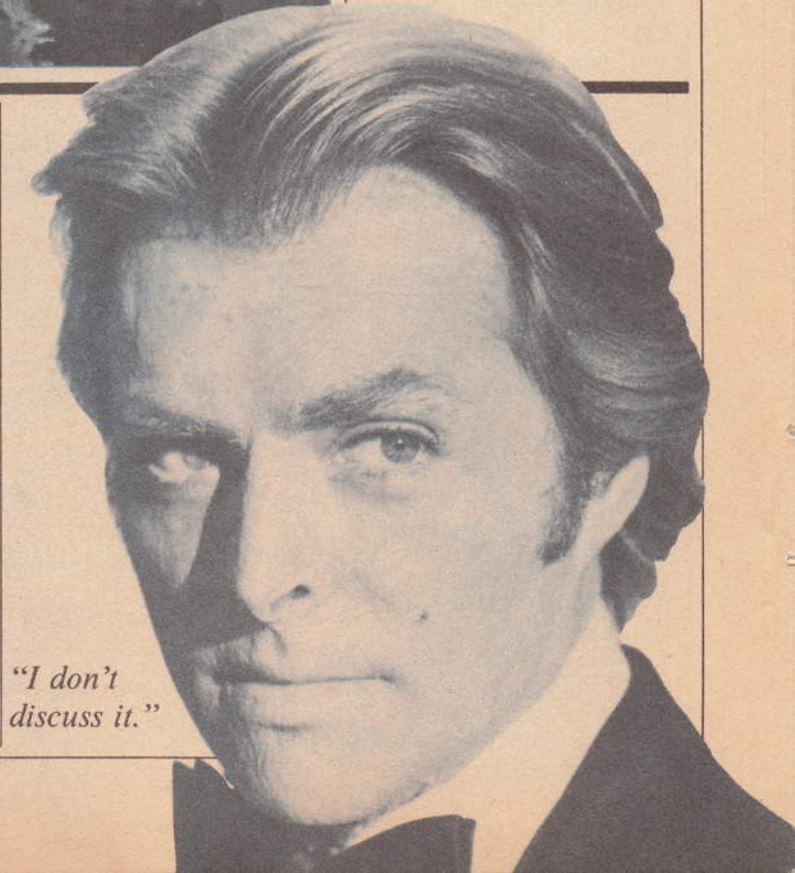
"I never granted interviews before," **Richard Lynch** muses midway through his first ever. "Writers only wanted to talk about this," he says, gesturing toward his heavily scarred neck, the product of a self-immolation attempt during a Sixties antiwar protest. "Let's say it was an accident. I don't discuss it."

Despite the barriers he obviously had to overcome in the most appearance-conscious profession of all, the street-tough, Brooklyn-bred Lynch defied the odds and quickly snared some of the classiest stage credits around—including major roles in prestigious plays alongside the likes of **Al Pacino** and **Vanessa Redgrave**. (Pacino and Lynch are good buddies, a friendship formed during the days when they stole toilet paper together from New York bars. "Without the theater, I'd probably be doing time in jail," Richard admits.)

These days, Lynch figures he's sitting pretty with a double shot at the bucks. He has leading roles in both **William Peter** (*The Exorcist*) **Blatty**'s new film *Ninth Configuration* and in *Steel*, **Lee Majors**' saga of the construction industry.

"I've been through some heavy shit," he concludes. "But I'm a survivor."

—Robert McGarvey



"I don't discuss it."

NOT READY FOR PRINE TIME

John Prine never wanted to be a songwriter, much less a performer. "I wanted to be a truck driver," he says, "but now I'd like to open a record company in Nashville for young, female country-and-western singers only. I'd call it Oh Boy Records. I don't know if it would work, but it'd sure be fun trying." He grins. "And I'd really like to own a hot-dog stand, too, one that makes *real* French fries."

Until those ventures pan out, Prine is content with a musical career that has often been compared to **Bob Dylan**'s. With songs like *Your Flag Decal Won't Get You into Heaven Anymore* and *Spanish Pipedream*, Prine is gaining a following that may

GUY ARNESON

even eclipse Mr. Zimmerman's. Prine's new album, *Storm Windows*, ought to finally stabilize his turbulent career, which began one night in 1971 when **Kris Kristofferson**, **Samantha Eggar**, **Paul Anka** and **Steve Goodman** saw him perform at a local club in Chicago. The next day, he found himself at New York's Bitter End in an impromptu concert backed by Kristofferson and **Carly Simon**. "All this happened in twenty-four hours," Prine recalls. "I felt like **Lana Turner**." Lana looked a helluva lot better in a sweater, John. "Yeah, but she has nothing on my French fries."

—Sal Manna

"No kissing on the belly button and stopping."

KATE SIMON

THE MOUTH THAT ROARED

"It's time for you to gather your twig and split," **Millie Jackson** growls. "There's a different log in the fireplace—a log bigger than yours—and it burns for hours."

That taunt is from one of 1978's steamiest records, *Get It out 'Cha System*. The throaty, long-legged Millie can sing tenderly, but her most startling creations are raw, nononsense harangues that explore a liberated woman's . . . needs. "No kissing on the belly button and stopping," she scolds the fellas in *All the Way Lover*. No other woman singer is so devastatingly blunt, and Millie promises more of the same on her forthcoming LP, *A Moment's Pleasure*: "I don't bite my tongue."

Working since the age of 14, she's now "very happily divorced" and living with her two children in New Jersey. Her "family" swells to 42, though, when she takes her troupe on the road, as she did last fall in the U. S., Europe and Africa.

Experience, it seems, has taught Millie the pleasures of living independently. "If a guy stays at your house all night, he wants breakfast. So you gotta think, 'Do I want this piece tonight enough to fix breakfast in the morning?'"

—Stephen Demorest

WHO'S ON FIRTH?

Remember **Peter Firth**, that sensitive, curly-blond English hero of *Equus* and *Joseph Andrews*? If so, then who's this greaseball?

It's Firth all right, all slicked up and ready to rassle as the title character in *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*, which also stars **Marjoe Gortner**, **Candy Clark**, **Lee Grant** and **Hal Linden**. The making of Firth into a West Texas teenager, circa 1968, is probably Hollywood's greatest metamorphosis since hulking blond athlete **Gary Busey** was transformed into **Buddy Holly**.

Firth went to Texas by himself before the filming of *Red Ryder* began "just to hang around the bars and work on the accent." For a Londoner, Fabens, Texas, was "just like another planet. I'm sure that my British accent left a lot of doubt about my masculinity."

Firth's Oscar-nominated performance as the unstable stableboy in *Equus* still draws him some interesting fan mail, especially in regard to his scene in the buff. One English vicar asked for a "nude photo from the waist up"—keeping it tasteful, of course—and added, perhaps kinkily, "What kind of tennis shoes do you wear?" "I didn't even want to figure that one out," Firth said.

—P. G.

SUSAN R. FIRTH, SYGMA

FFF
FEMINIST FANTASY FUNNIES

"I don't know what the hell is going on," says **Trina Robbins**. "I couldn't get our newest comic book, *Wet Satin*, published at first, because the printer said the stuff was too dirty. He didn't want to mess with it. And this was the guy who printed most of the really raunchy underground stuff. Can it be that men are uncomfortable with the fact that women have fantasies and think dirty just like *they* do?"

Well, we'd like to think that ain't totally so. *We* get off on Trina's cartoon drawings, and it's beginning to look like Trina is becoming a one-woman cartooning combine. Aside from her lascivious and beautifully drawn, full-length comics (the aforementioned *Wet Satin*, a collection of feminine wet dreams, and a solo effort, *Trina's Women*), Trina's sexy ladies have appeared recently in the *National Lampoon*, *High Times* and *New Dawn*.

"When we decided to do *Wet Satin*, we asked the women contributors to give us strips about their hottest fantasies. Even though most of *my* fantasies involve bondage, I was amazed to find out how many others were obsessed with it, too. What I like most about the whole bondage thing is the great clothes involved in it. Listen, I'm as strange as anyone else. How can you love high-heeled shoes and not be a fetishist?"

Trina may be into bondage, but her female characters all exhibit strong heads and stiff backbones. Her three favorites are Rosie the Riveter, an assembly-line fox who is constantly smashing Nazi sabotage efforts; Panthea, the exotic progeny of the mating of a lion and a woman; and Lulu, a sassy, black dope-dealing adventuress who can out-jive, out-hustle and out-fuck any fly dude she comes across.

It's enough to make Captain Marvel's dick shrivel.

—BURR SNIDER

"How can you love high-heeled shoes and not be a fetishist?"

TED PUSHINSKY

LASSALVY

THE HONEST MAN'S GUIDE TO CHEATING AT CARDS

Article by Russell Slocum

The game's been slow tonight, the cards generally uninteresting. Three of you are down a few bucks, and only Tiny Kincaid from the thrifty and loan is up, mostly because of Deadeye Drupp who runs the sub shop. The two are more antagonistic toward each other than usual, but you attribute Deadeye's disposition to his cold. He stops bitching only to blow his nose. Perk Muldoon appears to be half-packaged; he makes tedious points about selling Volkswagens as his hands lumber about the table collecting the cards for his deal. All this wears on Wally, who's been nervously picking at the bandage on his hand for the last half hour. Only Kincaid hunches passively, his elbows propped on the table, his hands folded on his skinny banker's biceps.

ILLUSTRATION BY

Ten percent of American cardplayers will try to pull a fast one on you during any given game. Here's how to defend yourself.

Muldoon gives the cards several laborious shuffles and cuts, then passes the deck to his right for the final cut. Drupp returns from the toilet, moaning, and takes the cards as he sits. He looks up at the light to sneeze, his bad eye widening in the socket like a toasted marshmallow ready to burst. After the nasal explosion, he stuffs the handkerchief into his pants pocket and gives the deck a careful cut.

Ready to deal, Muldoon suggests raising the stakes for five-card draw to rekindle enthusiasm. Everyone agrees, and your doubts evaporate as you're dealt three jacks. You're on the dealer's left. You keep your composure and open modestly. Your subtlety pays, and the pot bumps and climbs without your encouragement.

GEORGE STAVRINOS

though Perk and Wally follow with apparent uncertainty. You take two. Both cards are kings. Everyone seems to be holding some potential, since all but Deadeye take one or two cards. He asks prematurely if he can take four on an ace, but retracts the question when Kincaid calls him an asshole. Confident in your boat, you calmly collect the discards and Kincaid helps as usual by pushing some of the throwaways across the table. Then an uneasy feeling hits you; maybe your full house isn't enough. You can't explain the suspicion. Is someone cheating, or are you crazy?

•

The answer, of course, is: Someone *is* cheating (see box on page 119). And, yes, you *are* crazy to be there. The incredible fact is that 10 percent of all American cardplayers will cheat. And they get away with it because of two common misconceptions that honest players have about cheats.

The first is that cheating requires years of practice—or an education under the auspices of Fagin. Of course, sophisticated gaffs may require a lifetime's devotion but, surprisingly, many methods of cheating can be employed with little practice.

The second misconception is that a cheat will *always* cheat. If you feel there's crookedness afoot and resolve to watch the suspect closer on his next deal, you'll catch only an extraordinary fool. Cheating just a few times—even once—during an evening's play can be enough to turn what would have been a losing night into a fair-sized winner.

Winning at cards requires your knowing two things well—the game and your opponents. In poker, for instance, the better you know the odds, strategies and subtleties of the game, the greater your chance is of winning at a straight table. And by knowing your opponents—their mannerisms and patterns of speech and playing—you'll sometimes be reading a mirror that reflects their hands. And this knowledge is good for more than just calling a bluff; accordingly, a variation in the way another player handles his cards, sits, uses his or her hands or plays with discards is, at any time, a warning. One of the best defenses you have against cheaters is the perceptiveness to notice unnatural actions, even though they may not, in themselves, be damning.

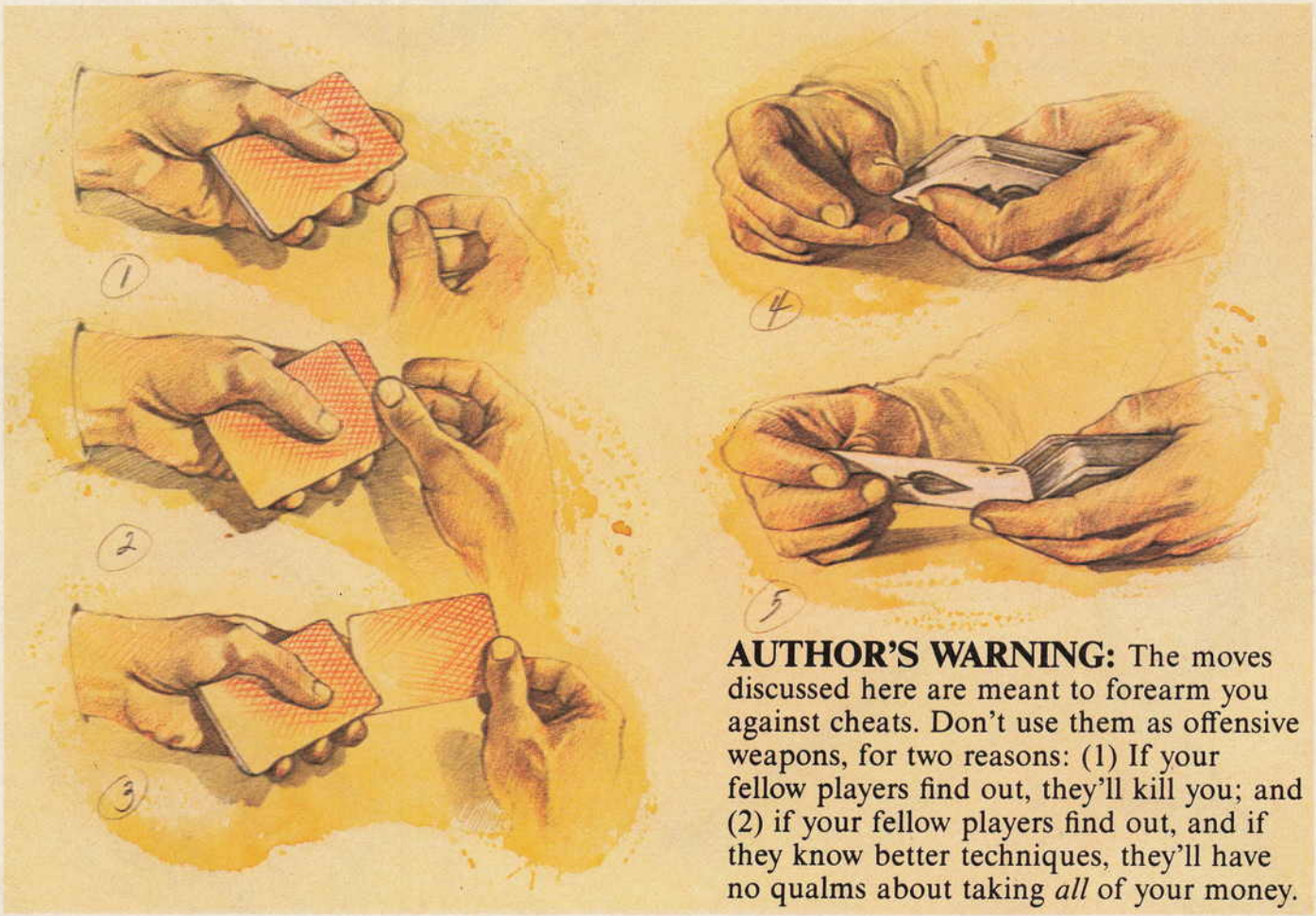
And you should know that the monkey business can often start even *before* the shuffle.

THE PRE-SHUFFLE STACK

The industrious cheater can start arranging the cards before it's his deal, assuming his is next. Say he's playing a game in which discards or dead cards are thrown faceup. Four people are playing. If he'd like two aces on the next hand, for example, he'll watch for them among the exposed cards. On the next deal his cards will be, of course, the fourth, eighth, twelfth, etc.; so he'll simply pick up the cards so that his aces will be in two of these positions from the top of the deck. If there aren't two aces among the discards, he has only to wait until the hand is over to find and arrange them, perhaps by casually spilling the deck as he's gathering the cards for his next deal. Then he'll use a false shuffle.

To pull off such an operation requires a bit of acting. Watch out

THE MECHANIC'S GRIP: (1) Place your left thumb across the top of the deck and your index finger so that it butts the short edge. Spread the other three fingers along the long edge. (2) As the thumb slides the top card, the right thumb pulls out the second card. (3) The left thumb slides the top card back into place as the second card leaves the deck. (4) The top card is moved to cover the feeling-out of the bottom card. (5) As the right hand clears the bottom card, the index finger returns to square the deck.



AUTHOR'S WARNING: The moves discussed here are meant to forearm you against cheats. Don't use them as offensive weapons, for two reasons: (1) If your fellow players find out, they'll kill you; and (2) if your fellow players find out, and if they know better techniques, they'll have no qualms about taking *all* of your money.

for the player who reveals an unusual infatuation with dead cards—who gathers the cards in a meticulous manner or, if he's exceptionally dim, collects them in groups.

As simple as this gaff is, the pre-shuffle stack can be outrageously effective in bridge. The player who is to shuffle next can, under the guise of courtesy, pass opponents' tricks to them, arranged so all winning cards will be the first and third cards in each trick. The cards in his own tricks will also be arranged in this manner. After the hand, he simply false shuffles, keeping all the tricks in order. His partner will cut, and the player on the stacker's right will deal. If his partner is also a co-conspirator, a false cut can be made; or the shuffler can bend slightly, or *crimp*, the bottom card and then cut the deck, indicating to his partner where the cards should be separated to be returned to their original order. Even if his partner is *not* part of the swindle, a crimp in the middle of a deck will give the cheater the desired cut more times than not.

Then he's dealt a grand slam.

THE MECHANIC'S GRIP
(See illustration)

The most efficient way to deal a card other than the top one is by using what's known as the *mechanic's grip*. This is a basic tool of most serious manipulators. It offers the versatility to second deal, bottom deal and even middle deal with unparalleled ease and maximum concealment. This isn't to say these operations are easy, just that the mechanic's grip makes them easier.

The grip looks normal enough to the benighted eye, but it actually requires a digital contortion as natural as Quasimodo's spine. Still, some honest players do unwittingly use it, so it's not proof. There's only a very good chance that the dealer is out to steal your money.

Assume you're dealing with your right hand. In the mechanic's grip, which is the position of the left hand, the thumb crosses the top of the deck, almost to the upper outside corner. The last digit of the index finger butts the short edge. The other three fingers are spread widely across the long edge.

The thumb can easily move the top card independently of the rest of the deck, out half an inch and then quickly back into place. During the deal, this not only creates the illusion that the top card is being dealt; it also helps conceal the sleight. Beneath this innocent facade, the right thumb can easily peel out the second card as the left thumb slides the top card. Or a left-hand finger can dart below to slide the bottom card out for the right hand's acceptance. To deal any card in between requires years of practice; so the middle dealer will likely be too slippery to catch anyway.

When the would-be sharp is still honing his skills, you'll hear an irregular snap as he extracts the card of his choice, particularly if he's dealing bottoms. Proficiently executed, however, a crooked deal is tough to detect. You can watch the left thumb to see if it slides rather than lifts or, better yet, interpret the mechanic's grip as a wave goodbye and leave the game. But keep in mind that the only time dealing seconds or bottoms is useful is when the dealer knows the value of the top or bottom card. If he's using this grip, it could mean the cards are either marked or stacked.

THE CHOP SHUFFLE: (1) The left thumb and fingers apply enough pressure to hold the top and bottom cards as the right hand lifts the deck. (2) The ace is pinched to the top. (3) The fingers return to accept the deck, which can be guided down the face of the ace.

THE CHOP SHUFFLE

A particularly easy stacking maneuver that fools most uninformed players is the *chop*, or *haymaker, shuffle*. (See illustration.) Using a chop shuffle, the dealer can put top cards on the bottom, transfer bottom cards to the top, or space a good card to end up in his own hand. Depending on the aptitude of the cheater's opposition, he might even stack his entire hand under favorable conditions. Under unfavorable ones he might get shot. But in practice, the chop shuffle is simple and effective, and thus a favorite gaff of novice mechanics.

Most informal games permit a casual overhand shuffle, and the cards are held in such a manner between the thumb and fingers. To move the bottom card to the top, the slightly moist fingers of the left hand merely apply a little pressure to the bottom card as the deck is raised by the right hand; and it's squeezed to the palm as the deck is swiftly lifted and returned, with the fingers snapping back to accept the pack. Then, to make this card the second from the top, the operation can be repeated. Or, in an equally easy, one-step operation, the left thumb can apply pressure to the top card at the same time the fingers hold the bottom one. As the rest of the deck is lifted by the short edges, the bottom card is pinched to the top one. To put the top card on the bottom, merely reverse the operation, applying pressure with only the thumb.

The chop shuffle is considered a hack job by most professional mechanics. At its best, it's a conspicuous operation. At its worst, it sounds like baseball cards popping against the spokes of a tricycle.

FALSE SHUFFLES

Unappreciative of fancy sleights and the like, most cardplayers expect the dealer to shuffle the deck, and they become upset if not convinced it's being done in an honest fashion. To assuage these doubts, the considerate cheat has to go through an elaborate series of motions to create the illusion that he's mixing the cards.

Let's say that the dealer wants to keep an ace where he put it, which is the fifth card from the top. For practical purposes, the order of the 47 cards beneath it is worthless; so he can *riffle shuffle* them as often as he likes, providing the top five cards stay out of the action.

A more sophisticated maneuver is the *pull-through shuffle* (see illustration), which is honest in that the cards are shuffled. But, rather than squaring the deck, the cheater brings the stacks together at an angle, pulls the stacks through each other by the protruding corners and slaps the deck back into its original order;

the whole operation simulates a riffle shuffle convincingly. Done well, the edges are concealed from the other players, and the move is virtually undetectable. You can only watch for erratic moves out of character with the shuffler's earlier pattern of play. Bursts of exceptional dexterity should be viewed with great suspicion.

FALSE CUTS

A mechanic might master several manipulations, then use them individually or in combinations. But all his labors will be for naught if the cards are cut; so this obstacle is usually overcome with a flip of a finger.

Most cardplayers cut a deck in the middle. As long as they do so, the cheater has only to bend the bottom card or cards, even slightly, and cut the deck himself before offering it for the cut. More often than not, the would-be cutter will lift the deck precisely where the cheat would like. If the person has a tendency to cut low, the cheater will crimp and cut high. The crimp will usually face only him, unseen by other players.

If you see a bent card, insist on a fresh deck. Never decline to cut more than once in an evening, and randomly vary your cuts from thick to thin, from the long side to the short side to the corners.

Despite all this, if you don't cut at the crimp, the good manipulator will afterwards. A great one might do it with one hand, which will go briefly out of sight, often spiriting the deck under his other arm or the table. And even without using a crimp, he may have jogged the bottom card before your cut, using that as a marker. Your safety lies only in the attitude that anyone who can handle a deck well has played enough to know that if the pack disappears, he might, too. Card-handling proficiency implies a knowledge of the rules, and such infractions are inexcusable. Don't threaten the bastard; just demand a fresh shuffle.

THE PULL-THROUGH SHUFFLE:
(1) First, honestly shuffle the cards. (2) Instead of squaring the deck, push the packs together at an angle. Grab the cards by the protruding corners and pull the packs through one another. (3) Return the cards to their original positions.

PALMING
(See illustration)

The shuffler or dealer is not necessarily the cheater. One of the more popular alternatives, at least according to cinematic tradition, is *palming* a card—withholding it for future use.

A disadvantage distinguishing palming from most other manipulations is that the cheater can be caught in the act. But there are many different palming techniques, some of which will go unnoticed if you're not alert. The most common is done by covering a card with your hand and squeezing the fingers just enough to get a bite on the card. What to do with the card after it's palmed is another matter. Pockets, knees, seats and armpits are all popular resorts. Holding devices, or *bugs*, are quickly adhered to the underside of a table or chair for just this occasion. A quick palm is all that's needed if the cheat has stacked the deck and is offering it for a cut. He merely lifts the top block of cards as he presents the deck, and then returns them to the top after the cut.

THE COLD DECK

Removing the whole deck from play is a different enterprise entirely. The *cold deck*, usually meaning one that is prearranged, but sometimes innocently referring to one that is only fresh, is so called because a new deck introduced to a hot-handed game will feel comparatively cool. This tactic is not the most clever of the gamblers' argot, but it can prove quite uncomfortable, especially when you find yourself with an *almost* unbeatable hand.

A successful switch to a stacked deck is a cheater's delight. Most folks would bet the *hacienda* on four-of-a-kind in five-card draw, unaware that another among them holds a straight flush. But the switch is not easy. Dealing such hands with a fresh deck wouldn't fool a fool; so the exchange must be made surreptitiously, and the back patterns must, of course, be identical.

The handkerchief is a favored mode of concealment for "cooling." Having been wrapped around the cold deck, it can be opened on the lap for a comparatively easy switch and for a quick getaway after the straight deck is dropped. Another tack might be by the proverbial diversion. If someone is unusually adamant about betting another that he can't balance bottle caps on his nose, or directs attention to the other side of the room, spills a drink, drops money, or in any manner disrupts attention while he holds the cards, play your next hand with extra caution. Especially if your four jacks are a little on the chilly side. Your best bet is none at all.

MARKINGS

A card can be marked either with a fine brush under a magnifying glass or with a wad of pizza. Function is the sole qualification: If any change is made on the back or edge of a card to indicate the value, the card is marked.

Professionally marked cards are very effective, because the average cardplayer is generally unaware of how marking systems work. And *any* deck can be marked. Doing so with many of the

PALMING: (1) Squeeze the card lightly, until the card is held by the fingers and the butt of the palm. (2) Lift the top card casually off the deck. (3) Keep the ace until you need it.

best-known patterns can produce masterpieces of subtle ingenuity. Even if you knew the deck was marked, unless you had knowledge of the system, you would not be able to tell *how* it was marked.

These professionally marked cards are not manufactured. Rather, straight decks are purchased, steamed open, marked with indelible, pattern-matching ink and repackaged with the original seal and cellophane. A deck can be marked in a variety of ways. In his book *How to Detect Crooked Gambling*, troubleshooter Frank Garcia claims there are four ways to mark even the venerable Bee® diamond pattern. On some of the more rococo patterns, there are dozens of systems that can be used.

Where does all this leave you? Perhaps shirtless in the Port Authority terminal, bumming quarters for a bus ticket. Unless you remember a few basics, of course.

On a blue Bee® pattern, for instance, the uppermost diamond along the left side can be extended by a hairline for aces. The diamond below it would be marked to indicate kings; third down for queens; all the way to the sixth down for nines. The top horizontal row would be used for eights through threes. Deuces would be conspicuous by the absence of any mark. The same position is also used when adding slight humps to the borders of various patterns that do not run to the edge.

Circles incorporated into back designs are favorite opportunities to use a *clock system*, in which a mark at a certain hour corresponds to the card value, with only kings remaining unadulterated. But any repetitive portion of a pattern can be used—be it bicycle spokes, flowers or fans.

Because of the infinite variety of marking systems, it would be virtually impossible to memorize them all. Your best move is, in the jargon, "going to the movies." Riffle every deck before playing, watching the back closely: If the deck is marked, a small part of the pattern will dance.

CREATIVE MARKING

Not only can systems be used to mark any card; countless *materials* can be used. The problem in trying to establish honest play is that the cards can be marked at any time during the game, and by means limited only by the boundaries of imagination.

The *border system* is often used in midgame marking because it's simplest to read and least exacting to apply. Often only a few, usually high, cards are marked. If only a couple cards are marked, the indications may be anywhere. *Culling*, or making small notches in the edge of a card, is a popular method. It can be done with a fingernail, and the cards' positions in the deck can be apparent without being obvious.

A small food or grease stain might seem to be a blatant marking, but in many informal games it can go unnoticed all

HOW WERE THOSE GUYS CHEATING?

Your buddies, Tiny, Deadeye, Wally and Perk (page 114), deserve to win after going to this much trouble. Wally marked the cards with a tack concealed in his bandage. Perk's lethargic collection of the cards was just to give him a chance to arrange three aces for himself. He then crimped the deck so Deadeye would cut them back into the prearranged order. Wally and Perk were uneasy because Wally thought he'd marked one of the cards that showed up clear in his hand. He guessed he'd made a mistake. Perk was dealt three tens instead of his aces but figured it was because Deadeye missed the crimp. Meanwhile, Deadeye switched the deck with an identically backed one that he had prearranged and stuffed into an extra handkerchief. He had planned on using it for his own deal, except that Wally had been using an involved preventive cut all night; so instead, Deadeye rearranged it in the bathroom so that Perk would deal his hands for him. He crimped it only after that, and cut it back for the benefit of the others. But the gaff was almost fouled when Kincaid, who was in cahoots with Deadeye, palmed a couple of aces the hand before—he'd missed the switch during Deadeye's diversionary sneeze, but realized it by the betting and Deadeye's signal that the swindle was on, and tucked the aces away in his pocket. Deadeye eventually drew a winning straight flush and you, if you were smart, got out of the game and flicked on the TV.

CHEATING AT CARDS Eternal vigilance is the only recourse. Frequent investigative riffling through the deck, even if unsuccessful, will at least concern the potential cheat.

evening. The same goes for a nicotine stain, applied by casually holding a cigarette or cigar to a card for only a second. Done judiciously, this method leaves a faint yellow discoloration that can be seen several feet away when you're looking for it. A botched job will result in a blistering umber welt that can be seen across the street even when you're not looking for it. Ashes are sometimes applied with a fingertip for a casual mark that can be removed later. *Daubing* is done with concealed vials of muted colors that are compatible with the back pattern. Be wary of players who periodically dip into pockets or cuffs, especially if they have blue fingers. Women's eye shadow is also used; so be equally suspicious of women applying makeup during play. Daubing is an impromptu version of *shading*, in which the slight discolorations are applied professionally before the deck is officially opened.

Any bandage on a hand or wrist should always concern you. It can be used to carry mirrors, check cop (adhesive that helps money or cards stick to the palm) or thumbtacks. The last of these, or even a short pin, will protrude through the bandage for use in puncturing cards in the appropriate places. This offers not only visual identification, but also a Braille system, of sorts.

Eternal vigilance is the only recourse. Frequent investigative riffling and examination of the deck's edges, even if not always successful, will at least be a source of concern for the potential cheater. Be sure to watch not only the cards, but the players also. Besides peculiar poking gestures, there are other less apparent danger signs. The advantages of the vacuous "poker face" are obvious, but cardplayers, like other humans, are creatures of habit, exhibiting patterns of behavior in even the microcosmic card game. If an unexplained change in a player's actions makes you nervous, there's a chance your uneasiness is warranted.

OTHER DEVIOUS MEANS

Creative crooks are seldom at a loss for illegal advantages and unnatural packs, under any circumstances. I've focused on the methods you'll most likely encounter in the average, informal card game; we won't get into the more exotic cheating paraphernalia. But in the Crook's Catalog, right between infrared markings (beware the player with red contact lenses) and Kepplinger crotch-activated holdouts, we have that diabolical method of cheating that is known as *peeking*.

Efficiently used, peeking is far from innocuous. The skill being equal, a player's privileged knowledge of just one other card will shift the odds significantly in his favor, even if that card isn't destined for his hand. This advantage can be realized in a number of ways, including revealing shuffles, high-handed deals and the common quick glance at the bottom card. By watching a sloppy shuffle and knowing only that an ace is among the hole cards in five-card stud, one can usually tell by the betting who holds the bull. In a card-drawing game like two-handed pinochle or any of the rummies, the second card is sometimes lifted just enough to see as the top card is drawn. The action usually goes unnoticed.

A common device used to facilitate peeking is a mirror, or any other highly reflective surface, all generically known as *shiners*. A shiner half the size of a dime can be cupped easily into the base of the fingers to reveal not only the bottom card but, with practice, the cards being dealt. Highly polished rings, even wedding bands, can be similarly employed. Some watches offer equal reflectiveness. Ashtrays are used. A little water spilled strategically on the table works. Cigarette cases, eyeglasses and an assortment of body jewelry can all be used as shiners.

A cheat who realizes the limits of acceptable behavior will use a shiner discreetly, only occasionally stealing a crucial glance. But many don't acknowledge these confines, and give themselves away by squinting continuously at their watches or staring at their hands as though contemplating their lifelines.

Strippers are cards that are sized differently from the rest of the deck. As a simple example, the four aces might be a hair wider than the other cards. When the deck is squared, each ace will protrude enough that it can be cut to the bottom. An experienced mechanic can even extract all four at once. Strippers come in different shapes and sizes. They can be tapered or concavely carved. *Belly strippers* have a bulge in the middle. Used together by a good mechanic, a couple of winning hands are readily available in one deck. The size difference might be imperceptible to inexperienced hands. One way to tell if a deck has been stripped is to riffle the deck: If it seems like you're shuffling a pile of beer coasters, it's probably stripped.

Floor wax or several other substances can be used to create *slick aces*. With the backs coated, a slight nudge will separate the deck at the ace, making it the top card in a cut. By testing the deck yourself, you can prevent it, although the smell of aces might give them away first.

In addition to its use in controlling the cut, crimping is also a means of quickly locating a certain card in a mixed deck. *Waving* a card by flexing it around a finger is equally effective. Using a system of waves and crimps will enable the mechanic to locate several different values while he's shuffling, and then read the cards as another player deals them. But such a deck can be treacherously blatant, even though the chances are that the crimper can remain anonymous even if the gaff is detected. Again, your defense is constant attentiveness. If you discover a crimped face card during your shuffle or in your hand, there's a good chance it will soon be used against you. An interesting preventive measure is uncrimping the card yourself and bending a deuce or trey instead.

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Assuming the reader is an honest player using his information only for the prevention of fleecing, there's one final concern. After you've discovered cheating, what the hell do you do about it?

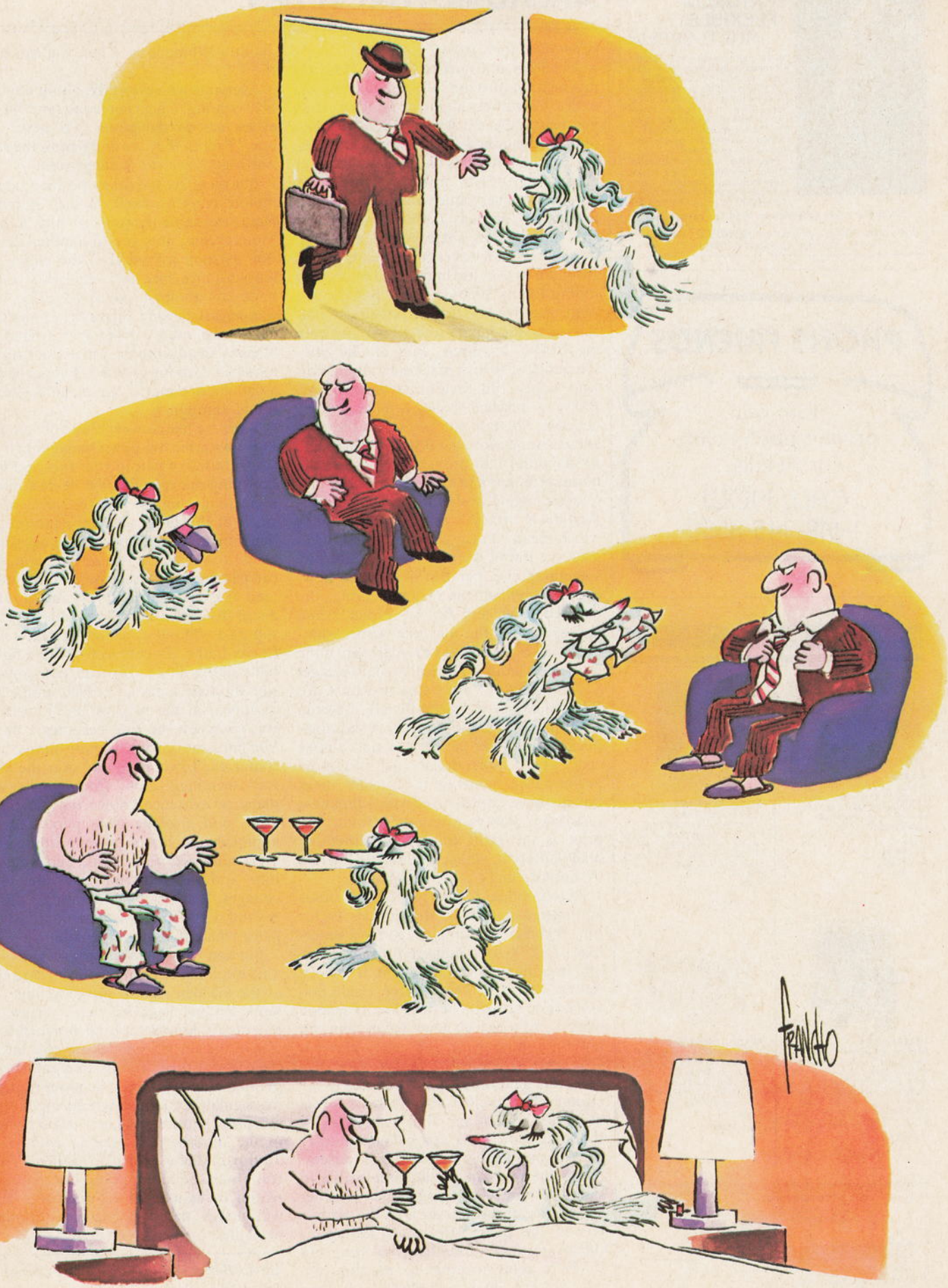
This can be very tricky. Maybe the guys you play with are close friends. Does finding a cheat among them mean you should bust up the friendship? Or maybe the cheat is a business associate. If he is, better keep an eye on him during the day.

If a deck is found to be marked, there's the matter of making the fact known—a point involving some tact. Unless a player has said, "Let's play with *my* deck," you can seldom be sure whose it is. It could have been switched on the host before or during the game. If you crack a fresh Bicycle deck every Tuesday at the same place, it could have been left innocently lying around the week before. Honest card merchants have even been sold entire shipments of marked cards without their knowledge, giving the responsible group of cheaters a sizable advantage in any game in town.

And even if, through the discovery of marked cards or other cheating aids, you're certain of the cheater's identity, a flat accusation is going to oblige you to go all the way with the gent. This may seem like a good idea at the time, but don't underestimate the power of desperation.

Unfortunately, most of your evidence will be less than conclusive, particularly if you're dealing with a mechanic using no props. Most gambling investigators and other experts recommend that you simply get out of the game and leave it at that. An alternative is to call for a brief intermission and perform the same sleight, ostensibly for amusement only. At least one person will get the message, and maybe they all will. Just make sure you don't do it so well that you become the suspect. □

Russell Slocum, who has written for The Atlantic Monthly, Playboy *and* The New York Times Sunday Magazine, *plays solitaire.*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MACHO MOTORCYCLES

(Continued from page 99)

mysterious malignant force fields. Or maybe it was just the sulks. Either way, you ended up without lights or ignition when you least expected it, like when trying to impress the crowd around Fred's Burgers.

Harleys, Triumphs and BMWs, another major presence in motorcycling's early days, are still very much alive. The Harley-Davidson Company (still claiming to be #1, although its share of the market is down to about 8 percent) has finally gotten around to triple disc brakes and road-racer styling for its 1000-cc XLCH. But the ancient, massive vee-twin is hopelessly outclassed by the Japanese Big Four and even the BMW. Triumphs, with all the idiosyncrasies of British machines, attract fans who enjoy old-fashioned technology. BMW is another issue, a bike for the believer. Though not as fast as the Japanese competition, the BMW 1000 is a fine sports tourer that probably represents the ultimate refinement of a twin-cylinder motorcycle engine. It should: BMW's top-of-the-line R 100 RT lists for over $6000, which means that if you have to ask what makes a BMW worth it, you should buy something else. For BMW loyalists, however, the refinement of engineering, the detailed finish and BMW's proud racing heritage make the machine worth whatever it costs. BMW isn't even the top of the exotic bike ladder. The real diehard can get $10,000 in debt with superexotic Cafe Racers like MV Augusta, Benelli, Laverda and others. The curious side of the high-bucks, exotic-bike category is that, unlike cars, where more dollars get you more performance, none of the models mentioned above can cut cards with a Japanese superbike; they're just more exotic. The price is the tariff for riding something really different, which, after all, is the lure of motorcycling in the first place.

Automobiles, trains, planes and buses are for transportation. Motorcycles are for fun. Whether you drop $3500 for a superbike or $2500 for a high-performance 650, motorcycling is wish fulfillment. It's where fantasy and real life converge a safe distance from the grim bottom line of school, work or the 6 o'clock news. Every time you hop on a motorcycle, you get to play out your own two-wheeled fantasy—and nobody can spoil the game. This is not to say motorcycles are ideal all-purpose traveling machines. Bikes are almost useless for shopping unless you can balance grocery bags on your head. Motorcycling is miserable in the rain and all but impossible in snow. Motorcycling exaggerates weather conditions, and whatever is in the air hits you in the face. Sure, there are windshields, fairings, saddlebags and such, but if you're going to junk the machine up, why not ride in a car? (Better yet, how about a Winnebago? Then you can bring the TV.)

Everyone who even talks about buying a bike is going to hear someone say, "Motorcycles are *so* dangerous. I'd never ride one." Fact is, they *are* dangerous, the same way a gun or a car is dangerous.

But there are too many positive sides to motorcycling to dwell on such grimness. Here are some reasons to buy a bike: Motorcycling puts you in another dimension as soon as you start the engine. (A long-distance bike trip, especially with a buddy on another bike, is a fulfillment of wanderlust beyond rational explanation.) On a bike, even a brief spin around the block is an adventure. And a road trip is a romance. Driving past dazzling scenery in a car doesn't match the magnificence of riding through it.

Bikes are like convertibles, only more so. Drive with the top down long enough and you get tired of hair in your eyes and wind drowning out conversation. Ride a motorcycle long enough and you revel in the smell of the fields in farm country, sudden temperature drops and the occasional beetle that catches you on the chin. In a car, passing a slow truck or a station wagon load of kids can turn a drive into a turtle-paced disappointment; on a bike, you just slip past without crossing the yellow line. In city traffic, it's easy to feel like a fighter pilot riding alone. You can pass anyone, slip through lanes of stalled traffic and disappear at the twist of the throttle. As you go faster, the ride becomes a dance. You bank into curves, leaning almost horizontal, then swoop up and over the other way, seemingly aloof from gravity in a plane of existence known only to riders, skiers and airplane stunt pilots. As you approach the limits of your riding skill, everything else falls away, and you, the bike and the road become one. Gear changes, braking, accelerating, all go beyond suggestions of thought, past the place where thoughts originate.

But don't take my word for it. And don't wait too long. All signs point toward now as the Golden Age of motorcycling. The same Federal agencies that oversaw the gutting of American high-performance cars in the early Seventies are now licking their lips at the currently unregulated superbike industry. Paranoia about impending regulations, aimed at reducing bikes to self-propelled wheelchairs, is everywhere in the industry and among enthusiasts. That paranoia is probably justified. There will always be motorcycles, but there's no reason to assume that tomorrow's bikes will match the performance of today's machines, or even come close. ☐

David Barry was last seen in OUI *drooling about "The Porsche Mystique."*

ZAPPA

(Continued from page 74)

tically, the odds are just too great. There's no way that they could comprehend it. Not because I'm so far out, but because there isn't a mechanism for comprehending what happens when a person writes a piece of music and goes through the whole process of getting it onto a record, to the time it finally gets into the home and gets played on God-knows-what equipment. So much gets lost in the translation. Even if you sat there listening to it with a microscope, there's no way you're gonna find out what it means.

OUI: You're talking ideally, as a perfectionist . . .

ZAPPA: What else is there? What are you going to settle for? Somebody tapping their foot to your song? Humming your tune? Remembering three of your words? Is that communication? Then you ask me if I should care about what takes place when the record gets into the home. People have preposterous ideas about what those songs are about and what the music means. They start spouting all this shit that's so far off the mark, it's revolting. But if that's how they derive pleasure, who am I to deprive them of it? Let 'em enjoy it. It's there for their edification. But total comprehension is out of the question.

OUI: Are you talking about living life on the most serious plane possible?

ZAPPA: No! How can you? Because to get really serious about everything, you'd have to know what it is, wouldn't you? You're never going to know, so forget about it.

OUI: That's not your attitude toward music.

ZAPPA: That's a different story.

OUI: Why?

ZAPPA: I can't talk to you about music because you don't know anything about music. I can talk to you about politics or sociology and all that peripheral stuff, but I can't talk to you about music. There's not enough information in common that I could say to you so you'd be able to understand. Besides, the people who read OUI don't give a fuck about music anyway. They're very lifestyle oriented. That's probably why your editor was afraid to talk to somebody who was trapped in the Sixties, because somebody who's lifestyle oriented has to be totally up to date. Otherwise, the clothing industry would fall apart; the charts wouldn't mean anything.

High school really did a lot of damage to the American mentality. So much of what you see passing for real life today is just an extension of the desire in high school to be a cool person, that other kind of certification.

OUI: We have high school, but every other culture has some form of transition from childhood to supposed adulthood.

ZAPPA: Go to Europe and check it out over there. The whole cool-person syndrome is nothing like what's happening here. The cool-person syndrome is peculiarly American. Part of that has to do with the way the educational business is run in the U. S. It's not based on how much you can teach your child; it's based on how much money the suppliers of basic materials can make off your child. Somewhere along the line most people pick up the desire to be a cool person, which is just another way to make them buy things. Once you've decided that you need to be a cool person, it makes you a possible victim of anyone whose products are the equivalent of bottled smoke. Somebody tells you to buy this particularly useless item and you'll be a cool person. No matter how stupid it seems, you have to buy it. Pet Rocks, Pringle's potato chips, whatever it is—the newest, the latest. Since the cool-person thing is something you learn in school, and since the school business is pretty suspicious and definitely tied up with the government, it makes you wonder whether or not the desire to be cool is part of a government plot to make you buy stupid things. Of course, this is all neither here nor there. These things will all be taken care of when Nixon gets back. I wouldn't be surprised if the American people elected him President again.

OUI: If being a cool person is totally an American syndrome, how and why did it happen here?

ZAPPA: You're assuming that all nations of the world are on an equal footing with the U. S. in terms of cultural development. The U. S. is a mere pup tent of a civilization. We've got two hundred years of stupidity behind us and we think we're right up there with everyone else who's been doing it for thousands of years.

OUI: We've got more money and power than anyone else . . .

ZAPPA: In some regards. The U. S. is one of the few places where people can afford to be as hedonistic as they are.

OUI: Do you ever feel guilty being a part of that?

ZAPPA: I'm not a part of it. I'm merely a citizen. I resent every tax dollar I have to spend to support it.

OUI: But you're still a part of it.

ZAPPA: What do you mean? Just because I went through the meat grinder doesn't mean they got me.

OUI: But you do pay taxes and you are living in the Royal Biscayne.

ZAPPA: See anything royal about this Biscayne? Have you noticed the wallpaper? So this is the Royal Biscayne. Do you think I'd be more moral if I lived in a fleabag hotel?

OUI: But the fact remains that anyone living in the U. S. has more opportunities than he would have anywhere else.

ZAPPA: Someone in the U. S. would find it pretty hard to get a good education. But then, what good is an education? The

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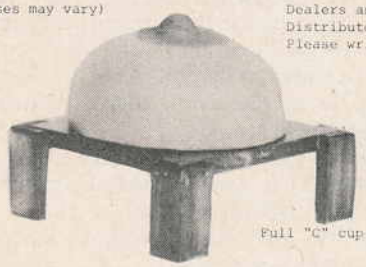

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ZAPPA You don't wanna talk about my music. It's trapped in the Sixties. It's a little time capsule that's not supposed to be opened for another couple hundred years.

richest people in the world aren't particularly smart or happy. And the happiest people in the world aren't particularly smart or rich.

OUI: So where does that leave you?

ZAPPA: That leaves me making music. But we can't talk about that.

OUI: We can't even talk about my partial comprehension of it?

ZAPPA: No, because that would lead to misconstructions, or misconstrusions, if you prefer. Besides, you don't wanna talk about my music. It's trapped in the Sixties. It's a little time capsule that's not supposed to be opened for another couple hundred years.

OUI: Do you treat the people who are closest to you differently than the people you do business with?

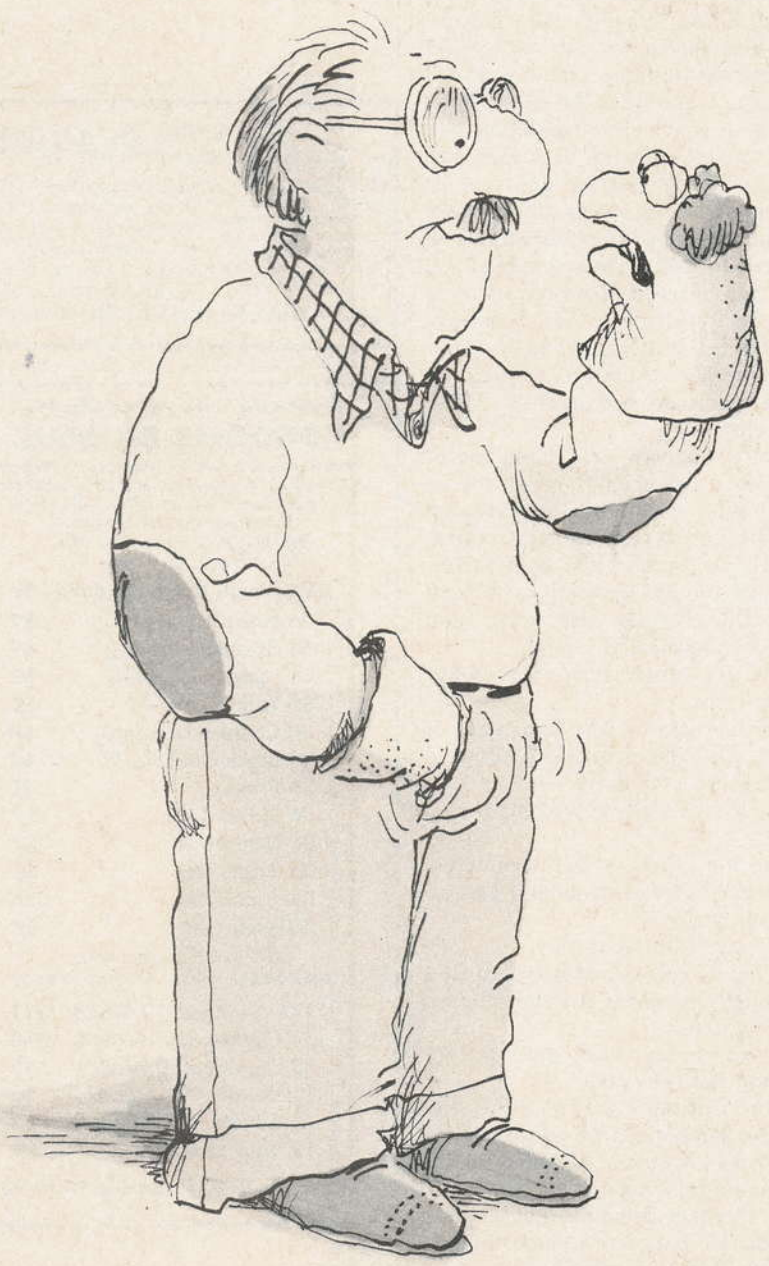
ZAPPA: I don't have any close people. I have a wife and three kids.

OUI: How close are they?

ZAPPA: They're my best friends, the only friends I got.

OUI: Is everything else business?

ZAPPA: Yeah. The people in my family are the only people I know that I don't have to give a paycheck to.



"I know it sounds crazy, Leo, but I think my wife's been cheating on me."

OUI: What do you try to teach your children?

ZAPPA: Nothing.

OUI: Then how do you see yourself as a father?

ZAPPA: We just hang out. They have very fixed ideas about who they are and what they want to be and how the world works. We very seldom discuss it. They have their own realities. Looks pretty good to me. But I'm no judge of anyone else's reality, of course.

OUI: What if it didn't look good to you?

ZAPPA: I'd probably rant and rave. But that's only because it's probably a biological urge. Occasionally if I see them fighting I tell them they're acting like a bunch of jerks. Everybody wants to be a cool person, so that usually works.

OUI: What is your relationship with your wife like?

ZAPPA: We've been married eleven or twelve years. I guess we get along pretty good.

OUI: Is she close to your music?

ZAPPA: As close as she could be. She doesn't write it, but she's in the house when it's being written. So there is that proximity factor. She's no Linda McCartney, if you get the drift.

OUI: Do you do anything that has nothing to do with music?

ZAPPA: No. Everything on this planet has something to do with music. Music functions in the realm of sculptured air. Polluted as our atmosphere might be, air is the thing that makes music work. Since all other things that occur in the sound domain are transmitted to the ear through that swirling mass, depending on how wide you want to make your definition, you could perceive quite a bit of human experience in terms of music. You could listen to a traffic jam and figure out if it was a good composition. There's the other extreme. Music on paper is the same as food when it's a recipe. A score for a symphony is a recipe for a sound sculpture. Conversely, you could look at a piece of a score and see organizations of notes on the page. You can look at any other piece of visual material, and if you squint at it a little, you could see a score there. Like this wallpaper could be a score, maybe—for a disco beat.

OUI: David Walley, in his biography of you, called *No Commercial Potential: The Saga of Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention*, says that you will turn anything into music if you think it will work well.

ZAPPA: David Walley is a tragic case. Here's a guy who wanted to be a writer and came to me with the idea that he'd like to do a biography of me. I said, "I don't want a biography." He says, "I've already made a deal with a publisher and I'm going to do it whether you submit to the interviews or not." I say, "Oh, shit, what am I gonna do.

I don't know if this guy can write." But at that time, he was a fan of ours and used to follow us around. So I had to make the decision whether or not to do the interviews. I had to decide whether or not I wanted a so-called biography on the market. So I did a few interviews with him. He would show up at my house with a girl. He probably said to her, "Come with me, baby. I'm goin' over to interview Zappa." Then he would ask me a question. I'd start to answer it and he'd start talking about his father in military school. I had a couple of nights of this. I played him a couple tapes, you know. This guy was really a case. So he goes off and writes this book. Then he sends me some galley proofs at a point when ten thousand copies of the book have already been printed and are sitting in the warehouse. The galleys were just ridiculous. There were such inaccuracies. He sold a lot of copies, but as reference material for who I am and what I'm about, I would say it's not too reliable. At least when he did one about Ernie Kovacs, he couldn't really hurt Ernie because Ernie's dead. People even stick that fuckin' thing in my face and tell me they want me to autograph it. As you can see, I have very little regard for people in the writing profession.

OUI: Did it mean anything to you when Ralph Gleason called you a "contemporary philosopher"?

ZAPPA: Ralph Gleason also called the Mothers a "Sunset Boulevard version of the Fugs." So what can I say? Does it mean anything when people say things about you? Don't mean shit. It's all little drops of ink on little pieces of paper that're meant to be sold. They blow with the wind. Somebody from a record company gives him a nickel and he writes something positive for a change. That business is so fake. If you think the record business is bad, all the support systems for it are really obnoxious.

OUI: Like punk merchandising?

ZAPPA: The record business thrives on trends. We can't wait around for The Beatles to get back together again; we've got to get some new act going real quick. A boutique owner puts together a bunch of guys off the street, sticks safety pins in their faces, gets the new line of clothing together and presto—we have a musical trend. As soon as one guy gets a record contract and a few things appear in the papers, twenty other groups form along the same lines and it looks like that's what the record

Inpanies are buying. The record companies do buy it and, in order to make it look like a real trend, they start giving little presents to people who write for papers and magazines. A few more articles come out talking about the trend. Trend is then manufactured and put out on the street where all the cool people have to find out what it's all about. Whether they like it or not, they buy the clothes. They get the safety pins. The market gets totally saturated, the trend dies out and a new trend comes in—right off the assembly line. Just another example of post-Beatlemania desperation.

OUI: What do you think of shows like *Beatlemania*—or *Janis & Jimi*, which closed shortly after it opened?

ZAPPA: Nostalgia merchandising. These people are *really* trapped in the Sixties. You see, the record companies are gradually being taken over by accountants. Puds out of college that get certified as economically smart. They count out boxes of records and when they see that a certain type of thing is moving more units than another, they apply pressure to the executives, who then invest in that direction and drop anything that's not on the same profit level. So, if there was ever an aesthetic decision to be made at an executive level, it's gone now.

OUI: Is that why you've started your own record company?

ZAPPA: That's one reason. The other is that it gives me more equity in what's going on.

OUI: Do you think there's anything detrimental about having blatant sex in music as opposed to implied eroticism?

ZAPPA: Depends on what you call erotic. You really think there's anything erotic in today's music? Eroticism of a class variety is absent from American culture. What passes for eroticism in America is really pretty corny. But then again, there's not much else in the culture that's fine grain, if you know what I mean. It's a pretty coarse culture.

OUI: Would you like to try to make it fine grain?

ZAPPA: Not necessarily. I don't think that's my function. That's like going to the North Pole and trying to find a French restaurant.

OUI: So what is your function?

ZAPPA: I just do what I do. Sit in my 1960s time capsule and do my job.

OUI: Do you think there's anything detrimental about music getting more *pornographic*?

ZAPPA: Give me an example of pornographic music. Make sure you include all the latest Supreme Court interpretations for what "pornographic" means. Show me how pornographic music can exist; then differentiate it from erotic, and then ask me the question again. Personally, I think Indian music is quite erotic, very seductive. Some good shit there. Glandular. It's nice. You're not talking about any of the Eagles' records, are you? You wouldn't be talking about *Stay*, by Jackson Browne, which—you must admit—is getting pornographic. If you've heard the original, you know that Jackson Browne's version is getting there. You know where he says, "The roadies don't mind"? Know what that means, don't you? Hey, huh. He's slippin' it in there, boy. A lot of people would be hardened by such a thing. Then you can take things like that Prudential commercial on

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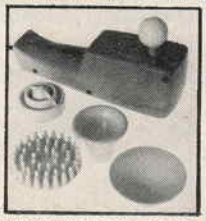

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ZAPPA

TV: There it was! Like a rock!

OUI: Have you been asked any intelligent questions lately?

ZAPPA: No. I don't think questions are particularly intelligent anyway. The only ones that seem to matter are: What time is the plane? Where is the men's room? What time do we go on? These are the important matters of the day. Everything else is an exchange of little pieces of partial comprehension.

OUI: So you don't see any value in talking about art or philosophy or social satire?

ZAPPA: If it sells magazines, it's valuable. If it doesn't, what is it? Of course, you'd have to go a long way to beat the text of this Perrier ad [pointing to a book called *Leisureguide*, on the back of which is a full-color ad for Perrier water, his eyes suddenly beaming]. I like the part about the "delicate gases . . . trapped over one hundred and forty million years ago in the volcanic eruptions of the Cretaceous era . . . are released and rise through porous limestone and cracked marls to add natural life and sparkle to the icy waters of a single stream." This guy's got a good racket. That's bottled smoke. And you are cool if you drink it! And of course here it says "no calories." But those delicate gases of dinosaur rot . . . It's not often that you see something that fine. Then there are ads for women's cosmetics. Any woman who buys one of those products because of all that's written in those ads is . . . hurting. You know—kinda young, kinda wild, Charlie.

OUI: Have you read any contemporary poetry?

ZAPPA: I don't read much at all. I just stick to the important stuff. I divide my time between Perrier ads and *Scientific American*.

OUI: What do you get out of *Scientific American*?

ZAPPA: One issue had this centerspread with this incredibly worded ad for a pinball machine; it was really exceptional. It had a text that was designed to appeal to the inquiring scientific mind, stating how this would be a useful artifact to have in your scientific home—you smart person, you, who subscribes to this wonderful magazine. You can be a scientific cool person with a pinball machine. Why wade through mediocre stuff? Go right to the heart of what's brilliant in America. Go for the advertising copy, since that's where the action is. So much skill and so much science goes into those little raps.

OUI: You might appreciate a small book of poetry called *The Collected Works of Billy the Kid*, or one called *Crow*, by Ted Hughes.

ZAPPA: I don't usually gravitate in that direction. That's serious shit, written by people who have things to say. I can only comprehend that stuff partially, so I stick to Perrier ads. I think I comprehend that ad pretty well. There's only one thing better than reading Perrier ads. That's watching people order it in restaurants, savoring its delicate gas bouquets. Right away you know the people who drink that stuff are into tennis. They're healthy; they probably run a little bit, drink Perrier, get up and start the cycle again. And when they're not doing that, they're snorting cocaine. These people are truly modern. These people aren't trapped in the Sixties, no way. They're trapped in the future.

OUI: Would you consider writing a serious love song?

ZAPPA: Not for myself, not for my group.

OUI: Why not?

ZAPPA: It just wouldn't be right. What passes for hamburgers in this country is pretty preposterous. So you can carry that to the extreme and say that what passes for love in this country is pretty preposterous.

OUI: Where is there a better attitude?

ZAPPA: You got me. You really stumped me on that one.

OUI: Are you afraid of getting old?

ZAPPA: I'm already old. I was born old. Doesn't scare me at all. I had a mustache when I was eleven. What's so great about being young? You don't have any rights; people poop on you all the time.

OUI: Is there anything you liked about the Fifties?

ZAPPA: I think the music of the Fifties is really good. I suspect it's much better musically than much of what's available now. Not in terms of production, but in terms of content. One good believable song about some guy's girlfriend and how they broke up—a sincere one—is better than twenty albums of English rock that's ever been produced. Or better than one hundred albums of laid-back L.A. studio acoustic-guitar swill. Did you ever hear *Edna*, by the Medallions?

OUI: No.

ZAPPA: Well, you haven't lived yet, have you? How about *Can I Come Over Tonight*, by the Velours? That's art music, there.

OUI: When was the last time you cried?

ZAPPA: Two or three months ago.

OUI: What about?

ZAPPA: Must've been some movie on TV. If something wants to come out of my eyes, I let it come out. If it wants to stay in there, I don't squeeze it out. There are certain things that make water come out of my eyes that are irrational. I'm not a terminal weeper or anything like that.

OUI: Do you ever worry that you might be too rational?

ZAPPA: No.

OUI: Does anybody ever say that about you?

ZAPPA: No. Most people don't think I'm rational. They're too busy featuring their hurt. They find it irrational not to feature

your hurt. That's how fucked up *they* are.
OUI: Don't you feature your hurt?
ZAPPA: No.
OUI: What about a song like *Trouble Comin' Every Day*? Or a song like *The Torture Never Stops*?
ZAPPA: That's not my hurt. That's a commentary. That's about as close to featuring your hurt as writing an article for a newspaper on world conditions. That's journalism.
OUI: Is your music close to journalism?
ZAPPA: Some of it. It's pretty biased journalism, but I don't mind that. Until they modify the Constitution, I can say whatever the fuck I want about these subjects. And if I happen to be rational, then that's just too bad.
OUI: Why is your group just called Zappa now?
ZAPPA: Because it's not really the Mothers of Invention; so why call it the Mothers of Invention? Why be trapped in the Sixties? Know what I mean? It's a good name. Two syllables, not too taxing. It looks good in print and it happens to be my real name.
OUI: Would you ever want to go into TV?
ZAPPA: Sure. Talk show. We tried it one time, but the mentality of the people who allow things to get on TV is, well . . . they weren't too favorable about putting me on the tube. They do it all by computer, just like in the movie business. They have computer printouts of what Mr. X's name means in terms of dollars at the box office. They've figured out which personalities will attract the most viewers. They also have a list of people they don't want to have on TV. And my name's on that list! Remember, TV is only an extension of the government. They're not just there to sell you soap; they're there to make people believe all the rest of the shit that's going on.
OUI: Do you really think they're intelligent enough to put together a conspiracy like that?
ZAPPA: They're intelligent enough to try, but in order to make it work . . . that's a problem sometimes. Look at every country in the world that has TV. Some countries are obvious about TV being government-owned and operated. In the U. S., TV pretends to be free, but it's completely government dominated. In the same way that a President or member of Congress can use the IRS to apply pressure to an individual citizen, they have networks that have X number of stations or independents that are all tied together and they're all under pressure by the government to keep things the way they are. You don't want to rock the boat or you ain't gonna have an FCC license.
OUI: So how much do you want to rock the boat?
ZAPPA: No more than is rational. The important thing to remember about the boat is that it's supposed to go someplace.
OUI: How could young people these days

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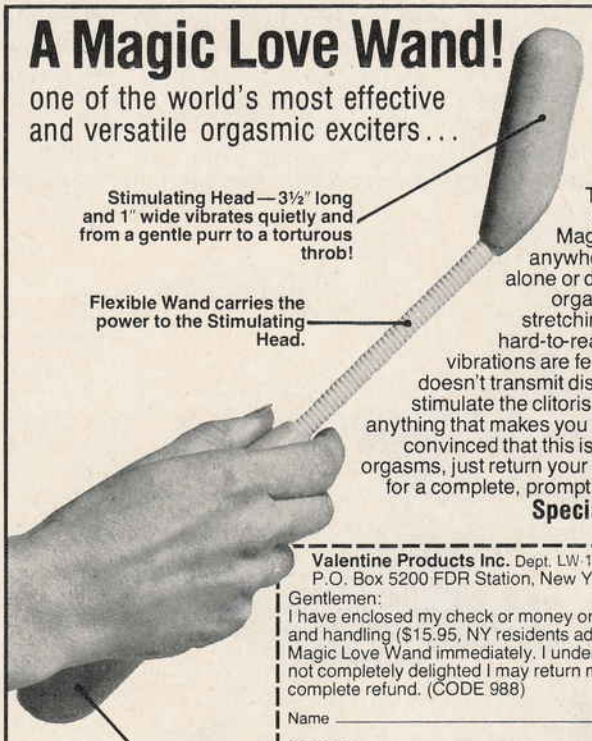

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ZAPPA First, you have to get rid of the Electoral College. Then you're not gonna be stuck with freeze-dried candidates...People stay so loaded they don't know things suck.

make things better?

ZAPPA: There are several positive steps that have to be taken. First, you have to get rid of the Electoral College. Until then, your vote doesn't really mean much when it comes to electing the big stuff. The other thing you have to do is reinstate the write-in vote. That way, if you know somebody who's really cool, you could write in and make him a candidate. Then you're not gonna be stuck with freeze-dried candidates.

The other way would be not to get so ripped all the time. It's not gonna do me any good to say: Drugs are the work of the devil! I won't stop people from getting loaded, but I don't think it's productive to stay loaded all the time and just disappear into Fantasyland. People stay so loaded that, after a while, they don't know that things suck.

OUI: Do you think they're happy?

ZAPPA: I don't know. That's not my world. But they walk around bumping into things, pretending they're having a wonderful time. There hasn't been a drug invented yet that's as good as sex. If they ever come up with one like that, naturally that's going to make a great dent in the birth-control situation.

OUI: Is your sex life as weird as your music?

ZAPPA: What makes you think my music is weird?

OUI: Just a preconception that many of us have.

ZAPPA: First of all, you have to get rid of your preconceptions. You're talking to a human being who happens to be pretty intelligent, who works real hard to do what he does—and there's nothing weird about that at all. Remember, I'm rational. I think *you're* weird. What's weird about my music? As an accurate journalist and a person with a conscience, it's your job to bring the truth to the people of the world. There isn't anything weird about my music. Weird is a skeleton in the closet, wearing a rubber mask with warts all over its nose, and all that kind of shit. That's not what I do. The thing that makes my music unusual is that people only hear one kind of music all the time over the radio. It's wallpaper to their lives. Audile wallpaper. There's one acceptable beat and there are three acceptable chord progressions. There are five acceptable words: baby, love, tears, yat yat. Just because I don't deal in those terms doesn't mean I'm weird. So tell these people: I ain't weird; I'm rational. I'm a person who can choose to write stuff like that, or choose to write stuff that includes all the notes on the piano played at once, followed by a cement truck driving over the piano, followed by a small atomic explosion. Nothing weird about that as long as you do it in a meaningful way.

OUI: Have you done anything interesting while you've been here in Florida?

ZAPPA: The other night we were out cruising in the limo when we passed a place that had a sign out front saying WET T-SHIRT NITE, so all the guys went "Arrreeeyarrrghhh!" We go in and there's one hundred guys and three girls and a couple of barmaids and a band. There were a couple people dancing. We sit down and have a couple drinks. Pretty soon the place starts filling up and the band starts playing. Then they announce the wet T-shirt contest. They have some guy who's the M.C., and in order to prove he's really a cool guy and not merely an M.C., naturally he has to join in with the band and sing a couple Elvis Presley numbers. *Well, a-one for the money* and all that shit. He had one of those Bible-person haircuts that looks like it's made out of chewing gum and it's real neat around your ears and sort of poofy up front—the Jehovah's Witness look. The Bible cut. He has on a Marine sportcoat. After he sings his numbers, with a flourish and a drum roll, it's time for the contest. They have these five girls: Big C from Boston; a skinny, dark-skinned-nationality-type girl; then there's this large girl with blonde hair; then there's this girl who's shaped like a huge tomato, who introduces herself as the good fairy from Never-Never Land; then, last but not least, there's this girl from California with the classic dumb-blonde look. Classic. Couldn't dance. Nice tits. Shapely body. Everybody thought: OK, here's the one. Meanwhile, the M.C. is making all the dumbest comments in the world. He's trying to emcee the show and come on to these chicks simultaneously. It was right on the level of va-va-vooomm!! Really stupid. They tried to drag it out as long as they could. First they do it with the "dry look." Then a break, then they're gonna do it with the "wet look." I didn't even stay for the "wet look" part, because the first part was so boring. I heard later that the dumb girl won and the big girl got booed off because she wouldn't flash her tits—she got very upset and wouldn't come out of her dressing room and tried to get out by a secret exit . . . It was real pathetic. I'm glad I went there or else I wouldn't have had a chance to see the phenomenon in the flesh.

OUI: Are you going to compose anything around the event?

ZAPPA: Yeah, but I don't want to get specific about the names. What I want to capture is the essence of the event. Somebody's going to win, somebody's going to lose, the M.C. is going to be a schmuck and the audience is the real star of the show. What are their motives? What do they think they're gonna get out of this? It's total desperation. I think I comprehend that event pretty good. [Zappa leads me to the door, in what seems like a genuine gesture of cordiality—none of which he's shown during the entire interview.]

ZAPPA: You ought to go swimming. Enjoy yourself.

OUI: I will; how about you?

ZAPPA: I don't swim, and the only time I enjoy myself is when I'm working. Just remember, the wallpaper goes on forever . . . □

(Continued from page 28)
writing this at work, so it will have to be short.

I spent a weekend with two girls from the office after a big Halloween party. We'd been together before, but this night one of the girls started sucking the other's breasts. Most of our three-way sex had been confined to straight sex, meaning that the girls had not played around with each other.

This time, though, I had worn out early and they were still hot. As I watched them start to get into playing with each other, I was amazed at how slowly and quietly they made love. But the most amazing thing was when Susan, who is a very tiny blonde, started eating Lanna.

Lanna is a gorgeous black lady, ten years older than Sue or me, who sort of directed and set up the whole arrangement. Lanna guided Sue with her hands, opening her own vagina with her fingers and letting Sue know exactly where she wanted to be licked. Every time Lanna was on the verge of an orgasm, she would tell Sue to stop and play with her breasts for a few seconds. They did this several times before Lanna finally let go and had a huge, screaming orgasm.

I learned then that the best way to please a woman is to go slow and tease a lot. I tried it on other girls and it works wonders. Every woman is different, but this method generally seems to bring the most satisfaction. And a satisfied woman gives as good as she's got.

CHARLES M.
Quebec City, Quebec

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Your recent *Sex Tapes* reminded me of how my wife and I discovered oral sex. We'll be celebrating our 50th anniversary this year, but back when we were first married (in 1928, when I was 18 and my wife was 16), that sort of stuff was for "feelthy French postcards." In fact, Ellen had never heard of such a thing, and I didn't know enough about it to even make the suggestion.

When Ellen got pregnant with our first son, we stopped even sleeping in the same bed. We thought that any sex would be dangerous. After six months with no contact, I was getting pretty upset. I was angry all the time and took to drinking a little bit too much.

A friend of Ellen's had married and gone off to New York with a fellow who became a senator. They came back to visit us and this friend heard about my behavior. She took Ellen aside and told her about this special way to give a man sex when you couldn't do it the regular way.

I have to give Ellen credit. That night, she came to my bed and gave me the first "blow-job" I ever got or she ever gave. In the morning, we couldn't even talk about it, but things were a lot better. I was so grateful, I even brought her flowers.

After that, Ellen took to visiting my bed a couple of times a week. It wasn't until after we had our third son that we figured out I could do the same for her. From then on, we used oral sex as a way to avoid the birth of any more kids. Birth control led a lot of my friends to things like oral sex and anal sex a long time before you kids ever started talking about it all the time.

LES O.
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GOREY He's been magnificently bitchy about other writers, living or dead. "Everyone's so mad for H.P. Lovecraft, but he writes so appallingly badly..."

(Continued from page 85)

and French art posters: a salamander, scrolled keys, clusters of brass bells, a miniature skeleton. Above the bed, with its blue madras spread, hang two large sculpted pieces of corpselike faces wearing expressions of extreme pain.

"It's my plan to read through the Nineteenth-Century English novel," he says, finally. His look is baleful, his tone sepulchral, and there isn't a trace of humor in his voice.

"*All* of it?"

"Well, *yes*."

His eyes turn back to the small blank square of drawing paper on his worktable. As he begins to draw, a large gray cat curves itself into the crook of his free arm. He caresses its head with long fingers laden with rings, and the cat closes its eyes in ecstasy. A second cat, a pretty peach-colored creature, looks on enviously from a stack of books atop the mantel. Communing thus, neither of them notices that a third cat, an enormous calico, has silently crept out from behind the Himalayas to demolish my turkey sandwich. Entranced, I watch her disdain the pickle, discard the toast and daintily remove the lettuce leaves before ripping into the all-white meat with her little pointed teeth. Suddenly he spots the theft and leaps up, flapping his arms in amused outrage.

"Oh, you awful girl! [Flap.] Dear, what a perfectly wretched girl you are! [Flap-flap.] Oh, oh, you really are the pits!" The cat scurries off, with the last scrap of meat dangling from her jaws. Belly full, she saunters over to her master's drawing board, joining the four other felines that have taken defensive positions around him, like some feudal army shoring up the palace guard.

He shows me the clutter on his drawing board: a set of postcards, which should make you take pause before sending through normal channels. If they don't completely baffle the addressee, they will surely drive the mailman over the edge.

Giggling considerably, Gorey explicates them: "This one is called 'Back View of a Painting.' This one here is either a small child, named something like Leora Lou—or her doll. Unspecified. And that is a grass plot in the shape of the state of Kansas. I know, it *does* look like a grave. Maybe it's the same thing. . . . Oh, you like this one? It's called 'Cauliflower Covered with Mourning Veil.' "

Despite their precious titles, the macabre drawings are meticulous in their craftsmanship—as fine as anything done by Cruikshank or Phiz. The exquisitely detailed artistic style has always been Gorey's stock in trade. Evidently his work and his lifestyle have not been altered by the fame of *Dracula*, or by the resounding success of *Amphigorey* and *Amphigorey Too*, the big-selling paperback anthologies of his early books.

The most telling evidence of Gorey's new celebrity is the sudden boost in his marketability. Not so long ago, you had to rely on the loyal Gotham Book Mart in New York to supply you with such Gorey goodies as a poster of "Picnic Led by Pig" from *The Jumblies*, or a Christmas card entitled "Gertrude Stein as a Child Decorates a Dog for Christmas." Now that Gorey has been acquired by a licensing agent, you'll soon be able to purchase Gorified items—from puzzles and dolls, to wallpaper and bed linens—from more far-flung distributors. ("But no cookie jars," the artist promises.)

Looking sheepishly proud of himself, he brags about all the newly acquired lawyers, agents and assorted artists' reps who, he trusts, are organizing his disorderly career. He rambles on cheerfully about the profit split on his *Dracula* T-shirts, and about his negotiations with a man from a toy company who wants to manufacture his vampire bats and frog beanbags. But in another moment, he admits, "All this makes me feel very remote and far away, sometimes. I feel less like a person than like this peculiar *seepage*. Like I am this little bit of viscous substance which surfaces from time to time to do a job."

Suddenly, he stops short, his pen hovering in midair over a postcard depicting a papier-mâché doughnut.

"It's just a question, now, of getting back to some of the work on my own books," he says in a firmer tone. "That is basically, after all, what I am—a writer. I've got to get back into that before the grave closes over me."

He covers the statement with a self-mocking giggle, but it's still a convincing *cri de coeur*. After a moment of silence, he underlines it.

"After *Dracula*, I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown a few times." He makes the announcement while putting the finishing touches on a postcard entitled "A Door Someplace in Michigan." "For a while, I thought: 'Well, this is really just the end of the world. I'll *never* get myself back together again.' Then I'd say to myself: 'Oh, come on, kiddo—that's really more trouble than it's worth, ultimately. You should work it out for yourself, kiddo.' And then I started to pull myself together again, a month or two ago, when I . . ."

The fierce-looking gray cat suddenly leaps onto a pile of packing crates, starting a landslide of papers, books, theater programs and other items too numerous to mention.

"Oh, shit!" He bounds up, clearly grateful for the timely distraction, to scoop up the scatter, heaping it onto an already overburdened stack of phonograph records. (Records? Records? There isn't a sign of a phonograph anywhere.) "That's what I spend my time doing around here"—he laughs—"pushing things back into precarious positions, so they can fall again in slightly different combinations."

•

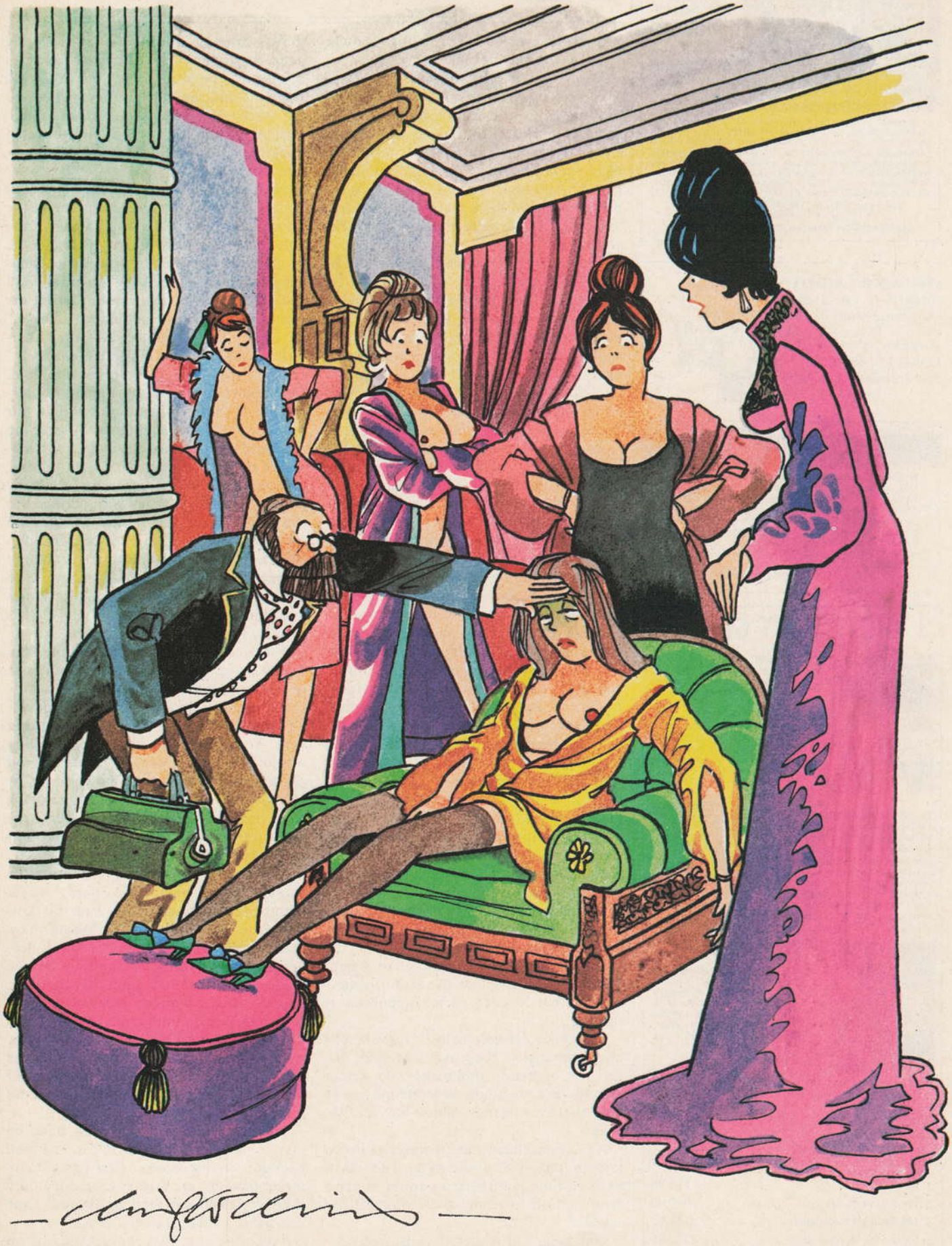
An hour later the thought occurs to me that I have been diddled—and not just by the surly gray cat. I have been stroked by Gorey's high, reedy voice conversing gaily on all manner of diverting subjects. He's said some outrageous things about the *Dracula* production ("But you absolutely mustn't quote me or they'll kill me"). He's been terribly amusing about the schlock horror and science-fiction movies that he admits are his most sinful addiction ("Would you like to hear my review of *Laserblast*?"). And he's been magnificently bitchy about other writers, living and dead ("Everyone's so mad for H.P. Lovecraft, but he writes so appallingly badly. Those descriptions of green-skinned monsters—too much! I guess Lovecraft lived in Providence, or something").

But about himself, he is very careful what he reveals. He'll tell you that he was born Edward St. John Gorey in Chicago in 1925, the only child of a journalist father who divorced his mother when their son was 11, and then remarried her 16 years later. He's not particularly reticent, either, about the two uneventful years he spent in the army as a clerk. He'll even talk about his student days at Harvard University, where he studied French, roomed with poet-critic Frank O'Hara, and became an intimate of such artists as V.R. Lang, the founder of the Poet's Theatre.

But he is as quiet as a tomb about biographical details that *really* matter.

Was he a horrid child, like the Beastly Baby, who "had never been given a name since no one cared to talk about it"? Was he a Pious Infant, like the profoundly detestable Henry Clump who at the tender age of four years and five months, caught a fatal illness while delivering his bread pudding to an unfortunate widow? As an only child, did he feel a bit of a misfit, like the Doubtful Guest, who was always doing gauche things like eating dinner plates and brooding and "peeling the soles of its white canvas shoes"?

When his parents divorced, did he feel rejected like that odious orphan, Charlotte Sophia, who was sold into slavery and eventually run over in the street by her own father? Did he ever have feelings of persecution, like the 26 unfortunates in *The Gashlycrumb Tinies* ("*K* is for Kate who



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GOREY

was struck with an axe/*L* is for Leo who swallowed some tacks")?

Was Gorey like any of these critters?

"I was precocious, so I was probably moderately obnoxious," he says, after careful reflection. "But as only children go, I think I was fairly ordinary. . . . I probably resented being an only child, to some extent. Although when I look about at people with brothers and sisters, I think, 'Oh, listen, kid—you don't know how lucky you were!' "

Ordinary. *Wait a minute.* As a child, he must have . . .

The mean-looking cat named Kanzi (or is it Koko?) suddenly, and one suspects *maliciously*, interrupts the question by leaping onto the bed and staring at its discomposed occupant.

"Oh, don't worry," comes the not-altogether reassuring chuckle. "He's *very* friendly, but he also has a *nasty* temper. Haven't you, dear? Sweet, sweet beast. But I always have to warn people that he might do something drastic at any moment."

Curiously, it isn't until we drop the uncomfortable topic of his master's childhood that the "sweet, sweet beast" withdraws to a neutral corner.

Gorey is more expansive on the subject of his literary and artistic influences. But he doesn't mention either Lewis Carroll or Edward Lear, whose suggestive, often downright sinister "children's stories" read like 19th-Century cousins of his own work. And he is quite fulminating about Henry James, an author whose novels he illustrated extensively back in the early Fifties, when he worked as a cover illustrator on Doubleday's Anchor series of paperbacks.

"I loathe Henry James," he says in a peevish tone. "Although I have read virtually every word he ever wrote, I think, unequivocally, that he is one of the world's worst writers. . . . Obviously, I have some sort of affinity with him which I do *not* care to acknowledge."

One would think that James's portraits of *children*, which so uncannily mirror his own peculiar . . .

An altercation has broken out as Agrippina haughtily displaces Kanzi for possession of their master's arm. Somebody is spitting.

"It's quite all right, really." Gorey laughs unconvincingly. "This one's temper just gets out of hand, sometimes, and within seconds he's run amok. Several times we've had to have tetanus shots—haven't we, dear?"

All five cats have lined themselves up on their master's side of the room. They seem to be smiling—satisfied, no doubt, that no more uncomfortable questions will be asked.

One begins to suspect a conspiracy.

With or without the help of his Grimalkin friends, Edward Gorey is clearly adept at wriggling out of ticklish probings about his personal life, his intimate thoughts and feelings and their effect on his work. He doesn't even like to talk seriously about his work. Some frustrated analysts have called him shy, shallow—and worse.

He might indeed be all of the above, but he is also terribly clever. Mystery is the core and essence of his work. Much of the delicious creepiness of his tales and the prickling terror raised by his delicate pen is supplied by the consenting imagination of the reader. ("I have always preferred my horror stories oblique and unexplainable," he sniffs. "My feeling is that the supernatural shouldn't be illustrated *at all.*")

The Loathsome Couple, we are told, "spent the better part of the night murdering the child in various ways." Would our pleasure really be heightened by learning precisely *which* varieties? Would our *frisson* of delight be intensified with graphic illustrations of the "ritual crime," whereby dainty Millicent Frastley was sacrificed to the Insect God? Certainly, all the fun would go out of *The Curious Sofa*, that notorious "pornographic work by Ogdred Weary," if anything actually *happened* to all those "exceptionally well made" ladies and gentlemen who cavort at Lady Celia's country home.

The horror that has no face is more than Gorey's stock in trade. It also happens to be the way he sees things.

He recently decorated Henri Bendel's, an aggressively chic department store in New York City—the kind of store that would hire Laura Mars to do its fashion photography. He dressed the windows by filling them with tiny frogs and bats, which were crawling all over blank-eyed mannequins dressed in what looked like mourning weeds.

"There I was, creeping around this window on my hands and knees," he remembers, "and I suddenly had this fantasy. You know those black plastic bags that people use for garbage? I think they are absolutely the scariest things in the world. I am morally certain that there are people dead or dying in every plastic garbage bag I see on the street. Anyway, I had this fantasy of filling the whole window with these black bags—along with the clothes, of course. And maybe, from one of the bags, I'd have this mannequin's hand just barely sticking out."

The horror principle at work here, he says, is the suggestive one of the wrapped package. In his books, thin-lipped Victorian maidens are forever receiving oddly shaped parcels on their doorsteps. They invariably contain beastly things.

"Whoever invented the package as an art form was a genius," he declares, rolling

his eyes in appreciation. "Any irregularly shaped parcel tied up with string becomes scary. I think the irregular shape fundamentally suggests something horrid."

From malevolent objects his mind lurches to malevolent landscapes, which also give him a chuckle. "Have you ever looked up and seen all those wooden water tanks on top of all the buildings in New York? I mean, they are everywhere. You don't notice them unless you look; but once you look, they seem to be everywhere. Apparently, most are abandoned.

"Anyway, I have this vague notion of making a science-fiction movie about people who come down from outer space and take up residence in these abandoned tanks. It rather strikes me like the windmill scene in that Alfred Hitchcock movie, *Foreign Correspondent*. Everything looks normal, but something isn't quite right."

The great gray cat and I exchange glances. It has evidently occurred to both of us that this is a pretty good description of Gorey's approach to humorous horror: "Everything looks normal, but something isn't quite right." Like the costumes for *Dracula*: a pair of men's pajamas look ordinary enough—until you notice that the buttons have little bats' heads on them. And the handsome Victorian settings for his book *The Hapless Child*: The flocked wallpaper and brocade bedspread appear to be perfectly normal furnishings in a perfectly normal home—until you spot the monster peering out from under the bed.

Although he won't talk as freely about them, Gorey's work is also sprinkled throughout with what might be construed as tantalizing hints of biographical details. That "dreary young bank clerk named Fennis" comes to mind immediately. Wishing to foster "an aura of menace" and probably to disguise his embarrassing ordinariness, he affects suggestive "gloves of gray suede and white footgear intended for tennis." The Doubtful Guest, Gorey's most endearing creation, with its oversized muffler, too-clean tennis shoes and wistful expression, is an ambulatory encyclopedia of eccentricities—as is the artist himself. But surely its antisocial antics—those fits of wrath and brooding and mischievous destruction—suggest the pleas for attention of a bored child. Perhaps an *only* child.

Edward Gorey has an uncanny sense of the desolation of childhood. Although his depictions of children are always heartlessly funny—with their wan faces and blank raisin eyes, they look so appallingly *obtuse*—he has an unerring sense of their vulnerability, their utter confusion at the vagaries of adults. Anxious to please their authoritarian elders, the innocent little dodos are forever falling prey to their incomprehensible whims and appetites.

Probably the most soul-baring disclosure I can pull from him is a childhood memory of a movie, a film called *Dr. Syn*, which was based on a series of books by Russell Thorndyke. Although he saw the film only once, about 40 years ago, he remembers one scene with photographic clarity.

"Of all the movies I've seen in my lifetime, this one scared me the most. I was about twelve or thirteen at the time, and one of about five people in the whole theater. It was really this one scene that scared me. Somebody was running away, trying to escape from somebody else, and he hid inside a scarecrow. I can still remember these shots of the scarecrow against the horizon—suddenly coming to life and moving. It was just this one image, but for some reason it scared the hell out of me."

Slim as it is, the story sums up the themes and the essence of the terror conveyed in Gorey's own work: the vulnerable child; the absence of protective adults; the natural landscape suddenly transformed by an intrusive and unnatural event; the safely familiar object suddenly turned ominous. And, most important, the imagination of the child, supplying images of the unseen horror behind the event.

But it is the imagination of one *particular* child that I am interested in right now. Eyeing nervously about the room to get a quick fix on the cats, I probe once more into Edward Gorey's murky past. It is to no avail. Even before the feline brigade stretches to prepare their defense, he dismisses the query.

"I was fairly ordinary," he reiterates.

No, you weren't, Edward Gorey. I know you weren't. Nobody could write those hair-raising stories about nasty children and tortured children and too-good-to-be-true children and murdered children—and have been an "ordinary" child himself. I'm dead sure that you were, and indeed still are, *all* those children in your stories and drawings.

I will give you eight to five that you are Charlotte Sophia, that odious orphan in *The Hapless Child*, who was sold into slavery and, after a life of excruciating suffering, was finally run over in the street by her own father. You are also dainty Millicent Frastley, who was sacrificed in a ritual crime to the Insect God. Surely you are the victim of the Loathsome Couple, who "spent the better part of the night murdering the child in various ways." You are, in fact, all 26 of the tiny unfortunates in *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, who are dispatched via axes and awls and fires and mires and trains and leeches and gin.

You are, my dear, the eternal child, and I think you're cute—even if you do give me the creeps. □

New York Post *drama critic Marilyn Stasio is herself somewhat abstruse. She recently penned a romantic/Gothic/mystery novel, "The Lily Room" (Jove, January 1979), under the pseudonym Francesca Abbott.*

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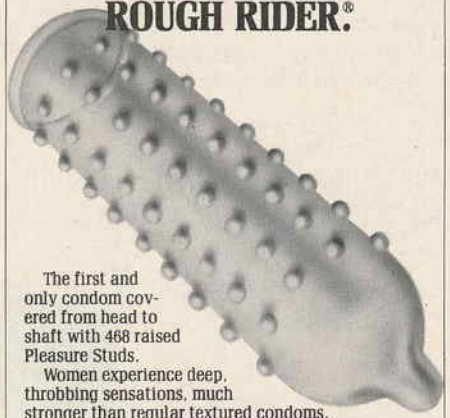

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ROBOTOMY "It's fascinating to me that the American public is so preoccupied with gimmickry. People's minds are getting washed all the time and nobody pays attention."

(Continued from page 54)

monitoring of location and bodily functions "seems, in the light of present research, entirely feasible and possible as a method of control."

Researcher Valenstein would call such proposals "alarmist," but it is true that, as a result of similar publicity, ESB research has become quite uncomfortable for some doctors.

Heath is one of a handful of researchers who have made public their work in electrical stimulation of the brain. José Delgado caused a great deal of debate a few years ago with his talk of using ESB to shape a new society. He also made headlines by using a radio transmitter to stop a charging bull cold in a Madrid bullring. A number of psychosurgeons use ESB as a prelude to targeting a center of supposedly undesired behavior and burning it out with the tips of the electrodes—sort of a minilobotomy.

One of those psychosurgery advocates, psychologist Frank Ervin, comes right out and says that most of the work in the field has gone underground. "There's a whole quantum leap forward from the crude kind of depth stimulation we started talking about in the beginning—poke a wire someplace, zap, and see what happens. I'm sure most of those people would just as soon not make any print noise about it; they don't want to get their offices bombed or their research funds cut off or their congressman having apoplexy—and there's still important work to be done."

A big man with a mangy gray beard, a perpetually lit pipe, an easy manner and a horde of critics on his tail, Ervin has a reputation among his colleagues as a good liberal. He is no mad scientist, and he is perfectly aware of the social implications of his work. Once, he and his associate, Vernon Mark, demonstrated their ability to provoke violence in an epileptic patient by electrical stimulation of the brain from 100 feet away, without connecting wires. That episode became a subject of protest when it appeared that Ervin might be involved with a proposed Center for the Study and Reduction of Violence at UCLA. Calm through it all, he spent some time abroad, studying aggression in primates and denying that he had done any further work in ESB or psychosurgery.

In his UCLA office, Ervin pooh-poohed the potential of ESB to make future zombie-type citizens full of unquestioned love for their leader. "That's a preoccupation with the cult of the individual." He smiled wryly. "If you've got a society that is willing to impose some type of *1984* brainwashing, why do we assume that society is going to pay any attention to a Winston Smith [the hero of *1984*]? Why not bump him off? Kill him!

"Why bother with electrodes?" he argues. "It's fascinating to me that the American public is so preoccupied with gimmickry. People's minds are getting washed all the time, and nobody pays much attention. Somehow, if you do the same thing with a machine, preferably run by some jerk in a white coat, it's more impressive."

Ervin leaned over, his pipe still clenched in his teeth, accentuating his slight lisp. "Do you know how many neurosurgeons there are in the U. S.? There are twelve hundred. Now, even if it were theoretically feasible, you couldn't line those twelve hundred up in operating rooms and run a substantial portion of the population through them in a decade."

The dangers of ESB are the dangers of any new tool, he says; the question is always whether it will be used for good or bad. "That's a problem. It's been a problem since Prometheus discovered fire. We shouldn't have to scapegoat the researcher just because he's discovered something that nobody knew about before. The ways that we know to fuck up the brain, we've known for a long time. One of the best is to hit it over the head with a baseball bat. Very effective. If you really want to control somebody's mind, there are some very powerful techniques already in existence. They're known as co-optation, bribery, coercion, brainwashing and persuasion."

The still startling events in Guyana immediately come to mind. It would seem, indeed, that the power many cult leaders already exert over their followers is far stronger than anything yet attempted by ESB researchers.

The late James Olds, whose initial discovery of the pleasure center in rats made all this possible, had grave doubts about the work of Heath and others. In an interview that took place shortly before his death, he said, "When I discovered the places where you could reward an animal by stimulating electrically—this was twenty-two years ago—Heath was already stimulating human beings. He just didn't fully appreciate what he was doing, until our experiments with animals laid it out. By now, there's a group of people in Madrid surrounding José Delgado, who moved from Yale to go to a society that's more amenable to this kind of procedure. There's another group surrounding a man named Carl Wilhelm Sem-Jacobsen in Sweden who, like Heath, has played games with ESB over the years. It's not a viable thing to do to people. Those researchers leave the distinct impression that ESB is a set of shoddy experiments—sort of run in a corner.

"I find that probes in the brain—just put them there and leave them there—become a focus that may eventually become an epileptic focus. Even if the dangers were quite small, it doesn't do the patient any good. There are a few things in medicine—you can count them on the fingers of one hand—that are great boons to humanity. The rest are tricks." □

(Continued from page 81)

pounds per gallon. A filled 400-gallon tub with equipment weighs as much as a full-size Detroit station wagon. So a four-inch slab can be a good investment if you want to soak in peace.

If you wire it yourself, have your work checked. Electricity and water mix a little too well.

And plumbing several pumps, air lines, heaters and drains turns out to be a little more complicated than installing a sink. Incompetent installation can cost you whatever money you hope to save.

If you want your spa inside, give a thought to ventilation. Your Boston ferns will love all that water in the air, but the windows will fog the incredible view, and the carpet and curtains might mildew.

If you want a wood tub outside, don't bury it or set it on the ground. A builder or landscape architect who tells you that redwood and spruce are indestructible hasn't lived around them. A well-handled redwood wine vat may last forever. A hot tub sunk in the earth will decompose into red mush in a couple of years. If you want to sink it, dig a hole twice as big as the tub and fill the extra space with stones.

•

Until recently, the fun and frustrations of hot tubbing have been the exclusive experience of homeowners. Restless renters and apartment dwellers have been left out completely, since they're understandably reluctant to install a permanent pool on temporary turf. Enter the hero of the hour—the so-called "portable spa." You can't exactly carry it to work, but it is small and modular and no harder to pack up and move than a water bed. The fiberglass shell sits on a wooden frame, and the two pieces can be lifted apart easily. The pre-assembled filter, pump, heater and other equipment either come in a separate cabinet or are tucked away inconspicuously under the wooden skirt.

Want a spa in the bedroom? Done. Upstairs? Fine. Got a back porch? No problem. Just plop it down, make a few easy connections and dive in (not head-first; these little gems are usually about two feet deep).

There's no doubt that portables simplify consumer problems and make a lot of sense in these relentlessly mobile times. But poke into them carefully and get the answers to a few questions. How portable is it? Will it fit through a standard doorway? Does it take 110 volts, or does it need a 220-volt "hard" line? How solid are the warranties and the companies behind them?

No matter what the size, your big bath will take some nurturing. Maintenance is a small, steady chore that ranks right up there with watering the rubber plants and keeping the carbs in tune. You have to check the water once or twice a week and add the proper chemicals. Twice a year you'll want to drain the tub and clean it. And while you're at it, any exposed wood would thrill to a little linseed-oil rub.

But is it worth the hassle? You bet it is. The big bath is health, glamor, sex, status and instant Zen in one package. You can't say that about the dishwasher you just bought.

"Drop over for a warm dip" is not only a cleaner, classier, more effective and infinitely more dashing line than "come on over for a drink"; it's also a better thing to do. The hot tub turns out to be unconquerably intimate. Alone, it's called meditation. With a friend, it's closeness with the mind uncoiled, the nerves relaxed and alert, the body already given up to the heat.

Warm and wet is sexy. Ask an infant what it was like. We know that cuddling at such temperatures can be uncontrollable. But we can't help it. All that raw skin, the heavy breathing—our nostrils dilate at the very thought. Saturday-night baths were never like this when Ike was alive. □

WHERE TO FIND THE TUB OF YOUR DREAMS

Although most hot-tub and spa manufacturers are based on the West Coast, many have retail outlets throughout the country. Contact the manufacturer directly to find the nearest supplier in your area.

Pages 76–77: 436-gallon *Prestige* model fiberglass spa with inlaid tile from Gerico Fiberglass Co., Huntington Beach, CA 92649. Phone: 714-898-4391.

Page 78: *Heritage* model fiberglass spa lined with Texas Tile is made by Emerald Pools and distributed by South Bay Spas, Harbor City, CA 90710. Phone: 213-326-6542.

Page 79: Redwood hot tubs in all sizes from California Cooperage, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406. Phone: 805-544-9300.

Page 80: The seven-foot fiberglass *Sanstar* model from Hydro-Spa, Van Nuys, CA 91406. Phone: 213-786-6603.

Page 81: The 200-gallon portable fiberglass spa with inlaid tile from Super-Stuff, Anaheim, CA 92807. Phone: 714-993-5060.

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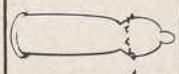

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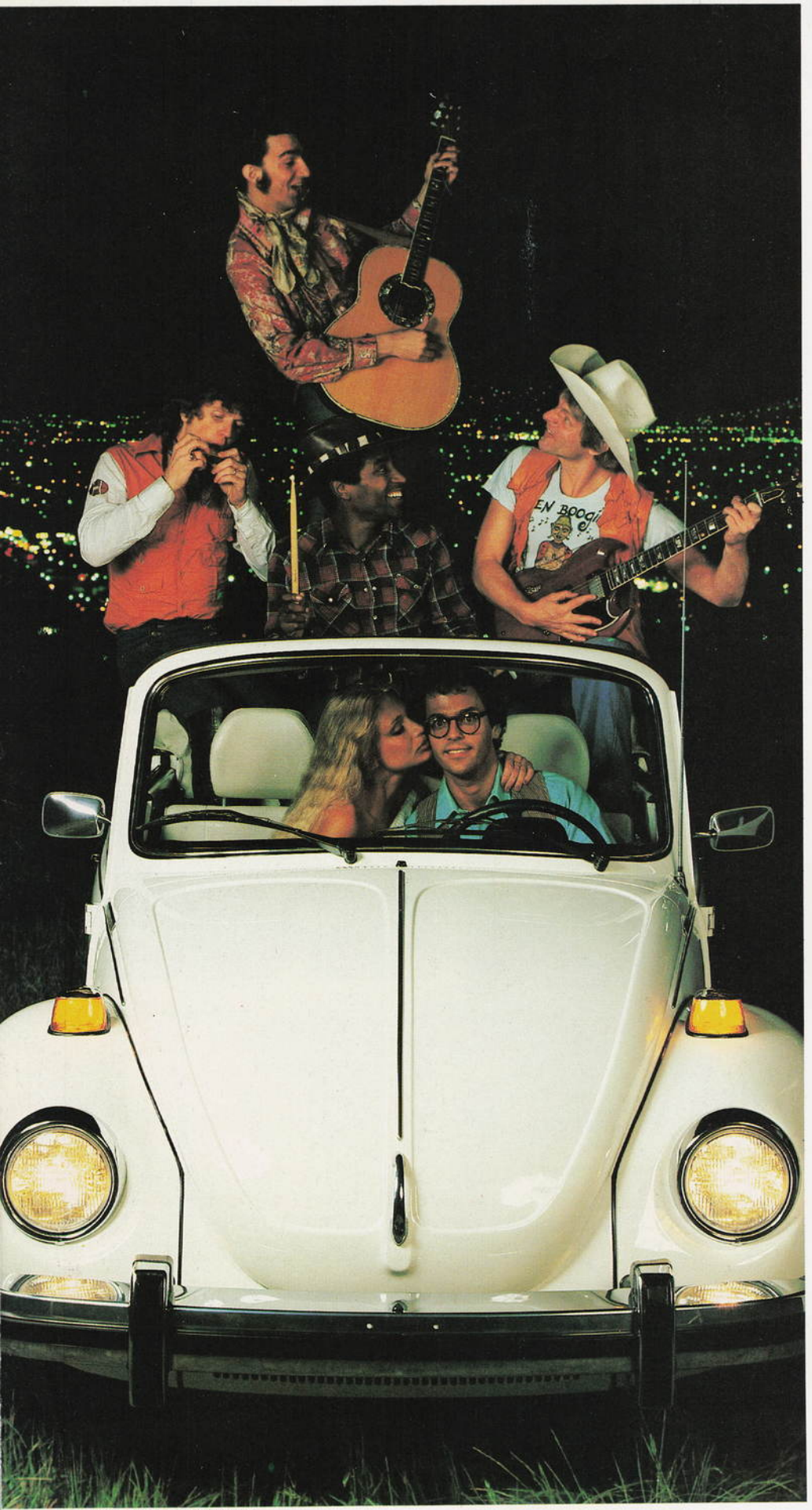

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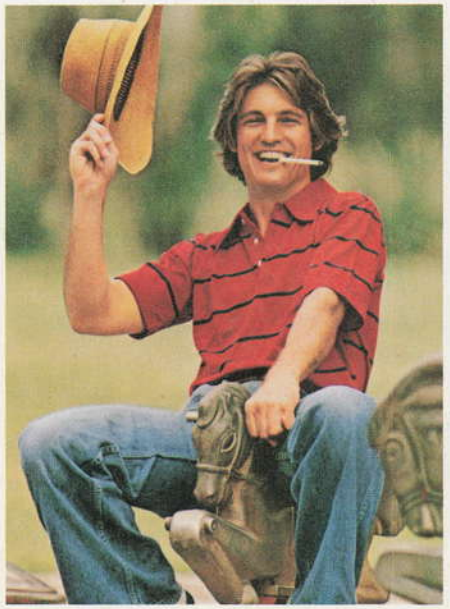

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